

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 4.



THE stillness of the Patriarch's studio had been broken by a loud knock announcing Brushes and the Scribe. The Patriarch had just returned from a sketching-tour in Holland. At the present moment the blue smoke from three corn-cob pipes filled the cozy interior, and drifted up in uneven lines to the skylight.

"Very charming, my dear fellow," said Brushes, critically examining the Patriarch's color-sketch of some Dutch luggers reflected in the canal, with the spires of Dordrecht in the distance; "but why tramp the earth in search of the picturesque when Berkshire, the Long Island Coast, and Jersey are right at your door? Some good art begins at home."

The Patriarch leaned back in his chair, looked sidewise at his Academy picture of San Giorgio, nearly completed, incredulously closed one eye, and blew a cloud of Lone Jack through the window.

Brushes took possession of the greater part of a divan covered with skins, and continued:

"Furthermore, see how you travel. Crowded into a stuffy state-room or packed into a Pull-

man. This done, you think you have reached all the luxury of the century, and yet here within a mile of us, in fact at the foot of this very street, are half a dozen floating comforts, each one of which contains more actual luxury to the square yard than a fleet of Cunarders—I mean an ordinary canal-boat."

Up to this time the Scribe, the proprietor of the third pipe, had kept silent.

"What sort of a canal-boat, Brushes? An excursion-yacht with silk cushions, red and white striped awnings, and a tea-kettle in the stern with a tin whistle?"

"No, your imaginative quill," replied Brushes; "a plain white-painted, three-hatched, and poop-cabined canal-boat with two mules ahead and a rudder behind; a skipper to steer, his wife to help cook, and a deck-hand forward to 'snub'* her in the locks and take a line to the tow-path. See here," he continued, springing from the lounge, seizing a piece of charcoal, and reversing a canvas; "here's your regulation canal-boat," and he sketched in the outline of Noah's ark without the traditional house. "Over this flat deck I

* An expression used by canal-boatmen, meaning to check the impetus of boats on entering a lock.

mean to rig an awning, on movable legs, to accommodate low bridges. Down this forward hatch I throw a broad staircase leading into the hold. When you get down into it you will find an interior about seventy feet long, eighteen feet wide, with a ceiling some nine feet high, beamed and bracketed like a Venetian banquet-hall, and furnished like a gallery with three great skylights for air and light. This is your Grand Salon. Up under the bow, between the bracing timbers of the boat, are your butler's pantry and a place for your Allegretti, with its ice and provender. Next to it, divided by partitions of straw matings and curtains, are your dressing-rooms.

"Now cover the floor of the boat with mattings overlaid with India rugs; hang the walls with tapestries and studio stuff; place against them some cabinets, and divans serving as beds by night and lounges by day; build amidships and under the larger hatch your dining-table; move in a lot of studio properties, antique chairs, hanging-lamps, old water-jars, pottery, and brass, with some linen, glass, and china; get a good cook and a competent steward, and you have a craft compared to which Cleopatra's barge was an Indian dug-out."

It was evident that neither the Scribe nor the Patriarch saw these possibilities.

"You don't believe it? Come with me, then, in the morning, and pick out a boat. It is exactly the month to make the trip. We

The Patriarch was not convinced, but his curiosity conquered. The three agreed to meet the daily North River tow on its arrival at Coenties Slip, New York city, the next morning, and the sum of all the adventures growing out of that decision will be found in the succeeding pages.

"Too narrow," said Brushes, peering down the half-lifted hatch of a Lake Champlain boat; "what we want is an Erie boat. Our canal is the Raritan. There are no bridges that do not swing, and a twenty-foot laker can slip through any lock without scratching her paint."

Before noon Brushes had traveled over the decks and slid down the hatches of half the boats in the basin. Some were too low; others under charter; one was full of potatoes; another loaded with a miscellaneous cargo of chairs, cheese, bales of straw, and wooden ware; a few were loaded with grain, and only one or two empty.

"Say, Cap," yelled out a red-shirted, straw-hatted skipper from the cabin window of a canal-boat, "Dusenberry's got a boat jes suit you. Regular long-waister, she is. No thwart timbers, hatches more'n ten feet across, and a daisy of a kitchen and cabin. She is hauled out at Hoboken. Dusenberry's been paintin' on her."

"What's her name?"

"The *Seth G. Cowles*."

In ten minutes the party had crossed the ferry, Brushes forging ahead, and the Scribe



WHARF RATS.

want an outing, and New Jersey, with its historic associations, quaint houses, and flat stretches of marsh and water, is Holland all over again, even to the windmills."

"Tis well," said the Scribe, "and we will wire Scraps to join us at Perth Amboy, and if your floating Oriental coal-bin is unendurable, we will make a tent of the awning, unload the furniture, and camp out at the first lock."

and the Patriarch catching their breath three blocks behind. There was no mistaking the boat. She lay high and dry on the mud-flats, with her name in gold letters freshly painted across her stern. The nautical eye of Brushes took in her points at a glance. He was heard to say, "Twenty foot beam; wide hatches; flush deck; cabin well aft; bow high; and tight as a drum." Dusenberry came up,

paint-brush in hand, and confirmed Brushes' favorable opinion. The price was agreed upon, and all arrangements completed to deliver her at the foot of East Thirty-first street, at high water, a few days later.

The succeeding two days were spent in the

ing ferries began to take an interest in the proceedings; so did the wharf rats, who fringed the hatches till the last moment.

Brushes sent his 'cello, the Scribe his guitar, while Scraps brought his voice. Before night the *Cowles* had developed from a canal-boat



THE GRAND SALON.

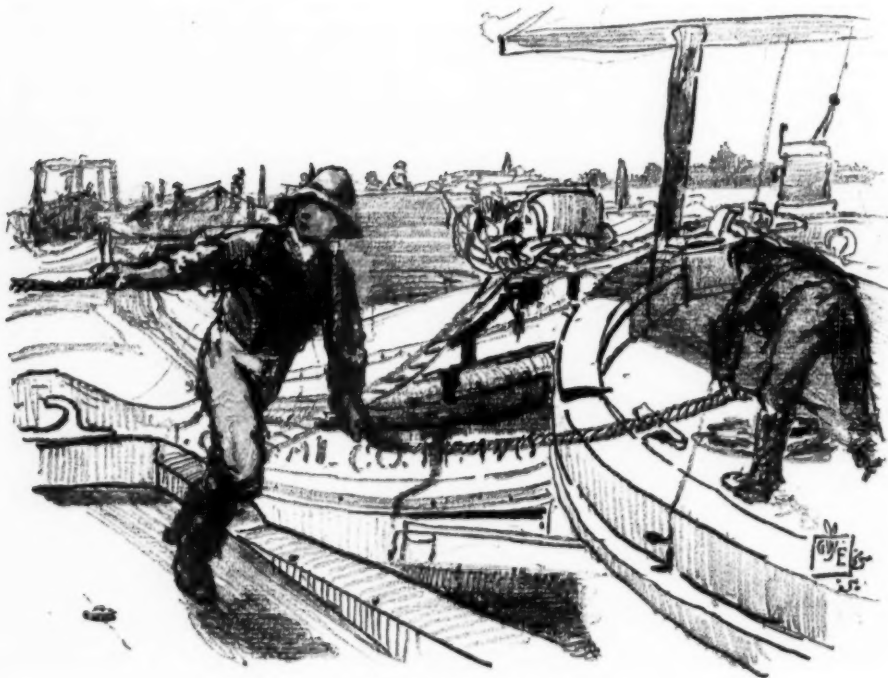
construction of an awning with a patent up-and-down folding movement; making a staircase with protecting railings; fitting up a butler's pantry, with racks for dishes, shelves for groceries, and the like.

Each man had his duties. All carpenter work and fittings were, of course, Brushes'. The Patriarch had charge of the decoration, tapestry, furniture, studio properties, etc.; the Scribe, the crockery, glass, kitchen-ware, and domestic comforts; while Scraps, who had rushed in hot haste from Perth Amboy, was a committee of one for provisions and steward's supplies in general. Under the Scribe's care came also the selection of a steward. At the end of the second day he produced a light-colored mulatto, all collar and shoes, with the bow of a folding jack-knife and the manners of a diplomat. His name was Moses.

The eventful day and the *Cowles* came in at about the same hour; for, with the economical habits of her distinguished commander, Captain Dusenberry, she swung in at daylight, so as to gain half a day on her charter; and before the Patriarch had broken the shell of his egg at breakfast, word came that the *Cowles* was alongside of the string-piece, and ready for cargo.

Later the same day the furniture and fittings were on board, and crowds from the neighbor-

grub to a butterfly Venetian barge. Even Captain Dusenberry, who had uneasily watched the transformation from his seat beside the tiller, was heard to say to his wife: "Marthy, old *Seth* looks like a circus." To him, as to the boatmen, lockmen, drivers, and others of their sort, who clambered on board, at invitation or without it, many times a day during the trip, the floating studio was a veritable wonder; an accumulation of much that was rich, strange, and beautiful to them, and of many rare objects of art at which they could only express astonishment — not always complimentary. About a quarter of the hold, under the forward deck, had been curtained off for the use of the steward, and for the storage of his supplies; and a corner of this space near the stairs, which led down the forward hatch, was reserved as a dressing-room. An open space under the stern hatch, separated from the salon by heavy old draperies of satin and embroidered silk, through which the light from the after-hatch shed a soft illumination, was reserved for the storage of personal baggage, extra cots for expected friends, elaborate mosquito nettings, sketching traps, and art materials enough to last the whole summer. Thus the entire central portion of the hold, a space of sixty or seventy feet, became the salon, and



MAKING UP THE TOW.

upon its adornment and convenient arrangement all the assembled taste and experience were centered.

The walls from floor to ceiling were covered with old tapestries, and upon them were hung rare etchings, delf plaques, brass sconces, and choice pictures. There was still plenty of room to tack up sketches as fast as made. At intervals, along the sides, Venetian church-lamps, a censer or two, and some richly hued marine lanterns were suspended from the dark, heavy beams which upheld the deck and served as a magnificent ribbed ceiling, low and agreeable in tone, and beautiful in its curved lines. At the farther end of the salon was built a permanent table of generous dimensions, placed longitudinally, which served as a dining-table, and which became, between meals and in the evening, a common center across which were exchanged the adventures of the day and the plans for the morrow. About it were grouped a number of carved and ornamented antique arm-chairs of large pattern, each one of which was to its neighbor a stranger from a strange land. Holland, Spain, Italy, Mexico, England, and Plymouth Rock jogged elbows, and trod under their feet prayer-rugs from Smyrna, Bokhara, and Hindostan. The coal-stained floor, and the battered keelson, upon which had been

dumped many a ton of anthracite, carefully scrubbed and cleansed, were covered throughout the length of the boat with fresh, clean China matting. The cots along the side were perfectly disguised as divans, and brought into "tone" by a judicious use of Turkish and India rugs, camel's-hair blankets, etc. A carved oaken chest, of the thirteenth century, served as a sideboard, and from the opposite side an English high chest-of-drawers of two hundred years ago flaunted its brass handles. A Japanese bronze vase, as high as the back of an old-fashioned chair, richly ornamented in relief with tangled gods and sacred snakes, degraded from the splendor for which it was deservedly intended, now served as a depository for smoking materials. Nearby an old-fashioned writing-desk, always open, presented a continual opportunity for communication with the unfortunates in the outside world,—above it a shelf or two of well-used favorites (chief among them the Patriarch's Dante and the Bhāgavata Gīta), with the current magazines, and a few light publications of the year. An easel or two, colored silk draperies at the main hatch to diffuse the light, bracketed and swinging lamps at convenient intervals, and brass plaques to catch wandering rays, completed the interior.

"LET go your bow line!" sang out the captain of the tug *Young America*, getting up the boats for the night's tow. The crew sprang literally as one man, reinforced by the Scribe, who had sailed a yacht to Mt. Desert and felt his position. However, despite the Scribe's assistance, the *Cowles* swung clear, and floated out into the East River to join a group of empty coal-boats forming a part of the great tow bound for Perth Amboy and the entrance of the Raritan Canal at New Brunswick. It was near the close of an August day. A gentle breeze fluttered the apron around the top of the awning and scattered over the deck the loose leaves of an unguarded portfolio.

The *Young America*, with her miscellaneous assortment of canal-boats, dodged here and there across the river, now stopping at Newtown Creek, and then at several wharves on the Brooklyn side, and so on under the bridge to the Erie Basin. Each addition to the tow brought its complement of wharf rats, evidently attracted by the unusual appearance of the *Cowles*. They boarded the craft from all sides, hung their legs over the main hatch, and made themselves entirely at home with everything within reach.

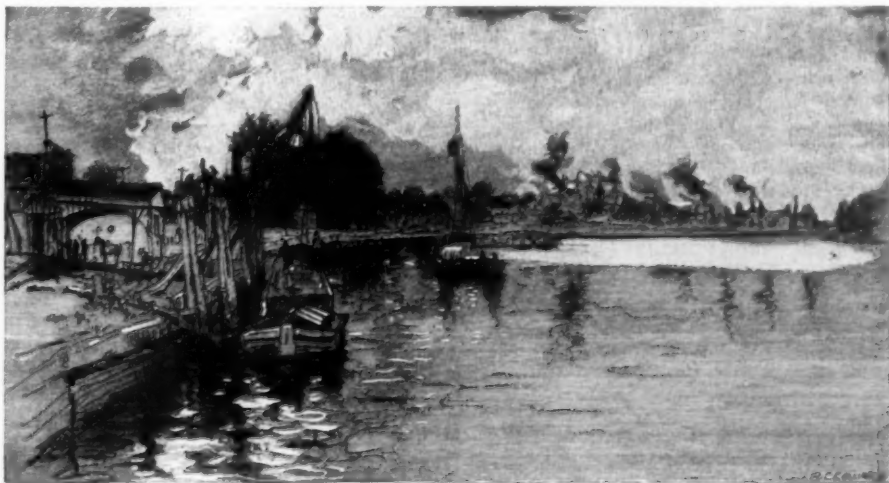
"Hey, Jimmy," said one of a group lying flat over the rim of the hatch with their legs spread out like the ribs of a Japanese fan, "ain't them daisy chromos? Say, mister, wot's

object lesson, he explained that it was a can in which the girls in Holland carried milk,—can at each end of a shoulder rest,—sometimes walking a mile or two to a market.

"Huh, full o' beer it wouldn't get half that far," was what he got for his pains.

Another produced a wet base-ball and begged Scraps to catch his curves. Another scaled a post and ran the length of the awning, skipping every other brace, and at the end falling into the arms of Dusenberry, who dropped him over the high stern and nearly into the lap of an old woman who was peeling potatoes for the evening meal on the deck of a lower canal-boat.

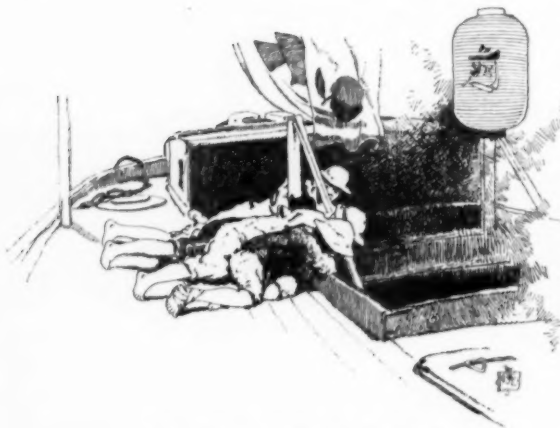
The main tow for Raritan is made up at Communipaw Flats. Here the harbor tugs bring the boats from their various docks. The loaded boats are placed in the center, and the light ones outside. It is the business of the tow-master to see that all the expected boats are accounted for, in proper places, and that the whole tow is well made up. He has quarters on the wharf-boat, an old craft with a house on deck, anchored on the flats, and is a power in his way. It was long after dark when the main tow shunted her charge, including the *Cowles*, alongside the wharf-boat, and then, with a parting salute, melted into the gloom. The night was intensely dark. Against the overcast sky the lights on the Brooklyn



NEW BRUNSWICK: THE COAL DOCKS.

the brass jug?" The Patriarch had with infinite pains brought the battered and patched article from Dordrecht, and on the present occasion it stood on the sideboard in the salon, filled with flowers. Seizing the chance of an

Bridge sparkled like a huge necklace of diamonds, and the ferry-boats flew about like fireflies. At the wharf-boat were one or two dim lanterns, and near the bow of each calaler was a lantern of uncertain hue, but in-



"THEM FELLERS NEVER DOES NO WORK."

tended to be white. A short distance up stream an enormous double-decked tug lay in wait like a huge monster, its two white lights at the mast-heads describing dizzy curves as she rolled about. Now and then her open furnace doors illuminated the tow from end to end, investing the figures of the men as they moved about with the appearance of unearthly and intangible beings. When fairly off, the life on the boats assumed a new phase. The majority were empty coal-boats,—"Chunkers" from Mauch Chunk, or "Skukers" from "Schuylkill Haven,"—and each one carried a crew of two; among the thirty boats in the tow fully one-half had on board the wives and children of the captains. Suddenly, all over the tow fires were lighted in the little coal stoves on deck, and the evening meal, put off until under way, was in preparation. Odors were wafted to the *Cowles* that bespoke a feast somewhere to windward. The awning, aglow with the light from the hatches, became a shining mark, attracting all the boys and men of the tow. The men said little, but the boys made up for any inattention of this kind.

"Say, Billy," said one who until then had been silent, "them fellers never does no work."

At last the deck was deserted, the hatches were pulled over so as to keep out the damp and yet admit a draft, and in a few moments all was dark and quiet.

"COME, boys, tumble out and come up on deck and see Holland." It was Scraps in his pajamas. The tow was approaching Perth Amboy, where Moses announced coffee on deck. The Raritan finds its sinuous way through broad green salt meadows that stretch off like soft carpets until they meet the clay beds and tangled woods of the Jersey shore. It was indeed Holland; the same flat landscape and long stretches of green marsh. One constantly expected a windmill to appear on the sedge, or the spires and crooked tiled roofs of a Dutch village.

In the morning light the tow was a busy and interesting scene. The boats at the head were arranged six abreast, the strongest among the loaded ones being selected to take the strain of the cables from the tug-boat. The rest fell in behind, the bow of each one being brought snug under the stern of the boat ahead and securely made fast. To prevent the tow from spreading, cables were stretched from the bow of each boat to the stern of its immediate neighbors, and so the whole mass was held fast, but with sufficient play to admit of easy motion when swung by the current or twisted by the tug. Here was a community which spent the summer months traveling. Germans, Hungarians, Canadian French, Pennsylvania Dutch, and Maine Yankees made up its population. At an early hour in the morning the families were eating their ham and eggs and sipping boiled coffee, seated with their children on the deck houses or the water barrels, or perhaps on the

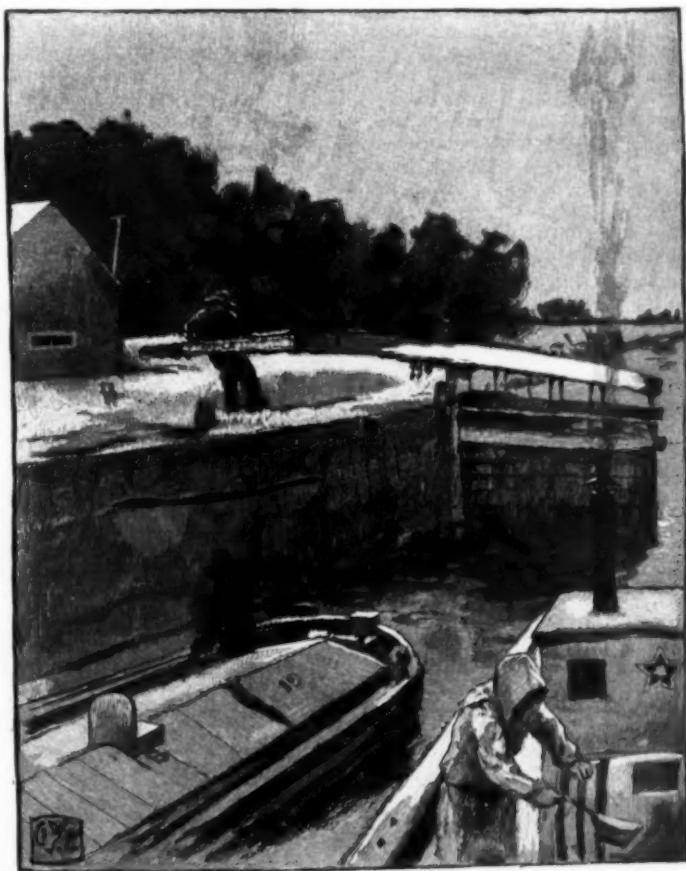


DUSENBERRY'S KITCHEN.

slanting hatches through which the coal is dumped into the hold. On one boat the woman was hanging out the wash, on another the men were mending harness and splicing the tow-ropes. The latter boat evidently came

each hull can be loaded at the same time at different wharves.

Scraps had found at the head of the tow a boat of unusual interest. The cabin and the tiller were protected from the sun by a red-



LOCKING THROUGH.

from some far-off point where the teams were not provided by the canal company, for it carried two big mules of its own in a huge box amidships. Boats belonging to the coal company were all low, long, and narrow, and often without any cabins or accommodations for the crew of two. On their bows were painted the numbers by which their movements were traced. The "Chunkers" were frequently of the "lemon-squeezer" pattern. This craft is best understood by imagining two square-sterned boats brought together stern to stern and fastened so by bolts and chains. In narrow canals they are turned in sections, and

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and-white striped awning with a scalloped edge, stretched across portable posts. The diminutive windows were curtained with embroidered muslin. On the cabin room were sofa cushions, a rocking-chair, and a small work-table, and in the canvas hammock slung between the posts was a girl. Her father, a grizzled old canal dog, had swabbed his decks while the fire was coming up, and was now frying the steak and potatoes. Later in the day they visited the *Cowles*. The girl was about eighteen, dressed in clean calico. Her sun-bonnet, pushed back, hung behind her neck. Her abundant black hair was gathered

straight back into a knot. She had a well-rounded and gracefully robust figure, and arms like those of an antique statue. Altogether she was totally unlike any preconceived notions of what would be found on a canal

the tow fairly within the bight than the tow-master begins breaking it up. The boats are in turn shunted into the lock by a steam windlass. Once in the lock the boat finds its team of four mules, tandem, waiting on the tow-



AT TEN MILE LOCK.

boat. Her father owned his boat and the mules, which had been left at New Brunswick on the down trip. In the summer they carried freight, and in the winter lived on a little farm in the mountains. The mother was dead, and this girl was her father's only deck-hand. She could "snub" a boat like a man, or steer one into a lock with a touch that would not have cracked an egg.

The tows always take advantage of the tide, and on this particular day a breeze up the river added its modicum of power. No stop was made until New Brunswick was reached. As soon as the tow was made fast, the Patriarch and the Scribe went ashore in search of a tow-rope, which the over-cautious Captain Dusenberry omitted to include in his outfit, to engage a team, and to pay the towage up the canal. This town is the headquarters of the canal traffic. Here are the company's offices, and just beyond is the first lock. The mule stables where the teams were kept, the boarding-houses for the men, and the grocery, hardware, and fancy goods stores were together along the water-front. The canal follows the left bank of the river. No sooner is

path in charge of a driver. If there are not enough teams to go around, there is nothing to do but to wait until one comes down with a boat bound out, and gets its feed and a half-hour's rest before starting back. It was for the purpose of making sure of a team, and a lively one, that the Patriarch and the Scribe visited the company's offices. The mission was accomplished, the authorities were entertained on board the *Cowles*, and about noon Dusenberry, assuming command, gave word to the tow-boy, and started the four white mules. A day's work for a team is fourteen miles, and therefore Ten Mile Lock, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Bound Brook station, was to be the end of the day's journey. Without incident and without danger, save the brief period when the Scribe essayed to steer, the boat slid along at the average rate of about three miles an hour. Every turn in the canal developed something worth sketching. Constantly the mules were halted, and the *Cowles* made fast to the heel path out of the way of passing boats. From the high deck the canal seemed to be running up-hill, and the river much farther beneath than it actually was. The

motion of the boat was like that of an Indian canoe well paddled. It is an ideal way to travel. Here is a highway which the traveling world has abandoned. No dust, no noise, no hurry, no train-boy; stopping when you like; plenty of pure air; and for fresh vegetables you have only to run out a plank, and go ashore to the nearest farm-house.

"What time will you lunch, gentlemen?" said Moses as he passed the milk punch. This was a matter to be considered once for all, for the daily routine must be laid out.

"Now," was the reply; "and after this coffee on deck at eight, breakfast at twelve, something quiet at four, and dinner at eight. To-day give us a broiled chicken and a lettuce salad."

"Yesser, but there ain't no lettuce."

"Plenty of it in sight," said the Patriarch, pointing with his cigarette-holder to a Jersey farm.

"Whoa, there!" said Scraps. The leader of the team pricked up its ears and stopped, the boat shot ahead until her headway was spent, and then hugged the bank.

Loaded with instructions to buy anything that was edible, Moses took his way across a field and through an orchard, swinging a basket in either hand. In half an hour he returned with lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, milk, egg-plant, and three spring chickens. Once more the mules took up the slack, and after an hour of patient plodding, the bridge across the Raritan at Bound Brook hove in sight. Passing

the *Cowles* found convenient spiles sunk in the heel path; and there, within two hundred yards of fresh milk and new butter, the second night was spent.

In the morning the regular routine began. First a plunge overboard into the cool water, then coffee and rolls. Then sketching ashore or on board, or perhaps a brisk turn along the tow path. After breakfast a siesta, or a nap on deck under the awnings. In the evening after dinner a chat, a smoke, and a long night's rest, with the pure country air to expand the lungs and foster the appetite.

With the next day's run, to Kingston, a more picturesque country was entered. Afar off peach orchards were descried. At the railroad stations and at the locks baskets were piled high, en route to the New York markets. The canal from Kingston to Trenton is lined with picturesque spots. The tow path at Princeton runs for miles along the bottom of a steep bank from the top of which beautiful old trees cast their shadows half way to the opposite bank. It is like a cultivated park. The drivers and their mules linger in the grateful shade, reluctant to hasten on to the barren open fields and dusty roads which mark the approach to Trenton.

THE canal forms a Y at Trenton. The right branch is the "Feeder" carrying the water from the Delaware River to supply the canal.

Brushes had a brother-in-law half a mile

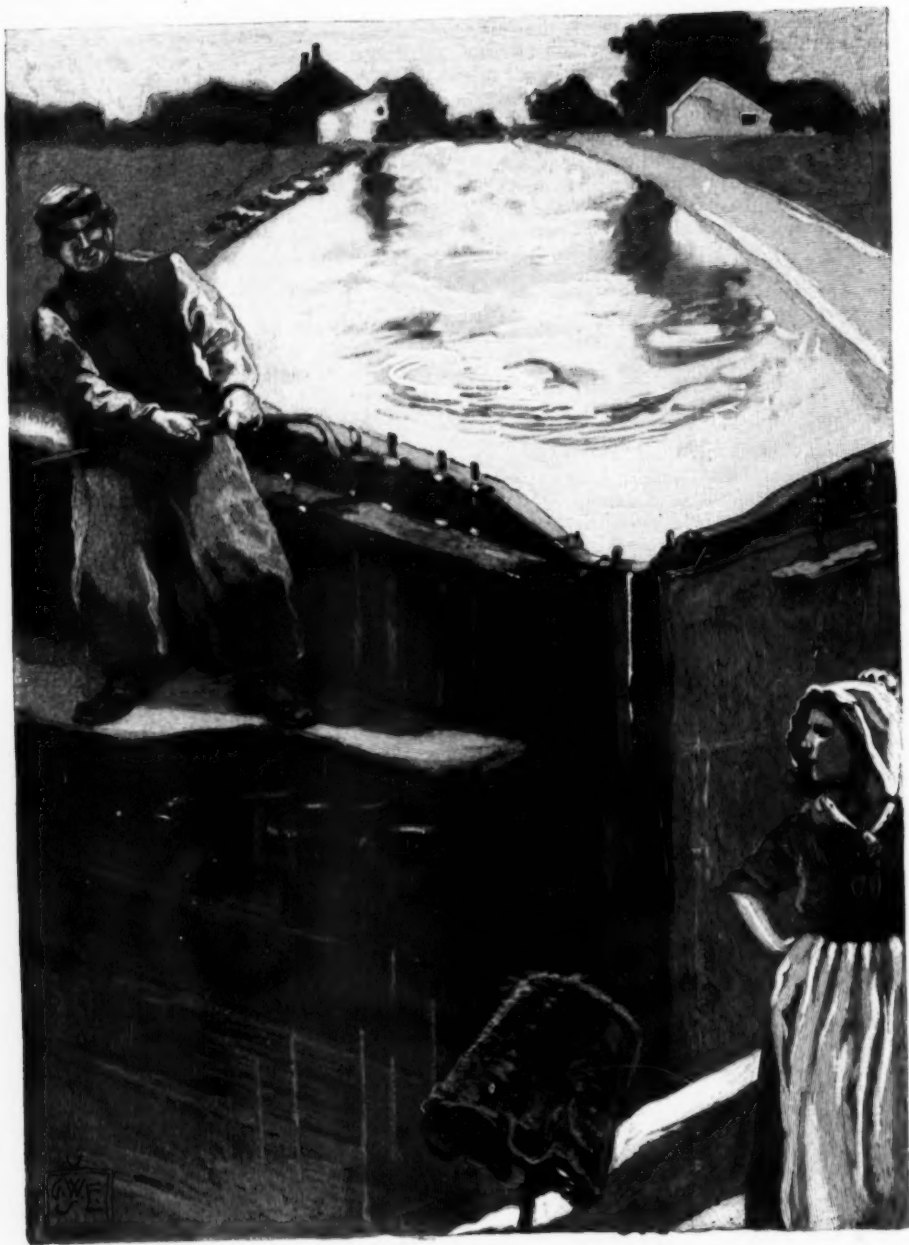


THE "OVERFLOW" AT KINGSTON.

through the lock and around three gentle curves they came in sight of the whitewashed buildings and willows of Ten Mile Lock, the first station on the canal.

Just beyond the lock at the end of the crib

beyond Trenton who had been watching for the *Cowles* for a week. This relative had a garden filled with pease and late asparagus, and a cook who could bake a ham with such exceeding toothsome-ness that Brushes



OPENING THE GATES.

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WATCHING THE "CIRCUS BOAT" AT KINGSTON.

insisted upon altering the course of the *Cowles* at once. In fact, the ham was baked and waiting.

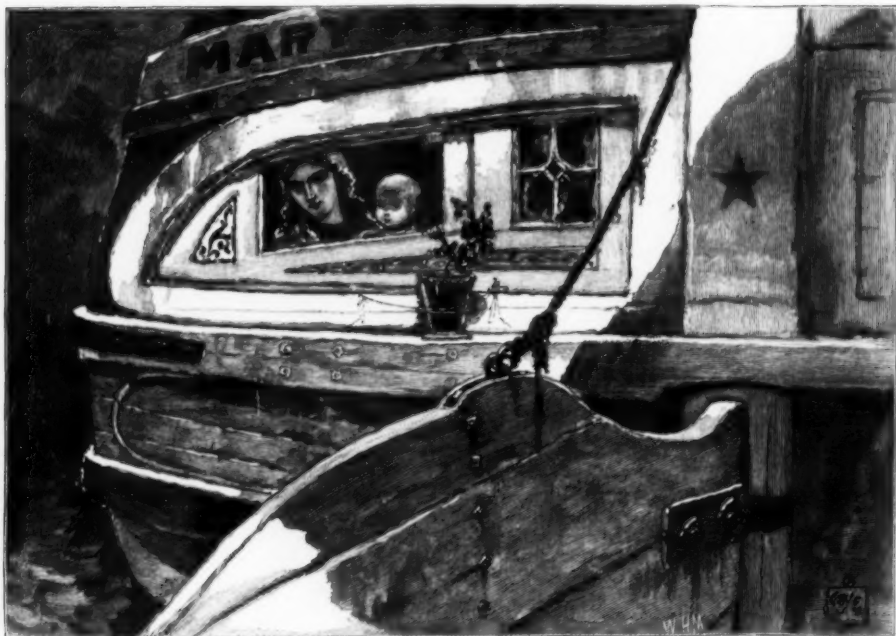
"Won't take us half an hour," he urged; "canal skirts his melon bed." But Dusenberry objected. He didn't know nothin' about this "Feeder"—guessed it didn't have no basins to turn around in. He wouldn't be responsible for the boat anyhow. If Mr. Brushes wanted the tiller, it was his'n. In this dilemma Brushes interviewed a native, who declared that two miles up, at a quarry, there was a basin where the *Cowles* could "go round a-humpin'." This being settled, the Patriarch stepped ashore and arranged for an extra team of mules and a tow-boy. The *Cowles* swung through the narrow bridge, and the voyage of discovery and adventure began.

"How far is this ham?"

"One mile from the railroad bridge," replied Brushes. Just then Scraps came tumbling up the stairway armed with a sheet of Whatman paper and a palette. He took in the picturesque water-front at a glance, flattened himself out on the deck, and began washing-in some old rookeries on the opposite bank. A group surrounded him, and the subject of the *détour* was soon forgotten. What difference did it make? One canal was as good

as another! Let her go through to the end, and, if there was no turning room, hitch the mules to the rudder post and come home backwards!

Be it said to the credit of Dusenberry that through the vicissitudes which followed this decision he stuck to his tiller manfully,—that when the forward flag-pole carried away the fire-alarm telegraph wire and started half the bells in Trenton ringing two minutes thereafter, he still preserved an Egyptian gravity of countenance. Every foot of the canal was a *acqua incognita* to him. The gates were handled differently, the snubbing-posts were set farther apart, and the locks were much narrower and shorter. But after the first bridge was passed he prepared himself for the worst, although his mind was constantly filled with visions of the boat wedged between a swinging draw and the left bank, with her upper deck awash while her keel quietly rested in the Jersey mud. When the telegraph wire snapped he merely dodged its whirling end as it whipped past his head, and said between his teeth to Martha, "This foolishness ain't goin' to last. They'll butt down a drawbridge next. Marthy, any set of fellers who will git a man into a hole like this for a ham ought to be drowned"; and then, in a lower voice, "and I guess they will."



A STERN VIEW.

Scraps worked away like mad, spattering his color around and smearing a whole tube of Chinese white on the clean deck in his hurry to catch a sky tint before the curve of the canal ruined his perspective. The Patriarch smoked away contentedly from amid the cushions under the awning, and enjoyed the splendor of the setting sun and the ragged line of the potteries with their conical chimneys silhouetted against the brilliant sky. The Scribe, in a moment of enthusiasm, was booking the log. The only uneasy man aboard was Brushes. He paced the deck continually, took soundings with his eye, and when the big laker barely scraped through a narrow drawbridge with half an inch to spare, he followed with quickened step the protecting fender down her whole length until the boat swung clear and the danger was passed. Finally he mounted the bow and swept the long canal with his glass. Low, rambling, old-fashioned houses with red roofs; modern high-peaked gables; moss-covered, slanting, shingled tops; houses with trees, and houses bare as Sahara — houses of all kinds and periods. Melon patches in an advanced state of cultivation, and gardens overrun with pease and belated asparagus galore. All these and more rose to view as the perspective became distinct, passed in review, and were lost in the afternoon

glow. The sturdy team, which had already done twenty-two miles, bent mulefully to their work and kept the tow-line taut as a fiddle-string, and yet no sign of the brother-in-law's. Then it was that Moses, ever patient, with providing watchfulness peered up the hatch, sidled up to the bow watch, and said, "Did I understand you to say they was to be a baked ham for dinner?" Brushes fixed his eye on him for a moment, restrained an imprecation, and watched a red roof with high chimneys evolve itself from amid a grove of chestnuts. In another moment an uncertain pathway wandered out from a row of white palings, turned down to the water's edge, and sprawled itself over a small wooden dock, on the extreme end of which sat a solitary darky fishing. "Is dat you, Mass' Brushes? The boss been waitin' for you a week."

"Yes; who are you?"

"Jim."

"Where's your master?"

"Tuck sick and gone Saratogy wiff de chillen."

"Who's at home?"

"Ain't nobody at home, sir! House locked up, and de key ober to de drug-store."

Brushes shut his glass, walked to the hatch, and said in a voice like a commodore:

"Moses!"

"Yesser," came rumbling up the reply, followed instantly by that darky.

"You needn't wait dinner for that ham."

THE tow-line slackened and wavered. Dusenberry went forward, passed a snubbing-rope to the tow-boy, who slipped the noose over a stump. Dusenberry gradually paid out the rope as it tightened around a cleat. The wet hawser held fast, and the *Cowles* rested.

The red-headed tow-boy clambered up and over the bow and approached the group, hat in hand.

"Do any of you gents know where you are goin'?"

"Certainly, going to turn around."

"Where?"

The silence that followed was painful. Certainly not here in a canal half her length? Where then? Perhaps higher up. Perhaps at the next bridge, but nobody had any positive data. The tow-boy had never seen but one laker go through the "Feeder," and she stuck in the mud at Scudder's Falls and staid all winter. The bridge-tender, called in for consultation, thought the *Cowles* "a little mite" longer than that laker. He remembered they had to lock her down into the Delaware, in the spring, to get shunt on her. Dusenberry had no advice. He didn't know nawthin' about this old mud-drain anyhow, and didn't want to. He could stay all winter,—under pay. Made no difference to him.

It was a peculiarity of the Patriarch's that he sometimes rose to the occasion. Indeed, there was a suspicion among his brother artists that his early youth had not been altogether spent in the recesses of his studio. Rumor had it that before art claimed him for her own he had so far dallied with commerce and trade as to have taken charge of a merchantman. There was one man who had even asseverated boldly that he had seen him in pea-jacket and tarpaulins and other habiliments none the less honorable. His title of "Patriarch" was not conferred upon him by reason of his extreme age or whitened locks, for only with great difficulty could any tell-tale hairs be found to mark the trail of fifty summers, but rather on account of his varied experiences and early occupations.

Calling the Scribe he disap-

peared among a group of natives on the bank, interviewed them closely, clambered back, and announced his intention of trying the basin at the quarry and then at Scudder's Falls. In an hour more both points had been reached, measured, and passed. The *Cowles* was too long by a quarter.

The situation now became critical. Here they were in a ninety-five-foot boat afloat in a seventy-five-foot canal, and no basin nearer than the Delaware. To go backwards was an utter impossibility, for it was hardly within power to keep the *Cowles* off the bank or to pass the bridges even with the full use of her rudder. To go forward was ruinous. Besides, the team was tired out. "Gentlemen," said the Patriarch, "there is but one chance left,—the timber basin at Titusville." Again the steady, patient little team bent to their traces. The cry of the tow-boy rang out, and Dusenberry's horn, warning the passing "Chunker," was heard along the canal. Past many beautiful farms, under the high trestle-bridge on the Bound Brook route, down the long straight line of the canal, and overlooking the Delaware Valley, with the purple



"SHE COULD SNUB A BOAT LIKE A MAN."



ENTERING THE LOCK AT NIGHT.

mountains beyond, and up to the white swinging-bridge at Titusville, glided the *Cowles*. The bridge opened, and she slid into the still waters of the basin. The twilight had now settled down. On either side stood the good people of the little town looking with astonishment upon the stately laker with her white awnings, under which hung the Chinese lanterns, just lighted. The Patriarch's voice woke the crowd to consciousness. "Can we turn our boat here?"

"How long be ye?" came a voice from the bank.

"Ninety-five feet over all."

For a moment there was a dead silence. Then came bounding over the water:

"Yes, if you fellows can tote her."

But the Patriarch did not lose his grip. His eye ran over the curved line of the basin, caught sight of a mooring-spile near the bank, and in a moment the helm was put hard down, and the *Cowles* gently rubbed her nose against its oozy bark. Swinging himself clear, he alighted in the tall grass of the water's edge and made fast a line to a cross tie on the railroad track which skirts the canal. Then all hands were ordered forward, and the boat moved quietly along until her bow sank into the soft edge. "Now take that line aft lively," sung out the Patriarch, "and make it fast to the stern cleat, and pay out to the tow-boy, and don't start the mules till I get aboard." "Ay, ay, sir!" came a voice from the deck. At this juncture a new difficulty presented itself. A line of coal-loaded

"Chunkers" was turning the low point above and making straight for the *Cowles*, which now lay almost at right angles across the canal.

"Hold on with that team—slack up, slack up!" thundered the Patriarch.

"What the —— are you doing with that 'circus boat,' blocking up this gangway?" came a return voice. But the Patriarch had no time for explanations. In an instant he was on the *Cowles's* bow, along her deck, and over her stern. She was aground, her rudder blade hard back, and the rudder post lifted. Between her and the bank was a skirting of soft marsh grass. If this grass had an equally soft mud bottom there was just one chance in a dozen that a long pull and a strong pull might lift her stern clear and slide her into deep water. He decided to take it. Amid the choice imprecations of the "Chunker" fleet the Patriarch calmly unhooked their mules, doubled up his own team, impressed into service a second tow-boy, and gave the order, "Now, all together!"

Two whips cracked simultaneously. A yell went up from the row of open mouths on the *Cowles*; the tow-line whizzed through the water; the mules bent forward almost to their knees; the boat careened, staggered, and shivered; and the line straightened out like a bar of iron. Suddenly there came a cry from the tow-path.

When the dust cleared away, a pile of mules was heaped up in a sand-bank, and two tow-boys were tangled in a tow-line.

The rope had parted!

In the momentary silence that followed, some one broke out in a loud laugh. It was Dusenberry!

F. Hopkinson Smith.
J. B. Millet.



"JESSIE."

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XXVII.



WHEN Arthur Thorne jumped up so suddenly on hearing the surprising announcement that Gay Armatt was not engaged to be married to any one,

the noise made by his falling chair brought Mrs. People hurrying to the porch.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Thorne?" she exclaimed. "I hadn't the least notion in the world that you was here, and if you've been trying to tilt back in that chair I wonder you didn't break your neck! The hind legs is too straight up and down. I'm very glad to see you here again, though Mr. Stratford never told me a word of your comin', and I'll have your room ready for you in ten minutes."

To these remarks Mr. Thorne made no reply, but stood looking at Stratford. He was a man notable for his courteous manners to every one, but his mind was so completely occupied with what he had just heard that he scarcely noticed that Mrs. People was talking to him.

After a very searching gaze directed upon Mr. Thorne, that good woman stepped inside the front door, and beckoned to Stratford. The latter excused himself to his visitor, who was still standing in blank staring astonishment, and went into the house. He was very glad to do so, for conversation with Thorne in his present state of mind and Mrs. People near by, was not to be desired.

Mrs. People conducted Stratford into an inner room, and closed the door. "If I was you," she said quickly, "I'd take him upstairs jus' as soon as I've put on the clean sheets and pillow-cases, and I'd have him in bed before his chill comes on. Of course he brought it with him, for there's nothin' of the kind here, but this mountain air often does bring 'em out dreadful sudden, when the system is full of malariousness. It won't do to give him any quinine till he's got through with his fever, and I'm no hand to be recommendin' mustard plasters and hot foot soaks before there's any real reason for usin' 'em; but what I'll

make for him, and bring it up to his room almost as soon as you've got him tucked in comfortable, is a big bowl of hot quassia tea. Mr. People, when he was livin', used to say that there was nothin' that suited more of the different chronic things that he was afflicted with than quassia tea. It's bein' such a good honest bitter is one of its strong p'int, and Mr. People has told me often, when he took it for some of his more triflin' complaints, that he forgot he had anythin' the matter with him but a taste in his mouth. So I'll put the quassia on to draw, and then I'll take Maria right up to his room, and we'll get it ready."

Stratford did not interrupt Mrs. People in these remarks, for they amused him, and he was very willing, moreover, not only to give his friend time to tranquilize his mind somewhat but to get an opportunity to arrange his own ideas. But he now told Mrs. People that Mr. Thorne needed no medicine whatever, but was merely a little disturbed in his mind by something that had occurred.

"Disturbed! I should think!" said the kind-hearted woman. "And if he's lost all his money I hope you'll tell him, Mr. Stratford, that as long as he's a friend of yours there's always a room for him here, and the board may run on for a year, if he likes."

Stratford thanked her, and went out to meet his friend. "Let us go under that big tree," he said, "where we can talk more at our ease."

When they reached the big tree Stratford took a seat, motioning his friend to another; but Thorne remained standing. "Do you mean to tell me," said he, "that Miss Armatt is perfectly free, and disengaged?"

"Yes," replied Stratford, "that is what I said."

"Well, then," asked Thorne, "what reason is there why I should not pay my addresses to her?"

"There are two very strong reasons," said Stratford. "One is that it would be heartless in any one to address a girl whose sensitive nature has just received a very severe shock in the breaking off of an engagement; and in the second place it would be very bad policy both as regards Miss Armatt and yourself."

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But from what I know it is not at all certain that Crisman has lost all his chances. Were he to repent and return, and there is no reason why he should not do this if he is not an absolute ass, I should be very much afraid of the result. With a girl of Miss Armatt's principles it would be much easier to renew a former engagement than to make a fresh one. Any attempt now to enlist her affections would throw her mind into such disturbance that, were that man to return, he would find her troubled mental condition greatly to his advantage."

Thorne snapped his fingers impatiently. "For these reasons," he said, "I suppose you are now keeping away from her."

"The reasons have nothing to do with me," said Stratford. "As you very well know, I have no intention of addressing her, and my object is, as it has been, to bring her mind into such a condition that the element of regard for Crisman must necessarily be eliminated from it."

Thorne stood for some moments steadily gazing at his friend. Then he said: "Stratford, that may all be very well, but it seems to me that I am the one who should undertake the task of encouraging and helping this young girl in the way you speak of. I have an object in it, which you say you have not. I have heard you speak of carrying her over the gap which the success of your plans might create. Very well then, let me carry her over. I shall not drop her on the other side, as you say you intend to do."

"My dear boy," said Stratford, with a smile, "you couldn't do it. You don't know her, and she does not know you. In many respects you are strangers to each other, and it will be utterly impossible for her to have that confidence in you, and I may say that regard for you, which is absolutely necessary in this case. It would be impertinent, and utterly unjustifiable, for me or any one else to attempt to arrange Miss Armatt's future for her. I have simply endeavored to avert from her an evil which she did not understand, and I hope I have succeeded. With anything further than that I have nothing to do; but I will say, as I have said before, that it would delight me very much to see her married to such a man as you. And, by the way, I wish you would sit down."

Mr. Thorne did not move. "Stratford," said he, "you are very difficult to understand, and I don't pretend to be able to do it; but you have said two things with which I agree. One is that it would be wrong to address the lady openly at this time; and the other is that my comparatively slight acquaintance with her places me under a very great disad-

vantage. This I shall endeavor as soon as possible to remove. I shall try to know her, and let her know me. I came into these parts solely to see her; I shall remain for the purpose of becoming thoroughly acquainted with her; that is all; and I shall do no more until the proper time comes. It is a good first step, and I am glad you suggested it to me."

Stratford did not immediately reply, but presently he said: "Then I am to have you here with me?"

"No," said Thorne, "that would not be well. You are very kind, and so is that good woman. But I shall not be satisfied to stay here. I shall wish to feel perfectly independent. I shall go to the hotel in the village. There is one there, I believe?"

"There is no hotel," said Stratford; "there is nothing but a tavern, and I am sure it won't suit you at all. It will be much better for you to stay here."

"You are very good indeed," said Thorne, "but I prefer the tavern. I left some baggage at the station, and I will have it sent there. Good-bye."

Stratford rose, and took his extended hand. "I suppose I shall see you again," said he.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Thorne. "No doubt we shall meet often." And he strode away.

"He don't believe in me," thought Stratford. "And he is wonderfully changed."

The next day Mr. Thorne made a formal call at Mrs. Justin's house. He saw both the ladies, and although there was no trace of the fact in their manner, neither of them was glad to see him. Gay thought that he would prove an interruption to the course of reading that she and Mr. Stratford were carrying on together; and Mrs. Justin could not but imagine, remembering Mr. Thorne's letter to her, that in some way he had heard of the broken engagement, and, considering the field open, had come to pay his addresses to Gay. Of this she did not at all approve, for, after what had happened, there was only one man she favored as a husband for her young friend. She would not have Gay tossed about like a shuttlecock from this man to that.

Mrs. Justin was not long left to conjecture upon this subject. Mr. Thorne took an early opportunity of speaking to her privately. He informed her that his feelings and aspirations in regard to Miss Armatt remained the same as when he had previously communicated with her by letter; and that having recently heard that the young lady's affections were now disengaged, he desired, at the proper time and season, to endeavor to win those affections; but that he was very well aware that any such attempt would be useless and reprehensible at present. All he now wished was to obtain Mrs.

Justin's consent, as the young lady's friend and guardian, to visit her and make her as thoroughly acquainted with him as possible. Mrs. Justin might feel assured that more than this he would not do during his present stay in the vicinity.

To all this Mrs. Justin could make no outward objection, although she did not like it at all. She knew Mr. Thorne to be a perfectly honorable man, and therefore felt justified in inviting him to visit her frequently during his stay; but she gave him no encouragement whatever, stating that she did not feel that she had any right to say or do anything which could be construed to affect in any way Miss Armatt's prospects of the kind alluded to.

"I wished to make my object and intentions plain to you, madam," said Thorne, "without leaving anything to conjecture; and if, after hearing me, you permit me to visit your house, it is all I ask."

"He is too horribly correct," thought Mrs. Justin, when Thorne had gone, "and in this case nothing could be worse than that, for it gives me no opportunity to oppose him."

When Mrs. Justin next saw Stratford she expressed her impatience with this visit of his friend Thorne. "He is a thoroughly good fellow," she said, "but I do not want him to interfere with you."

"Mrs. Justin," said Stratford, his brows contracting as he spoke, "am I never to expect to be believed by you regarding my intentions towards Gay Armatt?"

"I do not wish to believe what you have said to me about them," she answered, "and I earnestly hope that you will say nothing more of the kind. You ought to marry Gay Armatt for your own sake, for everybody's sake, but above all for her sake. It would be cruel, positively cruel, for you to drop her now."

"I do not wish to say anything," said Stratford, "which might give rise to unpleasant feelings between us, but I will merely re-assert, entirely for my own satisfaction, that I do not intend to marry Gay Armatt."

"I should be grieved indeed," said Mrs. Justin, "if any unpleasant feelings should arise between us, but I will say, entirely for my own satisfaction, that you can't help it."

And with that she left him.

XXVIII.

WHEN the alterations at Vatoldi's had reached that stage at which John People could personally carry out the manifold directions and plans of Mr. Stull, the work went on rapidly, and it was not long before the famous restaurant, greatly enlarged, and very much improved, opened its doors again to the pub-

lic. The boycotting campaign having come to an end, it was very easy to secure a corps of trained waiters, nearly all the old ones being eager to return to their former positions, and being no longer under the influence of the contumacious Bencher they were perfectly willing to renounce all aspirations in the direction of coat-tails.

But against any future trouble of this kind Mr. Stull had fully provided. The employees were all very well paid, but each man signed a printed contract by which he agreed that a certain percentage of his wages should be held back and forfeited in case of dismissal for misconduct, the most important breach of rule being any attempt to redress grievances by other means than those stated in the contract. Mr. Stull had given a great deal of time and thought to the construction of an agreement, which, while it offered good men inducements to enter his service, would make it a losing business for them if they attempted to interfere with his methods of regulating the establishment. All these arrangements, with many others tending to place Vatoldi's on a higher pedestal than it had yet stood upon, were carefully carried into effect by John People, whose conferences with his superior not only took place every afternoon, but frequently occupied a large portion of the evening. An increase of custom quickly greeted the re-opening of the restaurant, and Vatoldi's soon became a more crowded and fashionable resort than it had ever been before.

When all this had been accomplished, Mr. Stull thought himself entitled to a holiday, and repaired to his farm near Cherry Bridge, where he could not only take some country air but look into the business with which Mr. Turby had been intrusted. It might seem a little odd to those who were not well acquainted with Miss Matilda Stull that she should have chosen the time of her father's coming for a visit of herself and her mother to the city; but Miss Matilda never allowed the coming or going of any one to interfere with her plans; and, although she had not formed this plan until she had heard of her father's intention, she declared it to be absolutely necessary that she should go to town to confer with mantua-makers, in preparation for the autumnal season. As she could not go alone, her mother, of course, must accompany her.

The absence of his wife and daughter at the time of his arrival at his farm did not at all disturb the mind of Mr. Stull, who, having come to the country for a holiday, was not averse to a few days' freedom from interruption to thought and action. To be sure, his two younger daughters remained, but these

were little girls who had learned how pleasant it was not to interfere with their father's occupations.

Mrs. Stull had now been made acquainted with her daughter's engagement, and it was, therefore, in the handsome rooms of the Stull city mansion that Mr. Crisman paid his frequent visits to his lady-love during her stay in town.

John People, once more behind his cashier's desk, and behind, indeed, nearly everything else in the establishment, deepened the lines of pensive resignation on his brow. The gentle roll in his gait became more than ever indicative of a determination to go ahead and do his duty, no matter how much care and trouble weighed upon him. All his hopes in the direction of Miss Stull had entirely departed. When Gay Armatt had told him that it was positively useless for him to speak a word of love to Miss Stull, he had gone away believing her absolutely and entirely. Of a truthful nature himself, he could appreciate truth when it was told to him by such a girl as Gay, and told as she told it. He had come to town fully convinced that Matilda Stull could be to him no more than an occasional customer in the restaurant over which he presided.

He took from an inner recess of his pocket-book a two-dollar note, in the corner of which were some initials and a date; and placing this in the money drawer, he repaid himself with two dollars in silver. It gave him a sad pleasure a few minutes afterwards to give this note, with other change, to a lady who was paying her bill. Thrown into the vortex of metropolitan circulation there was no reason to suppose he would ever see it again. Not only did John thus snap asunder the only actual link between him and Miss Stull, but, like the practical man that he was, he resolved, if possible, to teach himself that he must turn away from looking after her, and in order to do this he must learn to look steadfastly in another direction. Therefore it was that with steadfast heart and resolute eyes he looked at Miss Burns.

Miss Burns was a young lady who stood behind the gentlemen's furnishing-goods counter of a large dry-goods store directly opposite Vatoldi's. John had bought cravats and gloves of her, and she, in turn, had taken many a meal at Vatoldi's. There were those of her companions who asserted that she thus sacrificed economy to convenience, because there were other restaurants, not far distant, where she could have been served more cheaply. Miss Burns liked Vatoldi's, and John had reason to believe that she also liked him, for in the two years during which they

had interchanged patronage he had found frequent opportunities of making himself agreeable to her, and she had shown that he was agreeable. She was a girl of pleasant appearance, although a trifle over-thin; but John liked thin girls, and until his regard for Miss Stull began to crystallize itself into yearning, his occasional intercourse with Miss Burns had been exceedingly pleasant to him. But for months and months he had almost forgotten her. For her there was no corner in the refrigerator, nor any corner in his heart.

This change of manner had been noticed by Miss Burns, and for some time before the troubles began at Vatoldi's, she had been forced to admit that it would have been just as well for her to study economy at the expense of convenience, and to take her midday meal at the restaurants frequented by her companions. But lately she had had a desire to view the renewed glories of Vatoldi's, and had several times visited the place. John had noticed her, and once had spoken to her, but there was that in his manner which showed the young woman that even this attention she owed entirely to his memory. But, as has been said, John had come to the determination to occupy his saddened eyes by turning them in the direction of Miss Burns.

It was about this time that there was brought to the restaurant a quantity of very choice clams. These were of such unusually attractive appearance that John bethought himself of exhibiting some of them on a long inclined shelf near his desk, on which were occasionally displayed some extraordinary fine specimens of fish, flesh, or fowl. To this work he devoted some comparatively leisure moments of the morning. As he arranged them on the shelf, his meditative soul began to influence his hands, and he formed the clams into letters, and gradually into words. He soon became much interested in his work, and selecting the smallest of the shell-fish, and carefully placing them, he formed a sentence in clams, which, in large letters, ran the whole length of the shelf. It read:

"Gone are all the hopes I cherished."

Stepping back, John gazed at his work with much satisfaction, and several of the waiters remarked upon it with approbation.

"You might have a new piece of poetry there every day," said one.

John smiled sadly. His desire for poetic selections was now very limited.

A little before one o'clock that day there entered into Vatoldi's Miss Matilda Stull. She was shopping in that region, and she wanted her luncheon. She expected, of course, that she would see John People there, but that made

no difference to her; she had no intention of deserting her favorite restaurant because this young man happened to be the manager of it. She was well aware that she had led him by a very short string during the period in which she had hoped to make use of him, but she did not believe that here, in his place of business, he would presume upon that familiar intercourse which in the country is allowed among persons of different classes. If, however, anything of the kind should occur, she knew well how to treat it; and she entered Vatoldi's with all freedom and confidence.

The room was well filled, but she had not made three steps within the door before John saw her. A thrill went through him, and he stooped to conceal the consequences of it which appeared in his face. In a moment, however, he raised himself, and went on with his duties, keeping his eyes upon the work before him. He did not dare to look at her, for fear she would not recognize him, and that would be a jagged wound. It would be better for her to think he had not seen her. At any rate he must have time to grasp the situation,—a very unexpected one to him, for he had supposed the lady to be in the country.

But it was not long before he found it impossible to avoid raising his eyes in her direction, and as he did so he met her glance. With a very slight smile which bore no sign of friendship, but merely indicated that acquaintance which, in the way of business, one might have with another, she beckoned him to her. Surprised and very much embarrassed by this action, John went to her.

"Mr. People," she said, "how do you do? I would like to have the clams in those first three words," pointing as she spoke, "for my luncheon. Will you please have them stewed for me?"

John turned and gazed somewhat blankly at the sentence he had formed. "'Gone are all' won't make a full stew," he said. "Those clams are very small."

"They will be quite enough," said Miss Stull. "Please order them cooked."

There was a look which accompanied this injunction that would have convinced John, if he had needed convincing, of the absolute truth of what Gay Armatt had said to him. He turned without speaking, and walking to the shelf, gathered up, with his own hands, the clams which spelled "Gone are all." He handed them to an attendant, and ordered them stewed for the lady at the table opposite, and then stepped back to his desk, his heart like a clam within him.

In about five minutes he raised his eyes at the opening of the door, and he beheld Miss Burns entering. He looked at her for a mo-

ment, and then his blood, which apparently had been greatly occupied elsewhere, came up into his face. He stood more erect, his whole body seemed to stiffen, and with a sudden resolve he walked to the new-comer, who sat behind Miss Stull, and much nearer the door.

"Miss Burns," said he, "we have some very fine clams to-day. Will you let me have a stew made for you?"

Gratified by this attention, Miss Burns immediately gave her assent. John now quickly stepped to the shelf, threw aside the last two letters of his sentence, and gathering up the clams which formed "the hopes I cherish," sent them to be stewed.

Miss Burns, following John's movements, saw the words before the clams were swept together, and, stooping, fumbled with the buttons of one of her boots.

The waiter thought the stew would be a large one, but he made no remark. There was something in John's eye which showed that he meant what he did.

Miss Stull, who was waiting for her stew, and had turned half around when John left the desk, saw the whole proceeding. It brought upon her face a smile, a very different one from that which had last been there, and a very good smile for John People.

XXIX.

On the day of his arrival at his farm Mr. Stull drove over to the county town, and had an interview with Zenas Turby. That energetic collector of debts and facts had made a very favorable report in regard to the iron on the Bullripple farm; and Mr. Stull now also received valuable information concerning the Western heirs to the farms held by himself and Enoch. These persons had been made acquainted by Mr. Turby's letters with the loss and injustice they had sustained, and of the fact that although the property in question was not very valuable, it was quite certain, if the affair were properly managed, that they could come into their rights without expensive process of law; the case being so plain that the parties in possession would probably not think it worth while to resist the setting aside of the illegal transfer and the immediate sale of the property with a rightful division of the proceeds.

"They must think," said Mr. Stull, "that the parties in possession are very great fools to give up what they have paid for without making a fight for it; but if it is to our advantage to appear foolish, let us do so by all means. I am perfectly willing to decline to throw good money after bad in defending my title, and as

to that man Bullripple, I imagine there will not be much trouble in making him take the same position, for I don't believe he can afford to go to law about it."

"Not he," sneered Mr. Turby. "When he can pay his taxes he is doing very well."

"What we have to do now," said Mr. Stull, "is to have the matter legally arranged as quickly as possible, and the sale ordered. I shall then buy both tracts."

"You will get them cheap," said Turby, "for there's nobody in these parts who will care to bid against you."

Mr. Stull wanted, of course, to get the land as cheaply as possible, having already paid for part of it; but as the amount paid had not been very large, he would have preferred to lose that, and to give a fair average price for the two farms, rather than to hold one of them by a tenure which would make it impossible for him to dispose of it justly, and unadvisable to invest any money in its improvement and development. His business sagacity had never before allowed him to buy property to which he could not receive a good title, but the opportunity to become possessed of the late Mr. People's farm for a small sum had been a tempting one, and had caused Mr. Stull to close the bargain and take his chances as to future settlement with heirs who might or who might not turn up. His chance now, he thought, was very good, and even if the land should not be valuable from a mineral point of view, he would be glad to have a large and extensive country place in this picturesque region.

"I will see Bullripple myself," he said to Turby. "I think I can make him understand that his wisest course will be to step aside and make no opposition. And, by the way, you can mention to those Western people that it might be well for them to offer some inducements to the parties in possession to vacate their claims. Considering that we have paid our money, they ought to do that."

"I'll put that to them," said Turby, "and if they agree, it ought to help persuade that thick-headed Bullripple to step out."

The next morning Mr. Stull called upon Enoch, and appeared before him in the light of an injured man. His sense of injury, however, was mingled with a solemn dignity which forbade any violence of expression.

He told Enoch of the information he had received concerning the Western heirs, and then he added: "You have brought me, sir, into a very annoying predicament; a situation, I may say, which is unworthy of me."

"I'd like to know what I had to do with it?" asked Enoch.

"You had a great deal to do with it," re-

plied Mr. Stull, with lofty severity. "You were apparently a man of probity in this vicinity, and you were the alleged owner of a property which had been acquired at the same time and in the same way as that which had belonged to your brother-in-law, and which I bought. With your example before my eyes, there was no reason why I should hesitate to pay my money for that land."

"Considering how little you paid," said Enoch, "I don't think you had any reason to hesitate."

"That land, sir," continued Mr. Stull, without attention to the last remark, "as I am now informed, does not belong to me any more than this land belongs to you. But I have not come here to make reproaches. There are some losses which my self-respect teaches me to accept and say nothing about. I am here simply to know what you intend to do in the matter. If it is carried to the courts, I have no case, and you have no case. That will simply be a great expense and much annoyance, and the loss of the land the same as if we had not gone to law. Now I consider that the proper, the honorable, and the honest course is for me and for you to accept the situation, to cease to insist upon an ownership in lands for which we have not paid all the rightful owners, and to accept whatever terms said owners are willing to offer us. Now, sir, do you intend to join me in this just and honorable course? Or do you propose to act in a stubborn and litigious manner, and so bring trouble and expense upon all concerned?"

Mr. Bullripple sat with his eyes half shut and fixed upon the ground. "It may be," he thought, "that this land has iron in it after all." Then he replied to Mr. Stull. "I can't say," said he, "upon a suddint this way, jus' exactly what I'll do. But I do declare it doesn't look a bit like you to give up this way jus' as soon as the thing is mentioned."

"When I am right," said Mr. Stull, with much loftiness, "I never give up; but when I am wrong, I deem it my duty to do so without delay, and I hope, sir, that you will see that it is also your duty as well as your interest."

"Well, Mr. Stull," said Enoch, rising, and taking two strides with his hands in his pockets. "I'll think it over, and see what is best to be done. And I guess the first thing to be done is to wait till we hear something positive from those fellows in the West."

"I have said all I have to say," said Mr. Stull. And he took his leave.

"Bullripple is too stupidly obstinate to agree with anybody," he said to himself as he walked away, "but if I give in, he'll have to."

Enoch was a good deal more disturbed by Mr. Stull's information than he had appeared

to be. He had heard of these Western heirs, but had never put much faith in them, and he had believed, moreover, that his possession would in time give him a valid title which would be good against all claims. But he had never given himself any trouble to ascertain the existence or non-existence of other claimants, and had taken no legal measures, in fact, to protect himself in case claims should be brought.

Nothing, however, so disturbed his faith in the strength of his tenure of his farm as the fact that Mr. Stull had admitted that the title to his own farm was not a good one. He had never liked Stull, and since his discovery of the ownership of Vatoldi's he had had a thorough contempt for the man. But he knew him to be an unusually astute business man, and when Mr. Stull stated that his title to a piece of property was not good, there was as much reason to believe that he had thoroughly examined the case and was correct in his view of it, as there was to believe that he never would have made the admission if it were possible to avoid it.

But Enoch's belief in Mr. Stull's business sagacity went still further. "That pie-man," he thought, "is pushin' this thing, and he wouldn't do it if he didn't expect to make somethin' out of it. If there wasn't no more of it than what he told me, he'd jus' keep quiet and let other people do what had to be done. Yes, sir," he said aloud to himself, after he had taken a few meditative turns with his hands in his pockets, "there's more in this thing than he wants me to see. It may be iron, and it may be something else; but, whatever it is, the pie-man is on the grab for it."

Mr. Bullripple thought over this matter all the rest of the day and a good part of the night; and in the morning he laid the subject before Mr. Stratford. That gentleman listened with much attention; he was always interested in Enoch and his concerns. But before he could form any opinion in regard to the case, Mr. Bullripple, who was one of those persons who ask counsel of others for the purpose of having their own decisions supported, proceeded to give his views.

"Of course I can't tell," said he, "exactly what that Stull is after, but I've given my brains a good badgerin', and I've pretty well made up my mind that when the whole thing is settled, it'll be Stull that's got these two farms, and not them Western men. And when that's happened, I may as well get ready to walk, for he hates me wuss than he hates the devil."

"Why should that be?" asked Mr. Stratford, surprised.

"Oh, well," said Enoch, "he and I once

had a little business together, and I got the better of him. It's not a thing I can talk about; but it made him hate me; there's no gettin' 'round that."

Remembering all that Enoch had told him at Vatoldi's about his being in search of a rat in a hole; and assuming, for he had never been so informed, that this search had been successful, it was not difficult for Mr. Stratford to put this and that together. He reflected that Enoch, who was always very free-spoken about his affairs, had never told him the result of his hunt for the rat, and had just admitted that he had had a piece of private business with Mr. Stull of which he could not speak, and it was natural that in Mr. Stratford's mind said Stull and said rat should merge themselves into the same personality.

This conclusion surprised Stratford very much. If Enoch had been earnestly looking for some one, it was tolerably certain that there was some one to look for, and he knew no reason why that some one should not be Mr. Stull. Stratford knew the man but slightly, and cared little for what he knew. It was, therefore, a matter of small concern to him that the bank president sold oyster stews, but it was a matter of very great concern that Enoch had discovered the fact. This old farmer was a man whose character and methods deserved careful study.

"Now this is the way I've worked it out," continued Enoch. "If what Stull says is so, and I'm inclined to believe it is, for he wouldn't come to any man and tell him that he didn't fairly own any particular thing, if there was the least chance in the world of his keepin' it without fairly ownin' it, then I'm of the opinion that the quicker somethin' is done the better."

"What would you do?" asked Stratford.

"What I'd do," said Enoch, "would be this: I'd go straight out West, and see them other heirs. I'd look into their claims and see how good they was. It wouldn't cost much to do that. Then, if everything was all straight, I'd jus' ask 'em what they'd take for their claims. If they had any sense at all they'd rather take a middlin' fair price down in cash than to go to a lot of trouble and perhaps have the land sold for mighty little. I think I could put all that before 'em so's they could see it. Then I'd come home and go to somebody,—say to you, Mr. Stratford,—and borry the money I'd have to pay down; I'd be mighty keeful, too, to hunt up any other heirs, if there was any, and buy up their claims. When that was all done, I'd take the same law steps that them fellows would 'a' took, and when the case was settled, the property needn't be sold to divide the money, for

there'd only be one owner to the whole of it, and that would be me. When I'd got the deed all safe in my possession, I'd give the man who lent me the money—he'd have to trust me till then—a mortgage on the whole property. Then there couldn't be no turnin' out of house and home. I'd go on here the same as ever, payin' a fair and reg'lar interest on the mortgage. And as for Stull, if he likes that place, he could just live there as long as he liked, and I'd put the rent high enough to cover the interest I'd have to pay on the two places. If he didn't want to do that, he might go, and that farm could easily be sold for enough to pay off the whole mortgage. Now, isn't that a pretty straight and even plan? With all the iron left out, too, for that's a thing I don't believe in."

Stratford laughed. "It certainly is an ingenious plan, and may hold together. If I were you, I'd try it. I fear there are some weak points in your scheme, but they may not prevent its success. At all events, you would lose nothing by the trial, and I should be very sorry indeed to see this farm taken from you."

"Well, sir," said Enoch, "that's what you'd do if you was me. Now then, bein' yourself, would you advance me the money, and then take a mortgage on the land for it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Stratford, "if the facts are what you suppose them to be, and all the heirs are willing to sell out their claims, I'll advance the money."

"Good!" cried Mr. Bullripple, slapping one hard palm with the other. "And now I'll see if I can't match farm work ag'in' pie-bakin'."

"Enoch," said Mr. Stratford, with a smile, "you said too much that time."

"Perhaps I did," said the old farmer, "but slips don't count."

As he walked away Mr. Stratford felt more than ever convinced that if Enoch Bullripple, instead of being driven from his farm by the revengeful Stull, should succeed, without loss to himself or to any one, in making that lofty personage pay him rent for his present country-seat, he would add very much to his previous claims to be considered a hundredth man. It was not the old farmer's cleverness and natural cunning that Stratford considered in this connection; it was his willingness, as shown in his extraordinary conduct at Vatoldi's, to throw himself, for the purpose of gaining that, into a position which nobody else would be likely to think of, or be courageous enough to take, which made our friend imagine that, in all probability, his search for a man, entirely unique and exceptional, had, at last, met with success.

XXX.

GAY ARMATT did not find the presence of Mr. Thorne in the Cherry Bridge neighborhood that interruption to her studies and daily pursuits which she had supposed it would be. Her expectations had been that Mr. Stratford would find it necessary to give so much of his time to his friend that very little of it would be left for her. Of course there were studies and a good many daily pursuits which could very well be carried on without the presence of Mr. Stratford, but this did not suit Miss Gay. She had become accustomed to Stratford's helpful counsel and to the pleasure of his society. She liked them, and she did not wish to give them up. She was sitting at the feet of a master, and it would have greatly grieved her had circumstances compelled her to rise.

But Arthur Thorne did not prove to be such a circumstance. On the contrary, he was scrupulously careful not to interfere with the life which Gay was now leading. Stratford determined to go on with his visits to Mrs. Justin and his intercourse with Gay as if Thorne had not been there; while the younger man determined that his intercourse with Gay should be largely influenced by the fact that Stratford was there. It was not his object to endeavor to supplant Stratford; this he knew he could not do; all he hoped was to make himself known, and perhaps favorably known, to the woman he loved. If then Stratford held to his word, his opportunity might come; at all events, he would not be a stranger to Gay Armatt. That point in Stratford's argument had made a strong impression on him.

It was Thorne's custom to walk over from the Cherry Bridge tavern in the afternoon, and often in the evening, and if he could talk or walk with one or both of the ladies, or play croquet with them, or do for them anything which they might wish him to do, he was very glad. If it happened that Stratford were there, and it often did so happen, Thorne showed no indisposition to join in any general occupation, though he avoided thrusting himself into any special one. He took the goods the goddesses gave, and was very thankful.

Mrs. Justin noticed all this, and though she really wished Mr. Thorne would stay away, she could not help honoring him for his thoughtful and courteous conduct. His visits could not be pleasant to her, favoring, as she did, a union between Stratford and Gay, but no man that she knew could have brought upon himself under similar circumstances so small a taint of unpleasantness.

Gay did not know Mr. Thorne's object in coming to the house, but she soon found that,

as far as she was concerned, his coming made no difference. This was very pleasant, and made her look upon the gentleman, especially at croquet, as an agreeable addition to their little circle. She could not but see, too, although it did not strike her mind as soon as it did that of Mrs. Justin, how he refrained from putting himself in those paths which she and Mr. Stratford were wont to walk together. For that she liked Mr. Thorne better than for anything else.

As the days went on, the ladies of the Justin household began to appreciate the fact that two gentlemen friends were better than one, because the little vacancies and gaps which must occasionally be left by one of them could almost always be filled by the other. A more useful and agreeable second man than Mr. Thorne could scarcely be found. In most cases he was perfectly able to take the place of first man, and yet he was always willing to fall into the subordinate position. This indicated mental endowments of a kind very rare and very valuable.

Though Mr. Stratford was a frequent visitor at the Justin house, he did not come every day, and sometimes, of a morning, Arthur Thorne would stand and lean against the railings of the shady piazza where Gay was in the habit of doing her reading and studying, which, by the way, had become much more of a habit than in the early summer. At such times he did not stay very long, nor say very much, but it cost him an effort, which only a strong man could have given, to tear himself away and leave Gay undisturbed with her books. Several times Mrs. Justin noticed this proceeding, and she could not refrain from giving Mr. Thorne her unqualified admiration.

On one of these occasions Thorne remarked to Gay: "I wish very much, Miss Armatt, that there was something inside the vast scope of human knowledge which I could help you to study. There ought to be something, but I don't believe there is."

Gay smiled. "I expect there are ever so many things," she said, "that you could teach me from beginning to end."

Thorne shook his head. "No," said he, "your studies are extensive enough already, and there is nothing I would undertake to teach except law; and in that, of course, you would take no interest."

"I am not so sure of that," said Gay. "There are a great many things about law which a woman ought to know, especially those things which particularly concern her, and of which I am totally ignorant."

"And would you like to know them?" eagerly asked Thorne.

"Certainly," answered Gay. "The object of my life, Mr. Thorne, is to know."

As she said this a little shade of darkness crept into that young face, which Thorne had never seen there before. It was so slight a shade that most persons would not have noticed it, but Thorne marked it, and referred it to the fact that a little while ago this young person had another object in life, which, in a tangible and acknowledged form, did not now exist.

"If you will allow me, Miss Armatt," he said, "it will give me very great pleasure to indicate to you some points of law which I really think you ought to understand, and without a knowledge of which, I do not hesitate to say, I believe no person should be called thoroughly educated. I can write out the points to which it would be well to direct your attention, and give you authorities and references which you can make use of if you like. Then you can look into the subject at your convenience, and I can always furnish you with any books you may want."

"You are very kind indeed, Mr. Thorne," said Gay, "and I think your suggestion a sensible and practical one. There are many general principles of law, and particular applications too, which I am sure would be of use to me, and which I really ought to know if I ever expect to call myself well informed. It would be entirely too much for you to write out subjects and references, as you are so good as to suggest, and I would not ask you to put yourself to so much trouble; but if you could talk over the matter with me when it is perfectly convenient to you, I should be very much obliged indeed. It wouldn't interfere at all with my other work, for I have plenty of spare time."

As Gay said this she had a consciousness that she was conferring a favor, and that it was pleasant to confer it. She was entirely honest in the expression of her desire to know something of the laws under which she lived; but she also felt that Mr. Thorne was a young man of such kindly disposition that it was a kindness to him to give him an opportunity to be kind.

Mr. Thorne was charmed. He went away to his room in the Cherry Bridge tavern, and set himself to work to prepare from the resources of his very extensive information a concise but comprehensive summary of some of the fundamental principles of law which everybody ought to know, and also of such specific points as women in particular ought to know. The work interested him greatly, and it was not until his lamp burned out that night that he laid down his pen. Early the next morning he hired a horse and

rode over to the county town, where he asked the privilege from a lawyer to make abstracts from some of his legal books.

It was several days before Arthur Thorne had prepared to his satisfaction his ground plan of the legal education of Gay Armatt. When it was finished he betook himself to the Justin mansion with his papers in his pocket, determined on no account to obtrude the matter upon her attention did not a favorable opportunity present itself.

His opportunity came immediately. He found Gay and Mrs. Justin sitting together, and the young lady received him with unusual cordiality.

"I hope, Mr. Thorne," she said, "that you have come prepared to talk law. I have thought of no less than four things that I want to ask you immediately, although I suppose you will wish to begin with Magna Charta, or some such foundation-stone."

"I am quite ready," he said, pulling out his papers, "and Magna Charta can wait. Now, what are your four points?"

Mrs. Justin had been told by Gay of the proposed plan of legal instruction, and she had not favored it. It would give Thorne too many advantages, and besides, she thought that Gay was working too hard already. But her young friend set aside all her objections. These things would be but trifles, she declared, and even were it otherwise, she had never felt so much like work in her life.

Mrs. Justin had not withdrawn her objections, but after a little talk with Mr. Thorne she withdrew herself, and left the two to settle the four points. When, that evening, she told Mr. Stratford of Gay's new course of study he did not object.

"It seems rather an odd thing to do," he said, "but then Gay Armatt is somewhat of an odd young lady, and as for Arthur Thorne, although he is generally most oddly proper, I have found that, upon occasion, he can be properly odd."

Mrs. Justin shrugged her shoulders. "I do not like it at all," she said.

"I think I do," replied Stratford. "A certain amount of knowledge of that kind will be very useful to Miss Armatt, and Thorne is just the man to give it to her."

"He is just the man who should not give it to her," quickly replied Mrs. Justin. "Horace Stratford, you are either blind or wickedly foolish."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Stratford, "I wish that I could make you understand that I am neither."

"That you can easily do," said Mrs. Justin, "by marrying Gay." And there the conversation stopped.

Not every day, but still often, Gay and Arthur, with a great deal of earnest interest on each side, pursued their legal studies. It was but a slight skeleton of a course of study, but it was one calculated to place a woman in a position of intelligence with regard to her relations with her fellow-beings which would give her great advantages over other women who did not occupy that position. To Gay it was all very pleasant; it helped and satisfied her desire to make herself thoroughly well informed and cultured. To Arthur Thorne it was heaven.

The weeks passed on, and touches of red and yellow began to appear here and there in the foliage, while the days became so perceptibly shorter that those who drove out in the afternoon frequently came home under the twinkling light of the evening star. The accustomed intercourse of Stratford and Gay continued without a change, except that it now received from Mrs. Justin certain favoring impulses which, before, she had not been wont to give it; and the occasional intercourse of Gay and Thorne became more friendly and easy, in spite of the absolute want of encouragement shown to it by Mrs. Justin.

Had any one appeared in the neighborhood of Cherry Bridge and declared that at any season of the year in any part of that country there was the slightest trace of malaria, he would probably have fared badly. Mrs. People would have been glad to scratch the skin from his defaming face, and if no one, in fact, should offer to him personal injury, he would have been so borne down with contempt and condemnation that he would have yearned to flee to some region the pride of whose people in their healthy surroundings he had not shocked.

Mrs. Justin was very prudent concerning public opinion. Upon no account would she say a word against this general belief in the healthfulness of the neighborhood. But in her own mind she now began to be of the opinion that Gay Armatt was suffering from some sort of malarial influence. She was not at all the same girl she was when she came to that Cherry Bridge country. Her mental activity was as great as ever, but she could now be tired by a moderate walk, or even a very long drive. There were other indications of an unsatisfactory state of health, which were not generally noticeable, but easily perceived by the quick eye of Mrs. Justin. At first she attributed Gay's apparent decrease in physical stamina to her studies, but she soon gave up that idea. The work done by her young friend was not enough to injure any healthy person of her years, and it was intermingled with constant recreation and outdoor life. There was something too much of it, and it

might occasionally have made Gay appear a little weary. But the effects of study were not sufficient to account for the symptoms Mrs. Justin noticed.

The village doctor was called in, and he prescribed a tonic, but this was of no benefit; and therefore it was that Mrs. Justin privately made up her mind that there were in the atmosphere malarial influences to which Gay was peculiarly susceptible, and that she would not be better until she should go away.

If Gay had moped, or had been lowspirited, or had shown any symptoms of retrospective melancholy, Mrs. Justin would have attributed her condition to the broken engagement. But there was nothing of the kind. Gay had behaved admirably after her great trial. She had kept up her spirits, and it was only in physical action that she showed any decrease in strength and activity. This state of mind Mrs. Justin attributed in great degree to the influence of Mr. Stratford. There was no possible doubt of the fact that Gay could not so constantly associate with him without discovering by contrast the inferiority and unworthiness of the man who had left her.

Having determined that Gay's health demanded a complete change of scene and air, Mrs. Justin also considered it her duty to bring about that change without loss of time; she therefore made the necessary preparations to go to her winter home in New York. Gay expected at the end of her Cherry Bridge sojourn to spend some time with her relatives in Maryland, but this Mrs. Justin would not allow. The country at this season was evidently no place for Gay; she must go to the city. In the course of a week the Justin house was closed, and Gay and its owner had departed for New York.

Mr. Thorne had already gone home. He had not had so many of those delightful interviews with Gay as he would have liked to have, and he had not taught her a quarter as much law as he would have wished to teach her. But he had seen her frequently, and his course had been so well begun that it would be easy to take it up at any time; and, on the whole, Mr. Thorne was well satisfied; nay, more, he was warmed and exhilarated by his sojourn at Cherry Bridge. To give himself this special holiday he had broken away from his professional pursuits and had left his business in the hands of an associate. But he did not in the least reproach himself for this departure from his usual habits of life. Nothing could be wiser than to give a few weeks to the furtherance of an object which was more important to him than any other object could possibly be.

Mr. Stratford remained at the Bullripple farm. The partridge season had begun, and

there was no reason why he should not stay in the country as long as he had hitherto been accustomed to stay. It was true that the region seemed more lonely than in former years when he had been there by himself, and he thought he was a little tired of the country. But it would have been ridiculous for him to have hurried away after Mrs. Justin and Gay. He promised himself, however, and indeed he had said as much to the ladies, that he would not stay among the mountains very long. His promise to himself was partly based on conviction that Gay's future happiness might depend in a greater degree on his presence in the city than it had lately depended on their companionship out here. What sudden exposure to her former peril might there occur he did not know.

One afternoon Stratford came, with his gun and his setter dog Felix, to the rail fence on the top of the little eminence from which he and Gay had once watched the sunset. He seated himself on the top rail of the fence, and thoughtfully gazed over the landscape towards the western sky. Suddenly his eyes fell upon two persons emerging from the grove of sugar-maples on the level ground beneath him. It was Miss Matilda Stull and a gentleman, whom, to his astonishment, he speedily recognized as Mr. Crisman. They did not come up towards him, but turned away, walking along the bottom of the hill. Their very intimate manner as they moved away, hand in hand, gave assurance that they had not noticed Stratford, and the very intimate converse in which they were evidently engaged gave good reason for their not noticing anything but themselves.

Stratford could scarcely explain to himself why the appearance of these two persons, for whom he had such slight regard, should have such a sudden and disturbing effect upon him. He had heard from Mrs. People that Miss Stull and her mother had returned to the farm, but he had known nothing of Crisman's presence in the neighborhood. It was simply impossible to doubt the relations of these two young persons to each other. The expression of their faces, and their whole demeanor and action, showed that they were lovers.

Nothing should have given Stratford greater satisfaction than this. If Crisman were in love with that young woman down yonder, Gay's peril was over. But, instead of a thrill of pleasure, Stratford felt a shock. His soul was filled with a startling conviction that his work was done; that he had carried Gay Armatt over the gap!

Slowly, and without noticing the world beneath his feet, or the sky above him, Stratford descended from the fence and walked homeward.

Frank R. Stockton.

(To be continued.)

SUNKEN GRAVES.

THIS summer eve I wander where the dead
Sleep out the centuries which roll o'er-
head,
And question who they were that laid them
down,
Unwakeful, at this last inn of the town,
Till an emotion, unexpressed as yet,
Swells in my bosom like a vast regret.

There was a day when all this church-yard
street
Throbbled at the passing of the mourner's feet;
There was a time when every ended year
Brought unforgetful ones to drop a tear.
What now is left, save that the grasses grow
A little ranker since they dewed them so?

There is the sky; and just as faint and far
Swims through the twilight deeps the evening
star.

And there the mountain juts into the night,
Mantled with green, and canopied with white;
While yonder orb, before it sinks to rest,
Slants these long moonbeams from the darken-
ing west.

There too, a bird, upon a tree's long limb,
Has built her nest without a thought of him
Within whose grave the maple's spreading
root

Unawed adventures to intrude its foot,
Above whose breast the summer's dewy tears
Have lightly sifted for uncounted years.

None live who knew him. There are none
to say

Where lived, whom loved, what wrought, when
passed away,

This one who, doubtless, had the daily care
And hourly travail of his soul to bear,
But sleeps with none to marvel o'er him save
The stranger musing by his sunken grave.

Would *they* remember? Could I break their
rest
Who sleep, far-scattered from the east to west,
And with such question from the earthly
gloom

Could vex the dreamless slumber of the tomb,
Would they recall what pulseless lump of clay,
Void of the spirit, here was laid away?

Dead are the dead: nor could there come
reply.

They could not answer to the call; but I —
I and the living answer! Breath by breath
Some hope we cherished trembles to its death;
Some fond illusion of the spirit dies,
And fades the glory of our summer skies.

The hope, the vision, lay we well at rest;
We scatter lilies on each quiet breast;
We say at heart, with mute lips stricken dumb
For grief of sad to-morrows ere they come:
"Within this grave our sun of life is set!
Never shall we this day or grief forget!"

Then go our ways. . . . But when our spirits
pass
Through glebes unconquered from their native
grass,

And, swift and sweet our quickened senses get
A perfume rarer than the violet,
We never dream that all this verdure waves
Above our hopes' long-lost and sunken graves.

Andrew B. Saxton.



LINCOLN'S COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH,
AND OTHER POLITICAL EVENTS OF 1859-60.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

LINCOLN'S OHIO SPEECHES.

WHEN Lincoln, in opening the senatorial campaign of Illinois, declared that the Republican cause must be intrusted to its own undoubted friends who do care for the result, he displayed a much better understanding of the character and aims of his opponent than those who, not so well informed, desired the adoption of a different course. Had the wishes of Greeley and others prevailed, had Douglas been adopted by the Illinois Republicans, the party would now have found itself in a fatal dilemma. No sooner was the campaign ended than Douglas started on a tour to the South, and began making speeches apparently designed to pave his way to a nomination for President by the next Democratic National Convention. Realizing that he had lost ground by his anti-Lecomptonism, and especially by his Freeport doctrine, and having already felt in the late campaign the hostility of the Buchanan Administration, he now sought to recover prestige by publishing more advanced opinions indirectly sustaining and defending slavery.

Hitherto he had declared he did not care whether slavery was voted down or voted up. He had said he would not argue the question whether slavery is right or wrong. He had adopted Taney's assertion that the negro had no share in the Declaration of Independence. He had asserted that uniformity was impossible, but that freedom and slavery might abide together forever. But now that the election was over, and a new term in the Senate secure, he was ready to conciliate pro-slavery opinion with stronger expressions. Hence, in a speech at Memphis, he cunningly linked together in argument unfriendly legislation, slavery, and annexation. He said:

"Whenever a territory has a climate, soil, and production making it the interest of the inhabitants to encourage slave property, they will pass a slave code."

Wherever these preclude the possibility of slavery being profitable, they will not permit it. On the sugar plantations of Louisiana it was not a question between the white man and the negro, but between the negro and the crocodile. He would say that between the negro

and the crocodile, he took the side of the negro; but between the negro and the white man, he would go for the white man. The Almighty has drawn the line on this continent, on the one side of which the soil must be cultivated by slave labor; on the other by white labor. That line did not run on 36° and 30' [the Missouri Compromise line], for 36° and 30' runs over mountains and through valleys. But this slave-line, he said, meanders in the sugar fields and plantations of the South, and the people living in their different localities and in the territories must determine for themselves whether their "middle bed" is best adapted to slavery or free labor.

Referring to annexation, he said our destiny had forced us to acquire Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and California. "We have now territory enough, but how long will it be enough? One hive is enough for one swarm of bees, but a new swarm comes next year and a new hive is wanted." Men may say we shall never want anything more of Mexico, but the time would come when we would be compelled to take more. Central America was half-way to California and on the direct road. The time will come when our destiny, our institutions, our safety will compel us to have it. "So it is," concluded he, "with the island of Cuba. . . . It is a matter of no consequence whether we want it or not; we are compelled to take it, and we can't help it."†

When Douglas reached New Orleans on his trip he, in another long speech, substantially repeated these declarations and, as if he had not yet placed himself in entire harmony with Southern opinion, he added a sentiment almost as remarkable as the "mud-sill" theory of Hammond, or the later "corner-stone" doctrine of Stephens:

"It is a law of humanity," said he, "a law of civilization, that whenever a man or a race of men show themselves incapable of managing their own affairs, they must consent to be governed by those who are capable of performing the duty. It is on this principle that you establish those institutions of charity for the support of the blind, or the deaf and dumb, or the insane. In accordance with this principle, I assert that the negro

† Douglas, Memphis speech, Nov. 29th, 1858. Memphis "Eagle and Enquirer."

* Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886-7. All rights reserved.

race, under all circumstances, at all times, and in all countries, has shown itself incapable of self-government."*

Once more, in a speech at Baltimore, Douglas repeated in substance† what he had said at Memphis and New Orleans, and then in the beginning of January, 1859, he reached Washington and took his seat in the Senate. Here he now began to comprehend the action of the Democratic caucus in deposing him from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories. His personal influence and prestige among the Southern leaders were gone. Neither his revived zeal for annexation, nor his advanced views on the necessity for slave labor restored his good-fellowship with the extremists. Although, pursuant to a recommendation in the annual message, a measure was then pending in the Senate to place thirty millions in the hands of President Buchanan with which to negotiate for Cuba, the attitude of the pro-slavery faction was not one of conciliation, but of unrelenting opposition to him.

Toward the close of the short session this feeling broke out in open demonstration. On February 23d, while an item of the appropriation bill was under debate, Senator Brown, of Mississippi, said he wanted the success of the Democratic party in 1860 to be a success of principles and not of men. He neither wanted to cheat nor be cheated. Under the decision of the Supreme Court the South would demand protection for slavery in the Territories. If he understood the senator from Illinois, Mr. Douglas, he thought a Territorial legislature might by non-action or by unfriendly action rightfully exclude slavery. He dissented from him, and now he would like to know from other senators from the North what they would do:

"If the Territorial legislature refuses to act, will you act? If it pass unfriendly acts, will you pass friendly? If it pass laws hostile to slavery, will you annul them and substitute laws favoring slavery in their stead? . . . I would rather," concluded he, "see the Democratic party sunk, never to be resurrected, than to see it successful only that one portion of it might practice a fraud on another."‡

Douglas met the issue, and defended his Freeport doctrine without flinching. The Democracy of the North hold, said he, that if you repudiate the doctrine of non-intervention, and form a slave code by act of Congress, where the people of a Territory refuse it, you must step off the Democratic platform.

"I tell you, gentlemen of the South, in all candor, I do not believe a Democratic candidate can ever carry

* Douglas, New Orleans speech, Dec. 6th, 1858. Pamphlet.

† Douglas, Baltimore speech, Jan. 5th, 1859. Pamphlet.

‡ Brown, Senate speech, Feb. 23d, 1859. Globe, p. 1241, *et seq.*

any one Democratic State of the North on the platform that it is the duty of the Federal Government to force the people of a Territory to have slavery when they do not want it."§

The discussion extended itself to other Senators; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Clay, of Alabama, Mason, of Virginia, and Gwin, of California, seconded the demands and arguments of Brown; while Pugh, of Ohio, Broderick, of California, and Stuart, of Michigan, came to the help and defense of Douglas and non-intervention. Several Republicans drifted into the debate on behalf of the position and principles of their party, which of course differed from those of both Brown and Douglas. The discussion was continued to a late hour, and finally came to an end through mere lapse of time, but not until an irreparable schism in the Democratic party had been opened.

Silence upon so vital an issue could not long be maintained. In the following June, an Iowa friend wrote to Douglas to inquire whether he would be a candidate for the presidential nomination at the coming Charleston convention. Douglas replied that party issues must first be defined. If the Democracy adhered to their former principles, his friends would be at liberty to present his name.

"If, on the contrary," continued he, "it shall become the policy of the Democratic party, which I cannot anticipate, to repudiate these their time-honored principles, on which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs, and in lieu of them the convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African slave-trade, or a Congressional slave-code for the Territories, or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits slavery in the Territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it, as other property — it is due to candor to say that, in such an event, I could not accept the nomination if tendered to me."||

We must leave the career of Douglas for a while to follow up the personal history of Lincoln. The peculiar attitude of national politics had in the previous year drawn the attention of the whole country to Illinois in a remarkable degree. The senatorial campaign was hardly opened when a Chicago editor, whose daily examination of a large list of newspaper exchanges brought the fact vividly under his observation, wrote to Lincoln:

"You are like Byron, who woke up one morning and found himself famous. People wish to know about you. You have sprung at once from the position of a capital fellow, and a leading lawyer in Illinois, to a national reputation."¶

§ Douglas, Senate speech, Feb. 23d, 1859. Globe, p. 1247.

|| Douglas to Dorr, June 22d, 1859. Baltimore "Sun," June 24th, 1859.

¶ Ray to Lincoln, July 27th, 1858. MS.

The compliment was fully warranted; the personal interest in Lincoln increased daily from the beginning to the end of the great debates. The Freeport doctrine and its effect upon the Democratic party gave these discussions both present significance and a growing interest for the future. Another friend wrote him, a few days after election:

"You have made a noble canvass, which, if unavailing in this State, has earned you a national reputation, and made you friends everywhere."*

That this was not the mere flattery of partial friends became manifest to him by other indications; by an increased correspondence filled with general commendation, and particularly by numerous invitations to deliver speeches in other States. The Republican Central Committee of New Hampshire wrote him that if Douglas came, as was expected, to that State, they desired Lincoln to come and answer him. The Central Committee of Minnesota wished him to come there and assist in their canvass. There was an incessant commotion in politics throughout the whole North, and as the season progressed, calls came from all quarters. Kansas wanted him;† Buffalo wanted him;‡ Des Moines wanted him;§ Pittsburg wanted him;|| Thurlow Weed telegraphed: "Send Abraham Lincoln to Albany immediately."¶ Not only his presence, but his arguments, ideas, and counsel were in demand. Dennison, making the canvass for governor of Ohio, asked for a report of his debates for campaign "material."**

That men in all parts of the Union were thus turning to him for help and counsel was due, not alone to the publicity and credit he had gained in his debates with Douglas in the previous year; it grew quite as much out of the fact that by his sagacity and courage he had made himself the safest, as well as the most available, rallying-point of the Republican party and exponent of Republican doctrine. The Lecompton quarrel in the Democratic party had led many prominent Republicans on a false trail. In Douglas's new attitude, developed by his Southern speeches and his claim to re-admission into regular Democratic fellowship, these leaders found themselves at fault, discredited by their own course. Lincoln, on the contrary, not only held aloft the most aggressive Republican banner but stood nearest the common party enemy, and was able to offer advice to all the elements of the Republican party, free from any suspicion of intrigue with foe or fac-

tion. The causes of his senatorial defeat thus gave him a certain party authority and leadership, which was felt if not openly acknowledged. On his part, while never officious or obtrusive, he was always ready with seasonable and judicious suggestions generous in spirit and comprehensive in scope, and which looked beyond mere local success. Thus he wrote from Springfield to Hon. Schuyler Colfax, July 6th, 1859:

"I much regret not seeing you while you were here among us. Before learning that you were to be at Jacksonville on the 4th, I had given my word to be at another place. Besides a strong desire to make your personal acquaintance, I was anxious to speak with you on politics a little more fully than I can well do in a letter. My main object in such conversation would be to hedge against divisions in the Republican ranks generally, and particularly for the contest of 1860. The point of danger is the temptation in different localities to 'platform' for something which will be popular just there, but which, nevertheless, will be a firebrand elsewhere, and especially in a national convention. As instances, the movement against foreigners in Massachusetts; in New Hampshire, to make obedience to the fugitive slave law punishable as a crime; in Ohio 'to repeal the fugitive slave law; and 'squatter sovereignty,' in Kansas. In these things there is explosive matter enough to blow up half a dozen national conventions, if it gets into them; and what gets very rife outside of conventions is very likely to find its way into them. What is desirable, if possible, is that in every local convocation of Republicans a point should be made to avoid everything which will disturb Republicans elsewhere. Massachusetts Republicans should have looked beyond their noses, and then they could not have failed to see that tilting against foreigners would ruin us in the whole North-west. New Hampshire and Ohio should forbear tilting against the fugitive slave law in such way as to utterly overwhelm us in Illinois with the charge of enmity to the Constitution itself. Kansas, in her confidence that she can be saved to freedom on 'squatter sovereignty,' ought not to forget that to prevent the spread and naturalization of slavery is a national concern, and must be attended to by the nation. In a word, in every locality we should look beyond our noses; and at least say nothing on points where it is probable we shall disagree. I write this for your eye only; hoping, however, if you see danger as I think I do, you will do what you can to avert it. Could not suggestions be made to leading men in the State and Congressional conventions, and so avoid, to some extent at least, these apples of discord?"*

By this time Colfax was cured of his late coquetting with Douglas, and he replied:

"The suggestions you make have occurred to me. . . . Nothing is more evident than that there is an ample number of voters in the Northern States, opposed to the extension and aggressions of slavery and to Democratic misrule, to triumphantly elect a President of the United States. But it is equally evident that making up this majority are men of all shades and gradations of opinion, from the conservative who will scarcely defend his principles for fear of imperiling peace, to the bold radical who strikes stalwart blows

* David Davis to Lincoln, Nov. 7th, 1858. MS.

† Delahay to Lincoln, March 15th, 1859. MS.

‡ Dorsheimer to Chase, Sept. 12th, 1859. MS.

§ Kasson to Lincoln, Sept. 13th, 1859. MS.

|| Kirkpatrick to Lincoln, Sept. 15th, 1859. MS.

¶ Weed to Judd, Oct. 21st, 1859. MS.

** Dennison to Trumbull, July 21st, 1859. MS.

* Partly printed in Hollister, "Life of Colfax," p. 146. We are indebted to Mrs. Colfax for the full manuscript text of this and other letters.

regardless of policy or popularity. How this mass of mind shall be consolidated into a victorious phalanx in 1860 is the great problem, I think, of our eventful times. And he who could accomplish it is worthier of fame than Napoleon or Victor Emanuel. . . . In this work, to achieve success, and to achieve it without sacrifice of essential principle, you can do far more than one like myself, so much younger. Your counsel carries great weight with it; for, to be plain, there is no political letter that falls from your pen which is not copied throughout the Union."^{*}

This allusion was called out by two letters which Lincoln had written during the year; one declaring his opposition to the waning fallacy of know-nothingism, and in which he also defined his position on "fusion." Referring to a provision lately adopted by Massachusetts to restrict naturalization, he wrote:

"Massachusetts is a sovereign and independent State; and it is no privilege of mine to scold her for what she does. Still, if from what she has done, an inference is sought to be drawn as to what I would do, I may, without impropriety, speak out. I say then, that, as I understand the Massachusetts provision, I am against its adoption in Illinois, or in any other place where I have a right to oppose it. Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them. I have some little notoriety for commiserating the oppressed condition of the negro; and I should be strangely inconsistent if I could favor any project for curtailing the existing rights of white men, even though born in different lands, and speaking different languages from myself. As to the matter of fusion, I am for it, if it can be had on Republican grounds; and I am not for it on any other terms. A fusion on any other terms would be as foolish as unprincipled. It would lose the whole North, while the common enemy would still carry the whole South. The question of men is a different one. There are good patriotic men and able statesmen in the South whom I would cheerfully support, if they would now place themselves on Republican ground, but I am against letting down the Republican standard a hair's breadth."[†]

The other was a somewhat longer letter, to a Boston committee which had invited him to a festival in honor of Jefferson's birthday.

"Bearing in mind that about seventy years ago two great political parties were first formed in this country; that Thomas Jefferson was the head of one of them, and Boston the headquarters of the other, it is both curious and interesting that those supposed to descend politically from the party opposed to Jefferson, should now be celebrating his birthday, in their own original seat of empire, while those claiming political descent from him have nearly ceased to breathe his name everywhere. . . .

"But, soberly, it is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. One would state with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but nevertheless he would fail, utterly, with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashing calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And

others insidiously argue that they apply only to 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect,—the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the van-guard—the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that to-day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression."[‡]

Lincoln's more important political work of the year 1859 was the part he took in the canvass in the State of Ohio, where a governor was to be chosen at the October election, and where the result would decide not merely the present and local strength of the rival candidates, but also to some extent indicate the prospects and probabilities of the presidential campaign of 1860. The Ohio Democrats had called Douglas into their canvass, and the Republicans, as soon as they learned the fact, arranged that Lincoln should come and answer him. There was a fitness in this, not merely because Lincoln's joint debates with him in Illinois in the previous summer were so successful, but also because Douglas in nearly every speech made since then, both in his Southern tour and elsewhere, alluded to the Illinois campaign, and to Lincoln by name, especially to what he characterized as his political heresies. By thus everywhere making Lincoln and Lincoln's utterances a public target, Douglas himself, in effect, prolonged and extended the joint debates over the whole Union. Another circumstance added to the momentary interest of the general discussion. Douglas was by nature aggressive. Determined to hold his Northern followers in the new issues which had grown out of his Freeport doctrine, and the new antagonisms which the recent slave code debate in the Senate revealed, he wrote and published in "Harper's Magazine" for September, 1859, a long political article beginning with the assertion that "under our complex system of government it is the first duty of American statesmen to mark distinctly the dividing-line between Federal and Local authority." Quoting both the paragraph of Lincoln's Springfield speech declaring that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," and the paragraph from Seward's Rochester speech, announcing

^{*} Colfax to Lincoln, July 14th, 1859. MS.

[†] Lincoln to Canisius, May 17th, 1859.

[‡] Lincoln to Pierce and others, April 6th, 1859.

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HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN BROWN WAS BORN, TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT. (REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY F. B. SANBORN, ESQ.)

the "irrepressible conflict," Douglas made a long historical examination of his own theory of "non-intervention" and "popular sovereignty," and built up an elaborate argument to sustain his own course. The novelty of this appeal to the public occasioned general interest and varied comment, and the expedient seemed so ingenious as to excite the envy of Administration Democrats. Accordingly, Attorney-General Black, of President Buchanan's Cabinet, at "the request of friends," wrote, printed, and circulated an anonymous pamphlet in answer, in which he admitted that Douglas was "not the man to be treated with a disdainful silence," but characterized the "Harper" essay as "an unsuccessful effort at legal precision; like the writing of a judge who is trying in vain to give good reasons for a wrong decision on a question of law which he has not quite mastered." Douglas, in a speech at Wooster, Ohio, criticised this performance of Black's. Reply and rejoinder on both sides followed in due time; and this war of pamphlets was one of the prominent political incidents of the year.

Thus Lincoln's advent in the Ohio campaign attracted much more than usual notice. He made but two speeches, one at Columbus, and one at Cincinnati, at each of which places Douglas had recently preceded him. Lincoln's addresses not only brought him large and appreciative audiences, but they obtained an unprecedented circulation in print. In the main, they reproduced and tersely-re-applied the ideas and arguments developed in the senatorial cam-

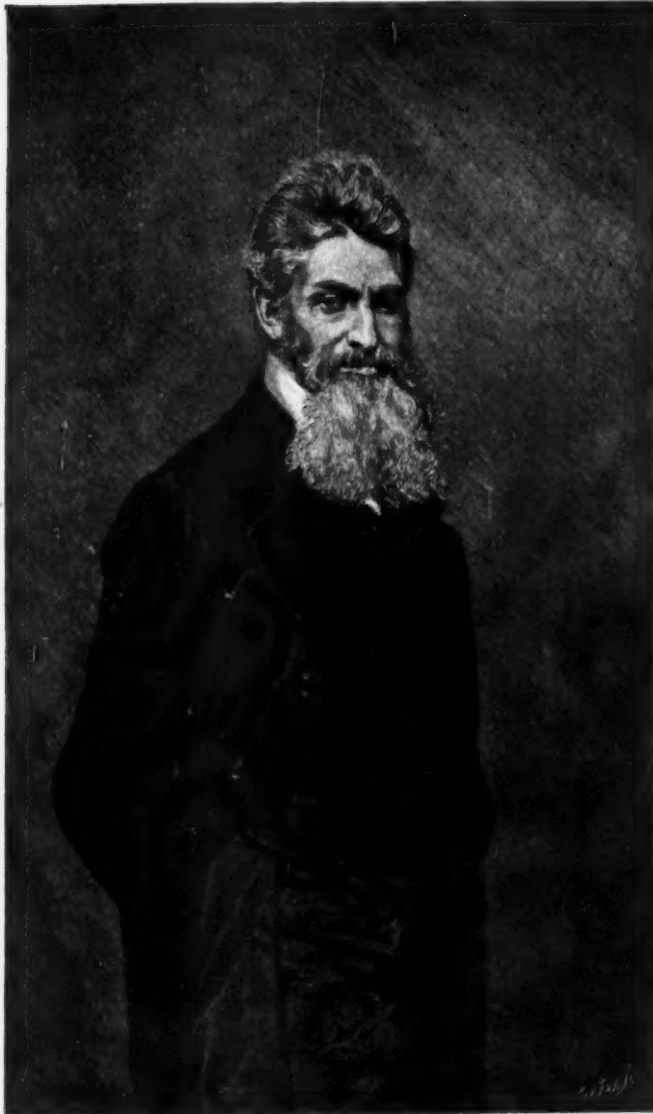
paign in Illinois, adding, however, searching comments on the newer positions and points to which Douglas had since advanced. There is only space to insert a few disconnected quotations:

"Now, what is Judge Douglas's popular sovereignty? It is as a principle no other than that, if one man chooses to make a slave of another man, neither that other man nor any body else has a right to object. . . .

"If you will read the copyright essay, you will discover that Judge Douglas himself says, a controversy between the American Colonies and the Government of Great Britain began on the slavery question in 1699, and continued from that time until the revolution; and, while he did not say so, we all know that it has continued with more or less violence ever since the revolution. . . .

"Take these two things and consider them together; present the question of planting a State with the institution of slavery by the side of a question of who shall be governor of Kansas for a year or two, and is there a man here, is there a man on earth, who would not say the governor question is the little one, and the slavery question is the great one? I ask any honest Democrat if the small, the local, the trivial and temporary question is not, Who shall be governor? while the durable, the important, and the mischievous one is, Shall this soil be planted with slavery? This is an idea, I suppose, which has arisen in Judge Douglas's mind from his peculiar structure. I suppose the institution of slavery really looks small to him. He is so put up by nature that a lash upon his back would hurt him, but a lash upon anybody else's back does not hurt him. . . .

"The Dred Scott decision expressly gives every citizen of the United States a right to carry his slaves into the United States Territories. And now there was some inconsistency in saying that the decision was right, and saying too, that the people of the Territory could lawfully drive slavery out again. When all the trash, the words, the collateral matter was cleared away from it, all the chaff was fanned out of it, it was a bare absurd-



JOHN BROWN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK & CO.)

ity; no less than that a thing may be lawfully driven away from where it has a lawful right to be. . . .

"The Judge says the people of the Territories have the right, by his principle, to have slaves if they want them. Then I say that the people in Georgia have the right to buy slaves in Africa if they want them, and I defy any man on earth to show any distinction between the two things—to show that the one is either more wicked or more unlawful; to show on original principles, that the one is better or worse than the other; or to show by the Constitution, that

one differs a whit from the other. He will tell me, doubtless, that there is no Constitutional provision against people taking slaves into the new Territories, and I tell him that there is equally no constitutional provision against buying slaves in Africa. . . .

"Then I say, if this principle is established, that there is no wrong in slavery, and whoever wants it has a right to have it; that it is a matter of dollars and cents; a sort of question how they shall deal with brutes; that between us and the negro here there is no sort

of question, but that at the South the question is between the negro and the crocodile; that it is a mere matter of policy; that there is a perfect right according to interest to do just as you please — when this is done, where this doctrine prevails, the miners and sappers will have formed public opinion for the slave-trade. . . .

"Public opinion in this country is everything. In a nation like ours this popular sovereignty and squatter sovereignty have already wrought a change in the public mind to the extent I have stated. There is no man in this crowd who can contradict it. Now, if you are opposed to slavery honestly, as much as anybody, I ask you to note that fact, and the like of which is to follow, to be plastered on layer after layer, until very soon you are prepared to deal with the negro everywhere as with the brute. If public sentiment has not been debauched already to this point, a new turn of the screw in that direction is all that is wanting; and this is constantly being done by the teachers of this insidious popular sovereignty. You need but one or two turns further until your minds, now ripening under these teachings, will be ready for all these things; and you will receive and support, or submit to, the slave-trade revived with all its horrors, a slave-code enforced in our Territories, and a new Dred Scott decision to bring slavery up into the very heart of the free North."

"This Government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare. We believe that the spreading out and perpetuity of the institution of slavery impairs the general welfare. We believe — nay, we know, that this is the only thing that has ever threatened the perpetuity of the Union itself. . . .

"I say we must not interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists, because the Constitution forbids it, and the general welfare does not require us to do so. We must not withhold an efficient fugitive slave law, because the Constitution requires us, as I understand it, not to withhold such a law. But we must prevent the outspreading of the institution, because neither the Constitution nor the general welfare requires us to extend it. We must prevent the revival of the African slave-trade, and the enacting by Congress of a Territorial slave-code. We must prevent each of these things being done by either congresses or courts. The people of these United States are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution."†

The Ohio Republicans gained a decided success at the October election. Ascribing this result in a large measure to the influence of

* Lincoln, Columbus speech, Sept. 16th, 1859. Debates, pp. 243-254.

† Lincoln, Cincinnati speech, Sept. 17th, 1859. Debates pp. 267-268.

‡ Parsons and others to Lincoln, Dec. 7th, 1859. Debates, preface.

§ Lincoln to Parsons and others, Dec. 19th, 1859. Debates, preface.

|| The preface to this third edition contains a letter from Douglas, alleging that injustice had been done him because, "the original reports as published in the 'Chicago Times,' although intended to be fair and just, were necessarily imperfect, and in some respects erroneous;" charging at the same time that Lincoln's



JOHN BROWN'S CAP. (ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

Lincoln's speeches, the State Executive Committee resolved to publish in cheap book form the full Illinois Joint Debates and the two Ohio addresses, to serve as campaign material for the ensuing year.

"We regard them," wrote the committee to Lincoln, "as luminous and triumphant expositions of the doctrines of the Republican party, successfully vindicated from the aspersions of its foes, and calculated to make a document of great practical service to the Republican party in the approaching Presidential contest."‡

Lincoln, thanking them for the flattering terms of their request, explained in his reply:

"The copies I send you, are as reported and printed by the respective friends of Senator Douglas and myself at the time — that is, his by his friends, and mine by mine. It would be an unwarrantable liberty for us to change a word or a letter in his, and the changes I have made in mine, you perceive, are verbal only, and very few in number. I wish the reprint to be precisely as the copies I send, without any comment whatever."§

The enterprise proved a success beyond the most sanguine expectations. A Columbus firm undertook the publication, itself assuming all pecuniary risk. Three large editions were sold directly to the public, without any aid from or any purchase by the committee, — the third edition containing the announcement that up to that date, June 16th, 1860, thirty thousand copies had already been circulated.||

speeches had been revised, corrected, and improved.* To this the publishers replied: "The speeches of Mr. Lincoln were never revised, corrected, or improved" in the sense you use those words. Remarks by the crowd which were not responded to, and the reporters' insertions of 'cheers,' 'great applause,' and so forth, which received no answer or comment from the speaker, were by our direction omitted, as well from Mr. Lincoln's speeches as yours, as we thought their perpetuation in book form would be in bad taste, and were in no manner pertinent to, or a part of, the speech."†

* Douglas to Follet, Foster & Co., June 9th, 1860. Debates, third edition, preface.

† Ibid., Follet, Foster & Co. to Douglas, June 16th, 1860.



ONE OF JOHN BROWN'S FIKES. (ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

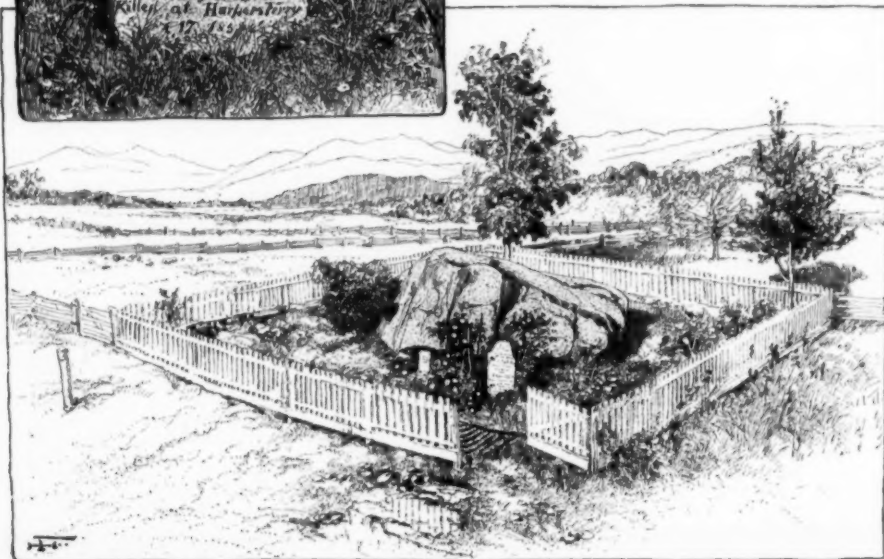
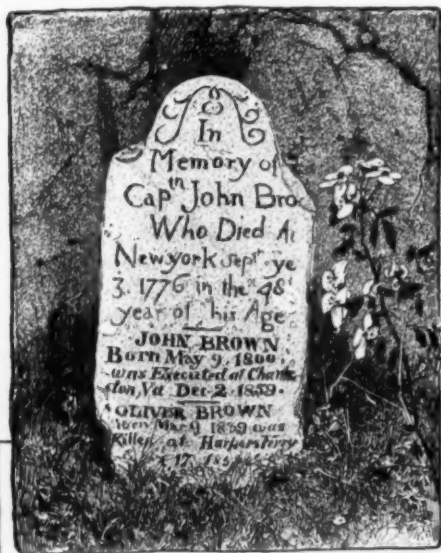
HARPER'S FERRY, AND LINCOLN'S VIEW OF
JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

AND now there occurred another strange event which, if it had been specially designed as a climax for the great series of political sensations since 1852, could scarcely have been more dramatic. This was John Brown's invasion of Harper's Ferry in order to create a slave insurrection. We can only understand the transaction as far as we can understand the man, and both remain somewhat enigmatical.

Of Puritan descent, John Brown was born in Connecticut in the year 1800. When he

was five years old, the family moved to Ohio, at that time yet a comparative wilderness. Here he grew up a strong, vigorous boy of the woods. His father taught him the tanner's trade; but a restless disposition drove him to frequent changes of scene and effort when he grew to manhood. He attempted surveying. He became a divinity student. He tried farming and tanning in Pennsylvania, and tanning and speculating in real estate in Ohio. Cattle-dealing was his next venture; from this to sheep-raising; and by a natural transition to the business of a wool-factor in Massachusetts. This not succeeding, he made a trip to Europe. Returning, he accepted from Gerrit Smith a tract of mountain land in the Adirondacks, where he proposed to found and foster colonies of free negroes. This undertaking proved abortive, like all his others, and he once more went back to the wool business in Ohio.

Twice married, nineteen children had been born to him, of whom eleven were living when, in 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill plunged the country into the heat of political strife. Four of his sons moved away to the new Territory in the first rush of emigrants; several others went later. When the Border Ruffian hostilities broke out, John Brown followed, with money and arms contributed in the North. With his sons as a nucleus, he gathered a little band of fifteen to twenty adventurers, and soon made his name a terror in the lawless guerilla war-



GRAVE OF JOHN BROWN, NORTH ELBA, N. Y. (REDRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY GEORGE BALDWIN, ESQ.)

fare of the day. His fighting was of the prevailing type, justifiable, if at all, only on the score of defensive retaliation, and some of his acts were as criminal and atrocious as the worst of those committed by the Border Ruffians.* His losses, one son murdered, another wounded to the death, and a third rendered insane from cruel treatment, are scarcely compensated by the transitory notoriety he gathered in a few fool-hardy skirmishes.

These varied experiences give us something of a clew to his character: a strong will; great physical energy; sanguine, fanatical temperament; unbounded courage, and little wisdom; crude, visionary idealism; the inspiration of biblical precepts and Old Testament hero-worship; and ambition curbed to irritation by the hard fetters of labor, privation, and enforced endurance. In association, habit, language, and conduct he was clean, but coarse; honest, but rude. In disposition he mingled the sacrificing tenderness with the sacrificial sternness of his prototypes in Jewish history. He could lay his own child on the altar without a pang. The strongest element of his character was religious fanaticism. Taught from earliest childhood to "fear God and keep his commandments," he believed firmly in the divine authenticity of the Bible, and memorized much of its contents. His favorite texts became literal and imperative mandates; nay, more, he came to feel that he bore the commission and enjoyed the protection of the Almighty. In his Kansas camps he prayed and saw visions; believed he wielded the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; had faith that the angels encompassed him.† He desired no other safeguard than his own ideas of justice and his own convictions of duty. These ideas and convictions, however, refused obedience to accepted laws and morals, and were mere fantastic and pernicious outgrowths of his religious fanaticism. His courage partook of the recklessness of insanity. He did not count odds. "What are five to one?" he asked; and at another time he said, "One man in the right, ready to die, will chase a thousand." Perhaps he even believed he held a charmed life, for he boasted that he had been fired at thirty times and only his hair had been touched. In per-

sonal appearance he was tall, slender, with rather a military bearing, in garb half deacon, half soldier.‡ He had an impressive, half-persuasive, half-commanding manner. He was always very secretive, affected much mystery in his movements, came and went abruptly, was direct and dogmatic to bluntness in his conversation. His education was scant, his reading limited; he wrote strong phrases in bad orthography. If we may believe the intimations from himself and those who knew him best, he had not only acquired a passionate hatred of the institution of slavery, but had for twenty years nursed the longing to become a liberator of slaves in the Southern States. To this end he read various stories of insurrections, and meditated on the vicissitudes, chances, and strategy of partisan warfare. A year's border fighting in Kansas not only suddenly put thought into action, but his personal and family sacrifices intensified his visionary ambition into a stern and inflexible purpose.

It is impossible to trace exactly how and when the Harper's Ferry invasion first took practical shape in John Brown's mind, but the indications are that it grew little by little out of his Kansas experience. His earliest collisions with the Border Ruffians occurred in the spring and summer of 1856. In the autumn of that year the United States troops dispersed his band, and generally suppressed the civil war. In January, 1857, we find him in the Eastern States, appealing for arms and supplies to various committees and in various places, alleging that he desired to organize and equip a company of one hundred minute-men, who were "mixed up with the people of Kansas," but who should be ready on call to rush to the defense of freedom. This appeal only partly succeeded. From one committee he obtained authority as agent over certain arms stored in Iowa, the custody and control of which had been in dispute. From another committee he obtained a portion of the clothing he desired. From still other sources he received certain moneys, but not sufficient for his requirements. Two circumstances, however, indicate that he was practicing a deception upon the committees and public. He entered into a contract with a blacksmith, in Collinsville, Connecticut, to manufacture him

* On the night of May 24-25, 1856, five pro-slavery men living on Pottawatomie Creek, in Kansas, were mysteriously and brutally assassinated. The relatives and friends of the deceased charged John Brown and his band with these murders, which the relatives and friends of Brown persistently denied. His latest biographer, however, unreservedly admits his guilt: "For some reason he [John Brown] chose not to strike a blow himself; and this is what Salmon Brown meant when he declared that his father 'was not a participa-

tor in the deed.' It was a very narrow interpretation of the word 'participator' which would permit such a denial; but it was no doubt honestly made, although for the purpose of disguising what John Brown's real agency in the matter was. He was, in fact, the originator and performer of these executions, although the hands that dealt the wounds were those of others."—F. B. Sanborn, "Life and Letters of John Brown," pp. 263-4.

† Redpath, "Life of John Brown," p. 48.

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eleven white members and one colored, whom Brown had brought with him, and a somewhat miscellaneous gathering of negroes residents of Canada. Some sort of promise of secrecy was mutually made; then John Brown, in a speech, laid his plan before the meeting. One Delaney, a colored doctor, in a response, promised the assistance of all the colored people in Canada.* The provisional constitution drafted by Brown at Rochester was read and adopted by articles, and about forty-five persons signed their names to the "Constitution," for the "proscribed and oppressed races of the United States." Two days afterward, the meeting again convened for the election of officers, John Brown was elected Commander-in-chief by acclamation; other members were by the same summary method appointed Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, and two of them members of Congress. The election of a President was prudently postponed.

This Chatham convention cannot claim consideration as a serious deliberative proceeding. John Brown was its sole life and voice. The colored Canadians were nothing but spectators. The ten white recruits were mere Kansas adventurers, mostly boys in years and waifs in society, perhaps depending largely for livelihood on the employment or bounty, precarious as it was, of their leader. Upon this reckless, drifting material the strong despotic will, emotional enthusiasm, and mysterious rhapsodical talk of John Brown exercised an irresistible fascination; he drew them by easy gradations into his confidence and conspiracy. The remaining element, John Brown's son in the Chatham meeting, and other sons and relatives in the Harper's Ferry attack, are of course but the long educated instruments of the father's thought and purpose.

With funds provided, with his plan of government accepted, and himself formally appointed commander-in-chief, Brown doubtless thought his campaign about to begin; it was however destined to an unexpected interruption. The discarded and disappointed adventurer Forbes had informed several prominent Republicans in Washington City that Brown was meditating an unlawful enterprise; and the Boston committee, warned that certain arms in Brown's custody, which had been contributed for Kansas defense, were about to be flagrantly misused, dared not incur the public odium of complicity in such a deception and breach of faith. The Chatham organization was scarcely completed when Brown received word from the Boston committee

that he must not use the arms (the 200 Sharps rifles and 200 revolvers) which had been intrusted to him, for any other purpose than for the defense of Kansas.† Brown hurried to Boston; but oral consultation with his friends confirmed the necessity for postponement; and it was arranged that, to lull suspicion, he should return to Kansas and await a more favorable opportunity. He yielded assent, and that fall and winter performed the exploit of leading an armed foray into Missouri, and carrying away eleven slaves to Canada—an achievement which, while to a certain degree it placed him in the attitude of a public outlaw, nevertheless greatly increased his own and his followers' confidence in the success of his grand plan. Gradually the various obstacles melted away. Kansas became pacified. The adventurer Forbes faded out of sight and importance. The disputed Sharps rifles and revolvers were transferred from committee to committee, and finally turned over to a private individual to satisfy a debt. He in turn delivered them to Brown without any hampering conditions. The Connecticut blacksmith finished and shipped the thousand pikes. The contributions from the Boston committee swelled from one to several thousands of dollars. The recruits, with a few changes, though scattered in various parts of the country, were generally held to their organization and promise, and slightly increased in number. The provisional Constitution and sundry blank commissions were surreptitiously printed, and captains and lieutenants appointed by the signature of John Brown "Commander-in-chief," countersigned by the "Secretary of War."

Gradually, also, the Commander-in-chief resolved on an important modification of his plan; that, instead of plunging at once into the Virginia mountains, he would begin by the capture of the United States armory and arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Two advantages seem to have vaguely suggested themselves to his mind as likely to arise from this course: the possession of a large quantity of government arms, and the wide-spread panic and moral influence of so bold an attempt. But it nowhere appears that he had any conception of the increased risk and danger it involved, or that he adopted the slightest precaution to meet them.

Harper's Ferry was a town of five thousand inhabitants, lying between the slave States of Maryland and Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers, and where the united streams flow through a picturesque gap in the single mountain-range called the Blue Ridge. The situation possesses none of the elements which would make it a defensible fastness for protracted guerilla war-

* Realf Testimony, Mason Report, p. 99.

† Stearns to Brown, May 14th, 1858; Howe, Testimony, Mason Report, p. 177.

fare, such as was contemplated in Brown's plan. The mountains are everywhere approachable without difficulty; are pierced by roads and farms in all directions; contain few natural resources for sustenance, defense, or concealment; are easily observed or controlled from the plain by superior forces. The town is irregular, compact, and hilly; a bridge across each stream connects it with the opposite shores, and the Government factory and buildings, which utilized the water-power of the Potomac, lay in the lowest part of the point of land between the streams. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac bridge.

On the 4th of July, 1859, John Brown, under an assumed name, with two sons and another follower, appeared near Harper's Ferry, and soon after rented the Kennedy Farm, in Maryland, five miles from the town, where he made a pretense of cattle-dealing and mining; but in reality collected secretly his rifles, revolvers, ammunition, pikes, blankets, tents, and miscellaneous articles for a campaign. His rather eccentric actions, and the irregular coming and going of occasional strangers at his cabin, created no suspicion in the neighborhood. Cautiously increasing his supplies, and gathering his recruits, he appointed the attack for the 24th of October; but for some unexplained reason (fear of treachery, it is vaguely suggested,) he precipitated his movement in advance of that date. From this point the occurrences exhibit no foresight or completeness of preparation, no diligent pursuit of an intelligent plan, nor skill to devise momentary expedients; only a blind impulse to act.

On Sunday evening, October 16th, 1859, Brown gave his final orders, humanely directing his men to take no life where they could avoid it. Placing a few pikes and other implements in his one-horse wagon, he started with his company of eighteen followers at eight o'clock in the evening, leaving five men behind. They cut the telegraph wires on the way, and reached Harper's Ferry about eleven o'clock. He himself broke open the armory gates, took the watchmen prisoners, and made that place his headquarters. Separating his men into small detachments, he took possession of, and attempted to hold, the two bridges, the arsenal, and the rifle-factory. Next he sent six of his men five miles into the country to bring in several prominent slave-owners and their slaves. This was accomplished before daylight, and all were brought as prisoners to Brown at the armory. With them they also brought a large four-horse farm wagon, which he now sent to transfer arms from his Kennedy farm to a school-house on the Maryland side of the Potomac, about one mile from the town.

Meanwhile, about midnight of Sunday, they detained the railroad train three hours, but finally allowed it to proceed. A negro porter was shot on the bridge. The town began to be alarmed. Citizens were captured at various points, and brought to swell the number of prisoners at the armory, counting forty or fifty by morning. Still, not until daylight, and even until the usual hour of rising on Monday morning, did the town comprehend the nature and extent of the trouble.

What, now, did Brown intend to do? What result did he look for from his movement thus far? Amid his conflicting acts and contradictory explanations, the indications seem clear only on two or three points. Both he and his men gave everybody to understand without reserve that they had come not to kill or destroy, but only to liberate the slaves. Soon, also, he placed pikes in the hands of his black prisoners. But that ceremony did not make soldiers of them, as his favorite maxim taught. They held them in their hands with listless indifference, remaining themselves, as before, an incumbrance instead of a reinforcement. He gave his white prisoners notice that he would hold them as hostages, and informed one or two that, after daylight, he would exchange them for slaves. Before the general fighting began, he endeavored to effect an armistice or compromise with the citizens, to stop bloodshed, on condition that he be permitted to hold the armory and retain the liberated negroes. All this warrants the inference that he expected to hold the town, first, by the effect of terror; secondly, by the display of leniency and kindness; and supposed that he could remain indefinitely, and dictate terms at his leisure. The fallacy of this scheme became quickly apparent.

As the day dawned upon the town and the truth upon the citizens, his situation in a military point of view was already hopeless,—eighteen men against perhaps 1000 adults, and these eighteen scattered in four or five different squads, without means of mutual support, communication, or even contingent orders! Gradually, as the startled citizens became certain of the insignificant numbers of the assailants, an irregular street-firing broke out between Brown's sentinels and individuals with firearms. The alarm was carried to neighboring towns, and killed and wounded on both sides augmented the excitement. Tradition rather than definite record asserts that some of Brown's lieutenants began to comprehend that they were in a trap, and advised him to retreat. Nearly all his eulogists have assumed that such was his original plan, and his own subsequent excuses hint at this intention. But the claim is clearly untenable. He had no means of defensive retreat,—

no provisions, no transportation for his arms and equipage, no supply of ammunition. The suggestion is an evident afterthought.

Whether from choice or necessity, however, he remained only to find himself more and more closely pressed. By Monday noon the squad in the rifle-works, distant one mile from the armory, had been driven out, killed, and captured. The other squads, not so far from their leader, joined him at the armory, minus their losses. Already he was driven to take refuge with his diminished force in the engine-house, a low, strong brick building in the armory yard, where they barricaded the doors and improvised loop-holes, and into which they took with them ten selected prisoners as hostages. But the expedient was one of desperation. By this movement Brown literally shut himself up in his own prison, from which escape was impossible.

A desultory fire was kept up through doors and loop-holes. But now the whole country had become thoroughly aroused, and sundry military companies from neighboring towns and counties poured into Harper's Ferry. Brown himself at length realized the hopelessness of his position, and parleyed for leave to retreat across the river on condition of his giving up his prisoners; but it was too late. President Buchanan also took prompt measures; and on Monday night a detachment of eighty marines from the Washington navy-yard, under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States army, the same who afterward became the principal leader of the Confederate armies in the Rebellion, reached the scene of action, and were stationed in the armory yard so as to cut off the insurgents from all retreat. At daylight on Tuesday morning Brown was summoned to surrender at discretion, but he refused. The instant the officer left the engine-house a storming-party of marines battered in the doors; in five minutes the conflict was over. One marine was shot dead in the assault; Brown fell under severe sword and bayonet wounds, two of his son's lay dead or dying, and four or five of his men were made prisoners, only two remaining unhurt. The great scheme of liberation built up through nearly three years of elaborate conspiracy, and designed to be executed in defiance of law, by individual enterprise with pikes, rifles, forts, guerilla war, prisoners, hostages, and plunder, was, after an experimental campaign of thirty-six hours, in utter collapse. Of Brown's total force of twenty-two men, ten were killed, five escaped, and seven were captured, tried, and hanged. Of the townspeople, five had been killed and eight wounded.

While John Brown's ability for military leadership is too insignificant even for ridicule,

his moral and personal courage compelled the admiration of his enemies. Arraigned before a Virginia court, the authorities hurried through his trial for treason, conspiracy, and murder, with an unseemly precipitancy, almost calculated to make him seem the accuser, and the commonwealth the trembling culprit. He acknowledged his acts with frankness, defended his purpose with a sincerity that betokened honest conviction, bore his wounds and met his fate with a manly fortitude. Eight years before, he had written, in a document organizing a band of colored people in Springfield, Massachusetts, to resist the fugitive slave law: "Nothing so charms the American people as personal bravery. The trial for life of one bold, and to some extent successful, man, for defending his rights in good earnest, would arouse more sympathy throughout the nation than the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of more than three millions of our submissive colored population." Even now, when mere Quixotic knight-errantry and his own positive violation of the rights of individuals and society had put his life in forfeit, this sympathy for his boldness and misfortune came to him in large measure. Questioned by Governor Wise, Senator Mason, and Representative Vallandigham about his accomplices, he refused to say anything except about what he had done, and freely took upon himself the whole responsibility. He was so warped by his religious training as to have become a fatalist as well as a fanatic. "All our actions," he said to one who visited him in prison, "even all the follies that led to this disaster, were decreed to happen ages before the world was made."* The gloomy philosophy of Calvin is the key which unlocks the mysteries of Brown's life and deeds.

He was convicted, sentenced, and hanged on the 2d of December. Congress met a few days afterward, and the Senate appointed an investigating committee to inquire into the seizure of the United States armory and arsenal. The long and searching examination of many witnesses brought out with sufficient distinctness the varied personal plottings of Brown, but failed to reveal that half a dozen radical abolition clergymen of Boston were party to the conspiracy; nor did they then or afterward justify their own conduct by showing that Christ ever counseled treason, abetted conspiracy, or led rebellion against established government. From beginning to end, the whole act was reprehensible, and fraught with evil result. Modern civilization and republican government require that beyond the self-defense necessary to the protection of life and limb, all coercive reform shall act by authority of law only.

* Sanborn in "Atlantic," Dec., 1875, p. 718.

Upon politics the main effect of the Harper's Ferry incident was to aggravate the temper and increase the bitterness of all parties. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Mason, of Virginia; and Fitch, of Indiana, democratic members of the Senate investigating committee, sought diligently but unsuccessfully to find grounds to hold the Republican party at large responsible for Brown's raid. They felt obliged to report that they could not recommend any legislation to meet similar cases in the future, since the "invasion" of Virginia was not of the kind mentioned in the Constitution, but was "simply the act of lawless ruffians, under the sanction of no public or political authority." * Collamer, of Vermont, and Doolittle, of Wisconsin, Republican members of the committee, in their minority report, considered the affair an outgrowth of the pro-slavery lawlessness in Kansas. Senator Douglas, of Illinois, however, apparently with the object of still further setting himself right with the South, and atoning for his Freeport heresy, made a long speech in advocacy of a law to punish conspiracies in one State or Territory against the government, people, or property of another; once more quoting Lincoln's Springfield speech, and Seward's Rochester speech as containing revolutionary doctrines.

In the country at large, as in Congress, the John Brown raid excited bitter discussion and radically diverse comment,—some execrating him as a deserved felon, while others exalted him as a saint. His Boston friends particularly, who had encouraged him with either voice or money, were extravagant in their demonstrations of approval and admiration. On the day of his execution religious services were held, and funeral bells were tolled. "Some eighteen hundred years ago," said Thoreau, "Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links." † "The road to heaven," said Theodore Parker, "is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps, also, as easy." ‡ Emerson, using a yet stronger figure, had already called him "a new saint, waiting yet his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." ‡

Amid this conflict of argument, public opinion in the free States gravitated to neither extreme. It accepted neither the declaration of the great orator Wendell Phillips, that "the lesson of the hour is insurrection," § nor the assertion of the great lawyer Charles

O'Connor, that slavery "is in its own nature, as an institution, beneficial to both races." ||

This chapter would be incomplete if we neglected to quote Mr. Lincoln's opinion of the Harper's Ferry attempt. His quiet and common-sense criticism of the affair, pronounced a few months after its occurrence, was substantially the conclusion to which the average public judgment has come after the lapse of a quarter of a century:

"Slave insurrections are no more common now than they were before the Republican party was organized. What induced the Southampton insurrection, twenty-eight years ago, in which at least three times as many lives were lost as at Harper's Ferry? You can scarcely stretch your very elastic fancy to the conclusion that Southampton was 'got up by Black Republicanism.' In the present state of things in the United States, I do not think a general or even a very extensive slave insurrection is possible. The indispensable concert of action cannot be attained. The slaves have no means of rapid communication; nor can incendiary freemen, black or white, supply it. The explosive materials are everywhere in parcels; but there neither are nor can be supplied the indispensable connecting trains.

"Much is said by Southern people about the affection of slaves for their masters and mistresses; and a part of it, at least, is true. A plot for an uprising could scarcely be devised and communicated to twenty individuals before some one of them, to save the life of a favorite master or mistress, would divulge it. This is the rule; and the slave revolution in Hayti was not an exception to it, but a case occurring under peculiar circumstances. The gunpowder plot of British history, though not connected with slaves, was more in point. In that case, only about twenty were admitted to the secret; and yet one of them, in his anxiety to save a friend, betrayed the plot to that friend, and, by consequence, averted the calamity. Occasional poisonings from the kitchen, and open or stealthy assassinations in the field, and local revolts extending to a score or so, will continue to occur as the natural results of slavery; but no general insurrection of slaves, as I think, can happen in this country for a long time. Whoever much fears or much hopes for such an event, will be alike disappointed. . . .

"John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry were, in their philosophy, precisely the same. The eagerness to cast blame on old England in the one case, and on New England in the other, does not disprove the sameness of the two things." ¶

The aggravation of partisan temper over the Harper's Ferry incident found a manifestation

* Mason Report, p. 18.

† Redpath, "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," p. 41.

‡ Cooke's Life of Emerson, p. 140.

§ Lecture at Brooklyn, November 1st, 1859. "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," p. 43.

|| Letter to Committee of Merchants, December 20th, 1859. "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," p. 299.

¶ Lincoln, Cooper Institute speech, Feb. 27th, 1860.

in a contest over the Speakership in the House of Representatives as prolonged and bitter as that which attended the election of Banks. In the Congressional elections of 1858, following the Lecompton controversy, the Democrats had once more lost control of the House of Representatives; there having been chosen 113 Republicans, 93 Administration Democrats, 8 anti-Lecompton Democrats, and 23 South Americans, as they were called; that is, members, mainly from the slave States, opposed to the Administration.*

This XXXVIth Congress began its session three days after the execution of John Brown, and the election of a Speaker was the first work of the new House of Representatives. The Republicans, not having a majority, made no caucus nomination; but John Sherman, of Ohio, had the largest following on the first ballot, and thereafter received their united efforts to elect him. At this point a Missouri member introduced a resolution declaring:

"That the doctrines and sentiments of a certain book called 'The Impending Crisis of the South—How to Meet it,' purporting to have been written by one Hinton R. Helper [of North Carolina], are insurrectionary and hostile to the domestic peace and tranquillity of the country, and that no member of this House who has indorsed and recommended it, or the compend from it, is fit to be Speaker of this House."†

This resolution was aimed at Sherman, who with some seventy Republicans of the previous Congress had signed a circular indorsing and recommending the book upon the general statement that it was an antislavery work, written by a Southerner. The book addressed itself to non-slaveholding Southern whites, and was mainly made up of statistics, but contained occasional passages of intolerant and vindictive sentiment against slaveholders. Whether it could be considered "insurrectionary" depended altogether on the pro-slavery or antislavery bias of the critic. Besides, the author had agreed that the obnoxious passages should not be printed in the compendium which the Republicans recommended in their circular. When interrogated, Mr. Sherman replied that he had never seen the book, and that "I am opposed to any interference whatever by the people of the free States with the relations of master and slave in the slave States." But the disavowal did not relieve him from Southern enmity. The fire-eaters seized the pretext to charge him with all manner of "abolition" intentions, and by violent debate and the utterance of threats of disunion, made the House a parliamentary and almost a revolu-

tionary babel for nearly two months. Certain appropriations were exhausted, and the treasury was in sore need of funds. Efforts were made to adopt the plurality rule, and to choose a Speaker for a limited period; but every such movement was resisted for the purpose of defeating Sherman, or rather, through his defeat to force the North into unconditional submission to extreme pro-slavery sentiment. The struggle, nominally over an incident, was in reality over a policy.

On January 30th, 1860, Mr. Sherman withdrew his name, and the solid Republican vote was given to William Pennington of New Jersey, another Republican, who, on February 1st, was elected Speaker by 117 votes, 4 opposing members having come to his support. The South gained nothing by the obstructionist policy of its members. During the long contest, extending through forty-four ballots, their votes were scattered among many candidates of different factions, while the Republicans maintained an almost unbroken steadiness of party discipline. On the whole, the principal results of the struggle were to sectionalize parties, more completely ripen Southern sentiment toward secession, and combine wavering voters in the free States in support of Republican doctrines.

LINCOLN'S COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH.

AMONG the many invitations to deliver addresses which Lincoln received in the fall of 1859, was one from a committee asking him to lecture in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in a course then in progress there, designed for popular entertainment. "I wrote," said Lincoln, "that I could do it in February, provided they would take a political speech, if I could find time to get up no other."‡ "Your letter was duly received and handed over to the committee," was the response, "and they accept your compromise. You may lecture at the time you mention, and they will pay you \$200. I think they will arrange for a lecture in New York also, and pay you \$200 for that."§

Financial obstacles, or other reasons, brought about the transfer of the engagement to a new committee,|| and the invitation was repeated in a new form:

"The Young Men's Central Republican Union of this city (New York) very earnestly desire that you should deliver what I may term a political lecture during the ensuing month. The peculiarities of the case are these: A series of lectures has been determined upon. The first was delivered by Mr. Blair, of St. Louis, a

* Tribune Almanac, 1860.

† Globe, December 5th, 1859, p. 3.

‡ Lincoln to McNeill, April 6th, 1860. Lamon, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 441.

§ Jas. A. Briggs to Lincoln, November 1st, 1859. MS.

|| Jas. A. Briggs in New York "Evening Post," August 16th, 1867.

short time ago; the second will be in a few days, by Mr. Cassius M. Clay, and the third we would prefer to have from you rather than any other person. Of the audience I should add that it is not [that] of an ordinary political meeting. These lectures have been contrived to call out our better, but busier, citizens who never attend political meetings. A large part of the audience will also consist of ladies."

Lincoln, however, remained under the impression that the lecture was to be given in Brooklyn, and only learned after he reached New York to fulfill his engagement that he was to speak in the Cooper Institute.† When, on the evening of February 27th, 1860, he stood before his audience, he saw not only a well-filled house, but an assemblage of listeners in which were many whom, by reason of his own modest estimate of himself, he would have been rather inclined to ask advice from than to offer instruction to. William Cullen Bryant presided over the meeting; David Dudley Field escorted the speaker to the platform; ex-Governor King, Horace Greeley, James W. Nye, Cephas Brainerd, Charles C. Nott, Hiram Barney, and others sat among the invited guests. "Since the days of Clay and Webster," said the "Tribune" next morning, "no man has spoken to a larger assemblage of the intellect and mental culture of our city." Of course the presence of such a gathering was no mere accident. Not only had Lincoln's name for nearly two years found constant mention in the newspapers, but both friendly and hostile comment had coupled it with the two ranking political leaders in the free States—Seward and Douglas. The representative men of New York were naturally eager to see and hear one who, by whatever force of eloquence or argument, had attracted so large a share of the public attention. We may also fairly infer that, on his part, Lincoln was no less curious to test the effect of his words on an audience more learned and critical than those collected in the open-air meetings of his Western campaigns. This mutual interest was an evident advantage to both; it secured a close attention from the house, and insured deliberation and emphasis by the speaker, enabling him to develop his argument with perfect precision and unity, reaching perhaps the happiest general effect ever attained in any one of his long addresses.

He took as his text a phrase uttered by Senator Douglas in the late Ohio campaign,—*"Our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question just as well, and even better than we do now."* Lincoln defined "this question," with a lawyer's exactness, thus:

"Does the proper division of local from Federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbid our Federal Government to control as to slavery in our Federal Territories? Upon this Senator Douglas holds the affirmative, and the Republicans the negative. This affirmation and denial form an issue, and this issue—this question—is precisely what the text declares our fathers understood 'better than we.'"

From this "precise and agreed starting-point" Lincoln next traced with minute historical analysis the action of "our fathers" in framing "the government under which we live," by their votes and declarations in the Congresses which preceded the Constitution, and in the Congresses following which proposed its twelve amendments and enacted various Territorial prohibitions. His conclusions were irresistibly convincing.

"The sum of the whole is," said he, "that of our thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution, twenty-one—a clear majority of the whole—certainly understood that no proper division of local from Federal authority, nor any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories; while all the rest probably had the same understanding. Such unquestionably was the understanding of our fathers who framed the original Constitution; and the text affirms that they understood the question 'better than we.' . . . It is surely safe to assume that the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called 'our fathers who framed the government under which we live.' And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. To those who now so declare, I give, not only 'our fathers who framed the government under which we live,' but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search, and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them.

"Now, and here, let me guard a little against being misunderstood. I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is, that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive, and argument so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand; and most surely not in a case, whereof we ourselves declare they understood the question better than we."

If any part of the audience came with the expectation of hearing the rhetorical fireworks of a Western stump-speaker of the "half-horse, half-alligator" variety, they met novelty of an unlooked for kind. In Lincoln's entire address

* C. C. Nott to Lincoln, February 9th, 1860. MS.

† Lincoln to McNeill, April 6th, 1860. Lamon, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 441.

he neither introduced an anecdote nor essayed a witticism; and the first half of it does not contain even an illustrative figure or a poetical fancy. It was the quiet, searching exposition of the historian, and the terse, compact reasoning of the statesman, about an abstract principle of legislation, in language well-nigh as restrained and colorless as he would have employed in arguing a case before a court. Yet such was the apt choice of words, the easy precision of sentences, the simple strength of propositions, the fairness of every point he assumed, and the force of every conclusion he drew, that his listeners followed him with the interest and delight a child feels in its easy mastery of a plain sum in arithmetic.

With the sympathy and confidence of his audience thus enlisted, Lincoln next took up the more prominent topics in popular thought, and by words of kindly admonition and protest addressed to the people of the South, showed how impatiently, unreasonably, and unjustly they were charging the Republican party with sectionalism, with radicalism, with revolutionary purpose, with the John Brown raid, and kindred political offenses, not only in the absence of any acts to justify such charges, but even in the face of its emphatic and constant denials and disavowals. The illustration with which he concluded this branch of his theme could not well be surpassed in argumentative force.

"But you will not abide the election of a Republican President! In that supposed event, you say, you will destroy the Union; and then you say, the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear, and mutters through his teeth, 'Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!' To be sure what the robber demanded of me — my money — was my own; and I had a clear right to keep it; but it was no more my own than my vote is my own; and the threat of death to me to extort my money, and the threat of destruction to the Union to extort my vote, can scarcely be distinguished in principle."

But the most impressive, as well as the most valuable, feature of Lincoln's address was its concluding portion, where, in advice directed especially to Republicans, he pointed out in dispassionate but earnest language that the real, underlying conflict was in the difference of moral conviction between the sections as to the inherent right or wrong of slavery, and in view of which he defined the proper duty of the free States.

"A few words now," said he, "to Republicans. It is exceedingly desirable that all parts of this great Confederacy shall be at peace and in harmony one with another. Let us Republicans do our part to have it so. Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill temper. Even though the Southern people will not so much as listen to us, let us calmly consider their demands, and yield to them if, in our deliberate view of our duty, we possibly can. Judging

by all they say and do, and by the subject and nature of their controversy with us, let us determine, if we can, what will satisfy them.

"Will they be satisfied if the Territories be unconditionally surrendered to them? We know they will not. In all their present complaints against us the Territories are scarcely mentioned. Invasions and insurrections are the rage now. Will it satisfy them if, in the future, we have nothing to do with invasions and insurrections? We know it will not. We so know, because we know we never had anything to do with invasions and insurrections; and yet this total abstaining does not exempt us from the charge and the denunciation.

"The question recurs, What will satisfy them? Simply this: We must not only let them alone, but we must, somehow, convince them that we do let them alone. This, we know by experience, is no easy task. We have been so trying to convince them from the very beginning of our organization, but with no success. In all our platforms and speeches we have constantly protested our purpose to let them alone; but this has had no tendency to convince them. Alike unavailing to convince them is the fact that they have never detected a man of us in any attempt to disturb them.

"These natural and apparently adequate means all failing, what will convince them? This, and this only: cease to call slavery wrong, and join them in calling it right. And this must be done thoroughly — done in acts as well as in words. Silence will not be tolerated; we must place ourselves avowedly with them. Senator Douglas's new secession law must be enacted and enforced, suppressing all declarations that slavery is wrong, whether made in politics, in presses, in pulpits, or in private. We must arrest and return their fugitive slaves with greedy pleasure. We must pull down our free-State constitutions. The whole atmosphere must be disinfected from all taint of opposition to slavery before they will cease to believe that all their troubles proceed from us.

"I am quite aware they do not state their case precisely in this way. Most of them would probably say to us, 'Let us alone, do nothing to us, and say what you please about slavery.' But we do let them alone — have never disturbed them; so that, after all, it is what we say which dissatisfies them. They will continue to accuse us of doing until we cease saying.

"I am also aware they have not, as yet, in terms, demanded the overthrow of our free-State constitutions. Yet those constitutions declare the wrong of slavery, with more solemn emphasis than do all other sayings against it, and when all these other sayings shall have been silenced, the overthrow of these constitutions will be demanded and nothing be left to resist the demand. It is nothing to the contrary that they do not demand the whole of this just now. Demanding what they do, and for the reason they do, they can voluntarily stop nowhere short of this consummation. Holding, as they do, that slavery is morally right, and socially elevating, they cannot cease to demand a full national recognition of it, as a legal right and a social blessing.

"Nor can we justifiably withhold this on any ground, save our conviction that slavery is wrong. If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality — its universality! if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension — its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right, and our thinking it wrong, is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition, as being right; but thinking it wrong as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

"Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories, and to overrun us here in the free-States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored, contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man, such as a policy of 'don't care,' on a question about which all true men do care, such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to Disunionists; reversing the divine rule, and calling, not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said, and undo what Washington did.

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the Government nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The smiles, the laughter, the outbursts of applause which greeted and emphasized the speaker's telling points, showed Mr. Lincoln that his arguments met ready acceptance. The next morning the four leading New York dailies printed the speech in full, and bore warm testimony to its merit and effect.

"Mr. Lincoln is one of nature's orators," said the "Tribune," "using his rare powers solely to elucidate and convince, though their inevitable effect is to delight and electrify as well. We present herewith a very full and accurate report of this speech; yet the tones, the gestures, the kindling eye, and the mirth-provoking look defy the reporter's skill. The vast assemblage frequently rang with cheers and shouts of applause, which were prolonged and intensified at the close. No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience."

A pamphlet reprint was at once announced by the same paper; and later, in the Presidential campaign, a more careful edition was prepared and circulated, to which were added copious notes by two members of the committee under whose auspices the address was delivered. Their comment, printed in the preface, is worth quoting as showing its literary value under critical analysis.

"No one who has not actually attempted to verify its details can understand the patient research and historical labor which it embodies. The history of our earlier politics is scattered through numerous journals, statutes, pamphlets, and letters; and these are defective in completeness and accuracy of statement, and in indices and tables of contents. Neither can any one who has not traveled over this precise ground appreciate the accuracy of every trivial detail, or the self-denying impartiality with which Mr. Lincoln has turned from the testimony of 'the fathers' on the general question of slavery, to present the single question which he discusses. From the first line to the last, from his prem-

ises to his conclusion, he travels with a swift, unerring directness which no logician ever excelled, an argument complete and full, without the affectation of learning, and without the stiffness which usually accompanies dates and details. A single, easy, simple sentence of plain Anglo-Saxon words contains a chapter of history that, in some instances, has taken days of labor to verify, and which must have cost the author months of investigation to acquire."

From New York Lincoln went to fill other engagements to speak at several places in New England, where he met the same enthusiastic popular reception and left the same marked impression, especially upon the more critical and learned hearers. They found no little surprise in the fact that a Western politician, springing from the class of unlettered frontiersmen, could not only mold plain strong words into fresh and attractive phraseology, but maintain a clear, sustained, convincing argument, equal in force and style to the best examples in their college text-books. More interesting, however, than the experiences of those who listened to him are the comments of Lincoln himself on the methods by which he acquired his powers as an orator. A clergyman who was among his auditors on one of these occasions has recorded the following as among his statements in a conversation he held with him in a railroad car:

"Ah! that reminds me," he said, "of a most extraordinary circumstance, which occurred in New Haven, the other day. They told me that the professor of rhetoric in Yale College—a very learned man, isn't he?" "Yes, sir, and a very fine critic too." "Well, I suppose so; he ought to be at any rate—they told me that he came to hear me, and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening, and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at my success in the West. It has been most unexpected. But I had no thought of any marked success at the East, and least of all that I should draw out such commendations from literary and learned men!"

"That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of 'putting things.' It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?"

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct—I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself while you have been talking. I say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until

* "New York Tribune," February 28th, 1860.

† Pamphlet edition with notes and preface by Charles C. Nott and Cephas Brainerd, September, 1860.

I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south and bounded it east and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before."

"Mr. Lincoln, I thank you for this. It is the most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon. This is genius, with all its impulsive, inspiring, dominating power over the mind of its possessor, developed by education into talent, with its uniformity, its permanence, and its disciplined strength, always ready, always available, never capricious — the highest possession of the human intellect. But, let me ask, did you not have a law education? How did you prepare for your profession?"

"Oh, yes! I 'read law,' as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, 'What do I do when I demonstrate more than when I reason or prove? How does demonstration differ from any other proof?' I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of 'certain proof' — 'proof beyond the possibility of doubt;' but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood 'demonstration' to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means;' and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and staid there till I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' means, and went back to my law studies."

"I could not refrain from saying, in my admiration at such a development of character and genius combined, 'Mr. Lincoln, your success is no longer a marvel. It is the legitimate result of adequate causes.'"

It must be borne in mind that the report of the foregoing conversation was not written until more than four years after it took place. While the main facts and ideas are doubtless given with reasonable fidelity, anything like verbal accuracy in recording Mr. Lincoln's phraseology is not to be presumed. Those acquainted with his style can see that the language is clearly that of his interviewer, though the latter has evidently reproduced the main current of the conversation. We have in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting the affirmation of one of the facts mentioned and discussed. In a brief sketch of his early life which he wrote after his first nomination, to serve as memoranda for a campaign biographer, stands this modest sentence; he speaking of himself in the third person: "He studied and nearly

mastered the six books of Euclid since he was a member of Congress." In the frank explanation made in the interview quoted from, we are let more into the motives and details of this and other of his educational experiences, and, despite the verbal defects of the report, we discern the strong qualities and diligent methods by aid of which he attained such rare excellence in argument and oratory.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

THE great political struggle between the North and the South, between Freedom and Slavery, was approaching its culmination. The "irrepressible conflict" had shifted uneasily from caucus to Congress; from Congress to Kansas; incidentally to the Supreme Court and to the Congressional elections in the various States; from Kansas it had come back with renewed intensity to Congress. The next stage of development through which it was destined to pass was the Presidential election of 1860, where, necessarily, the final result would depend largely upon the attitude and relation of parties, platforms, and candidates as selected and proclaimed by their National conventions.

The first of these National conventions was that of the Democratic party, long appointed to meet at Charleston, South Carolina, on April 23d, 1860. The fortunes of the party had greatly fluctuated. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise had brought it shipwreck in 1854; it had regained victory in the election of Buchanan, and a majority of the House of Representatives in 1856; then the Lecompton imbroglio once more caused its defeat in the Congressional elections of 1858. But worse than the victory of its opponents was the irreconcilable schism in its own ranks — the open war between President Buchanan and Senator Douglas. In a general way the Southern democracy followed Buchanan, while the Northern democracy followed Douglas. Yet there was just enough local exception to baffle accurate calculation. Could the Charleston Convention heal the feud of leaders, and bridge the chasm in policy and principle? As the time approached, and delegation after delegation was chosen by the States, all hope of accommodation gradually disappeared. Each faction put forth its utmost efforts, rallied its strongest men. Each caucus and convention only accentuated and deepened existing differences. When the convention met, its members brought not the ordinary tricks and expedients of politicians with *carte blanche* authority, but the precise formulated terms to which their constituencies would consent. They were only messengers, not arbitrators. The Charleston

* The Rev. J. P. Gulliver in N. Y. "Independent," Sept. 1st, 1864.

Convention was the very opposite of its immediate predecessor, the Cincinnati Convention. At Cincinnati, concealment and ambiguity had been the central thought and purpose. Everybody was anxious to be hoodwinked. Delegates, constituencies, and leaders had willingly joined in the game of "cheat and be cheated." Availability, harmony, party success, were the paramount objects.

No similar ambiguity, concealment, or bargaining was possible at Charleston. There was indeed a whole brood of collateral issues to be left in convenient obscurity, but the central questions must not be shirked. The Lecompton quarrel, the Freeport doctrine, the property theory, the "slave-State" dogma, the Congressional slave code proposal, must be boldly met and squarely adjusted. Even if the delegates had been disposed to trifle with their constituents, the leaders themselves would tolerate no evasion on certain cardinal points. Douglas, in his Dorr letter, had announced that he would suffer no interpolation of new issues into the Democratic creed. In his pamphlet reply to Judge Black he repeated his determination with emphasis.

"Suppose it were true that I am a presidential aspirant; does that fact justify a combination by a host of other presidential aspirants, each of whom may imagine that his success depends upon my destruction, and the preaching a crusade against me for boldly avowing now the same principles to which they and I were pledged at the last presidential election? Is this a sufficient excuse for devising a new test of political orthodoxy? . . . I prefer the position of Senator or even that of a private citizen, where I would be at liberty to defend and maintain the well-defined principles of the Democratic party, to accepting a presidential nomination upon a platform incompatible with the principle of self-government in the Territories, or the reserved rights of the States, or the perpetuity of the Union under the Constitution."

This declaration very clearly defined the issue on one side. On the other side it was also formulated with equal distinctness. Jefferson Davis, already recognized as the ablest leader of the Buchanan wing of the Democratic Senators, wrote and submitted to the United State Senate, on February 2d, 1860, a series of resolutions designed to constitute the Administration or Southern party doctrines, which were afterward revised and adopted by a caucus of Democratic Senators.[†] These resolutions expressed the usual party tenets; and on two of the controverted points asserted dogmatically exactly that which Douglas had stigmatized as an intolerable heresy. The fourth resolution declared—

* Douglas's Reply to Black. Pamphlet, Oct., 1859.

† Jefferson Davis, Senate speech, Globe, May 17th, 1860, p. 2155.

‡ Halstead, Conventions of 1860.

"That neither Congress nor a Territorial legislature, whether by direct legislation or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly character, possesses power to annul or impair the Constitutional right of any citizen of the United States to take his slave property into the common Territories, and there hold and enjoy the same while the Territorial condition remains."—Globe, March 1st, 1860, p. 935.

While the fifth resolution declared—

"That if experience should at any time prove that the judiciary and executive authority do not possess means to insure adequate protection to constitutional rights in a Territory, and if the Territorial government shall fail or refuse to provide the necessary remedies for that purpose, it will be the duty of Congress to supply such deficiency."

Party discipline was so strong among the Democrats that public expectation looked somewhat confidently to at least a temporary agreement or combination which would enable the factions, by a joint effort, to make a hopeful presidential campaign. But no progress whatever was made in that direction. As the clans gathered at Charleston, the notable difference developed itself, that while one wing was filled with unbounded enthusiasm for a candidate, the other was animated by an earnest and stubborn devotion to an idea.

"Douglas was the pivot individual of the Charleston Convention," wrote an observant journalist; "every delegate was for or against him; every motion meant to nominate or not nominate him; every parliamentary war was *pro* or *con* Douglas."[‡] This was the surface indication, and, indeed, it may be said with truth, it was the actual feeling of the Northern faction of the Democratic party. Douglas was a genuinely popular leader. He had the power to inspire a pure personal enthusiasm. He had aroused such hero-worship as may be possible in modern times and in American politics. Beyond this, however, the Lecompton controversy, and his open persecution by the Buchanan Administration, made his leadership and his candidacy a necessity to the Northern Democrats.

With Southern Democrats the feeling went somewhat deeper. Forgetting how much they owed him in the past, and how much they might still gain through him in the future, they saw only that he was now their stumbling-block, the present obstacle to their full and final success. It was the Douglas doctrine, squatter sovereignty, and "unfriendly legislation," rather than the *man* which they had come to oppose, and were determined to put down. Any other individual holding these heresies would have been equally obnoxious. They had no candidate of their own; they worshipped no single leader; but they followed a principle with unflinching devotion. They clung unswervingly not only to the property

theory, but advanced boldly to its logical sequence,—Congressional protection to slavery in the Territories.

Of the convention's preliminary work little is worth recording,—there were the clamor and protest of contesting delegations and small fire of parliamentary skirmishes, by which factions feel and measure each other's strength. Caleb Cushing was made permanent chairman, for the triple reason that he was from Massachusetts, that he was the ablest presiding officer in the body, and was for the moment filled with blind devotion to Southern views. The actual temper of the convention was made manifest by the ready agreement of both extremes to join battle in making the platform before proceeding to the nomination of candidates. The usual committee of one member from each State was appointed, and to it was referred the deluge of resolutions which had been showered upon the convention.

Had an amicable solution of the slavery issue been possible, this platform committee would have found it, for it labored faithfully to accomplish the miracle. But after three days and nights of fruitless suggestion and persuasion, the committee re-appeared in convention. Upon four points they had come to either entire or substantial agreement. In addition to formally re-affirming the Cincinnati platform of 1856, they advised the convention to favor, 1. The faithful execution of the fugitive slave law. 2. The protection of naturalized citizens. 3. The construction of a Pacific railroad. 4. The acquisition of the Island of Cuba. But upon the principal topic, the question of slavery in the Territories, they felt compelled to report that even an approximate unanimity was impossible. In undisguised sorrow they proceeded to present two radically different reports. The convention, not yet in the least realizing that the great Democratic party had suffered fatal shipwreck in the secret caucus-room, listened eagerly to the re-

ports and explanatory speeches of the majority and minority of the committee.

The majority report* planted itself squarely upon the property theory and Congressional protection. Mr. Avery, of North Carolina, said it was presented in the name of 17 States with 127 electoral votes, every one of which would be cast for the nominee. He argued that in occupying new Territories Southern men could not compete with emigrant-aid societies at the North. These could send a voter to the Territories for the sum of \$200, while it would cost a Southern man \$1500. Secure political power by emigration, and permit the Territorial legislatures to decide the slavery question, and the South would be excluded as effectually as by the Wilmot proviso. Cuba must be acquired, and the flag of this great country must float over Mexico and the Central American States. But if you apply this doctrine of popular sovereignty, and establish a cordon of free States from the Pacific to the Atlantic, where in the future are the South to emigrate? They asked the equal right to emigrate with their property, and protection from Congress during the Territorial condition. They would leave it to the people in convention assembled, when framing a State constitution, to determine the question of slavery for themselves. They had no purpose but to have a vexed question settled, and to put the Democratic party on a clear, unclouded platform, not a double-faced one—one face to the North and one face to the South.

Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, presented and defended the report of the minority.† It asserted that all questions in regard to property in States or Territories are judicial in their character, and that the Democratic party will abide by past and future decisions of the Supreme Court concerning them. Mr. Payne explained that while the majority report was supported by fifteen slave and two free States,‡ representing 127 electoral votes, the minority

* MAJORITY REPORT.

"Resolved, That the platform adopted at Cincinnati be affirmed, with the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Democracy of the United States hold these cardinal principles on the subject of slavery in the Territories: First. That Congress has no power to abolish slavery in the Territories. Second. That the Territorial legislature has no power to abolish slavery in any Territory, nor to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to exclude slavery therefrom, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever.

"Resolved, That it is the duty of the Federal Government to protect, when necessary, the rights of persons and property on the high seas, in the Territories, or wherever else its constitutional authority extends."

† MINORITY REPORT.

"Resolved, That we, the Democracy of the Union,

in convention assembled, hereby declare our affirmation of the resolutions unanimously adopted and declared as a platform of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in the year 1856, believing that Democratic principles are unchangeable in their nature when applied to the same subject-matters; and we recommend as the only further resolutions, the following:

"Resolved, That all questions in regard to the rights of property in States or Territories arising under the Constitution of the United States are judicial in their character, and the Democratic party is pledged to abide by and faithfully carry out such determination of these questions as has been, or may be made by the Supreme Court of the United States."

‡ Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, California, Oregon.

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report was indorsed by fifteen free States,* representing 176 electoral votes. He argued that, by the universal consent of the Democratic party, the Cincinnati platform referred this question of slavery to the people of the Territories, declaring that Congress shall in no event intervene one way or the other, and that all controversies shall be settled by the courts. Now the proposition of the majority report is to make a complete retraction of those two cardinal doctrines of the Cincinnati platform. The Northern mind has become thoroughly imbued with this great doctrine of popular sovereignty. You cannot tear it out of their hearts unless you tear out their heart-strings themselves. "I repeat, that upon this question of Congressional non-intervention we are committed by the acts of Congress, we are committed by the acts of National Democratic Conventions; we cannot recede without personal dishonor, and, so help us God, we never will recede!"

Between these extremes of recommendation another member of the platform committee — Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts — proposed a middle course. He advocated the simple re-affirmance of the Cincinnati platform. If it had suffered a double interpretation, so had the Bible and the Constitution of the United States. But beyond serving to consume time and amuse the convention, Mr. Butler's speech made no impression. The real tournament of debate followed, between William L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Senator Pugh, of Ohio.

It turned out in the end that Mr. Yancey was the master-spirit of the Charleston Convention, though that body was far from entertaining any such suspicion at the beginning. In exterior appearance he did not fill the portrait of the traditional fire-eater. He is described as "a compact middle-sized man, straight-limbed, with a square-built head and face, and an eye full of expression;" "a very mild and gentlemanly man, always wearing a genuinely good-humored smile, and looking as if nothing in the world could disturb the equanimity of his spirits."† He had, besides, a marvelous gift of persuasive oratory. He was the Wendell Phillips of the South, for, like his Northern rival, he was a born agitator. Above all his colleagues, he was the brain and soul and irrepressible champion of the pro-slavery reaction throughout the Cotton States. He was

tireless and ubiquitous; traveling, talking, writing, lecturing, animating every intrigue, directing every caucus, making speeches and drafting platforms at every convention. To defend, propagate, and perpetuate African slavery was his mission. He was the ultra of the ultras, accepting the institution as morally right and divinely sanctioned, desiring its extension and inclined to favor, though not then himself advocating the re-opening of the African slave-trade. He held that all Federal laws prohibiting such trade ought to be repealed so that each State might decide the question for itself. Still more, Mr. Yancey was not only an agitator and fire-eater, but for years an insidious, persevering conspirator to promote secession. Occupying such a position, he was naturally the champion of the Cotton States at Charleston. The defense of the ultra demands of the South was by common consent devolved upon him,‡ and it was understood long beforehand that he was prepared with the principal speech from that side.

In full consciousness of the fact that he and his colleagues were then at Charleston with a predetermination to force a programme of disruption expressly designed as a prelude to intended disunion, Mr. Yancey stood up and with smiling face and silvery tones assured his hearers that he and his colleagues from Alabama were not disunionists *per se*. Then he proceeded with his speech. Only its key-note was new, but the novelty was of startling import to Northern delegates. The Northern Democrats, he stated, were losing ground and falling before their victorious adversaries. Why? Because they had tampered with, and pandered to, the antislavery sentiment. They had admitted that slavery was wrong. This was surrendering the very citadel of their argument. They must reform their lines and change their tactics. They must come up to the high requirements of the occasion and take a new departure. The remainder of his speech was an insinuating plea for the property doctrine and Congressional intervention, for which the galleries and convention rewarded him with long and earnest applause. Even if the great Southern agitator's speech had been wanting in point and eloquence, success was supplied by the unmistakable atmosphere and temper of this great Charleston audience.

The more astute of the Douglas delegates were struck with the dismay of a new revela-

* Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota. Massachusetts presented a separate report through Mr. Butler, but her electoral vote is included in Mr. Payne's estimate.

† Halstead, *The Conventions of 1860*, pp. 5, 48.

‡ "The leadership at Charleston, in this attempt to divide and destroy the Democratic party, was intrusted to appropriate hands. No man possessed the ability, or the courage, or the sincerity in his object for such a mission in a higher degree than the gifted Yancey." — Douglas, *Senate speech*, May 16th, 1860; Appendix to *Congressional Globe*, page 313.

tion. Their cause was lost — their party was gone. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, resented the dictation of the advocates of slavery in a warmth of just indignation. He thanked God that at last a bold and honest man had told the whole truth of the demands of the South. It was now before the country that the South did demand an advanced step from the Democratic party. He accurately traced the downfall of the Northern Democracy to her changing and growing exactions. Taunted with their weakness, they were now told they must put their hands on their mouths and their mouths in the dust. "Gentlemen of the South," said Mr. Pugh, "you mistake us — we will not do it."

Such language had never been heard in a Democratic National Convention, and the hall was as still as a funeral. This was Friday night, the fifth day of the convention. "A crisis" had long been whispered of as the skeleton in the party closet. It seemed to be at hand, and in a parliamentary uproar the "question" was vehemently demanded, but the chairman skillfully managed at length to secure an adjournment.

The "crisis" had in reality come on Thursday night, in the committee-room, in the hopeless first double report of its platform committee. The dissolution of the convention did not take place till the Monday following. A great party, after a vigorous and successful life of thirty years, could not die easily. The speeches of Avery and Payne, of Yancey and Pugh, on Friday, were recognized as cries of defiance, but not yet accepted as moans of despair. On Saturday morning, President Buchanan's lieutenant, Bigler, of Pennsylvania, essayed to ride the storm and steer to a Southern victory. But he only succeeded in securing a recommittal of both platforms to

the committee. Nothing, however, was gained by the manœuvre. Saturday afternoon the committee once more reported the same disagreement in slightly changed phraseology;* two antagonistic platforms, presenting the same sharp difference of principle — one demanding Congressional intervention, the other insisting upon Congressional non-intervention. Then the parliamentary storm was unloosed for the remainder of that day with such fury that the chairman declared his physical inability to continue a contest with six hundred gentlemen as to who should cry the loudest, and threatened to leave the chair. On Monday, April 30th, the seventh day of the convention, a final decision was reached. By a vote of 165 to 138, the convention voted to substitute the minority report for that of the majority; in other words, to adopt the Douglas non-intervention platform.

The explosion was near, but still delayed, and the Cotton-States delegates sat sullenly through a tangle of routine voting. Finally, the question was put on Butler's proposition to adopt the Cincinnati platform pure and simple. This was the red flag to the mad bull. Mississippi declared that the Cincinnati platform was a great political swindle on one half the States of the Union; and from that time on, though a large affirmative vote sustained the proposition (237 1/2 to 65), the Cotton States ceased to act as a part of the convention. As soon as a lull in the proceedings permitted, Mr. Yancey put in execution his programme of demand, disruption, disunion, and rebellion, labored for through long years, and announced by himself, with minute distinctness, three months before.† Led by the Alabama delegation, the Cotton States, — Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Tex-

* SECOND MAJORITY REPORT.

"*Resolved*, That the platform adopted by the Democratic party at Cincinnati be affirmed with the following explanatory resolutions:

"*First*, That the government of a Territory organized by an act of Congress is provisional and temporary, and, during its existence, all citizens of the United States have an equal right to settle with their property in the Territory without their rights, either of person or property, being destroyed or impaired by Congressional or Territorial legislation.

"*Second*. That it is the duty of the Federal Government in all its departments, to protect, when necessary, the rights of persons and property in the Territories, and wherever else its constitutional authority extends.

"*Third*. That when the settlers in a Territory having an adequate population, form a State constitution, the right of sovereignty commences, and, being consummated by admission into the Union, they stand on an equal footing with the people of other States, and the State thus organized ought to be admitted into the Federal Union, whether its constitution prohibits or recognizes the institution of slavery."

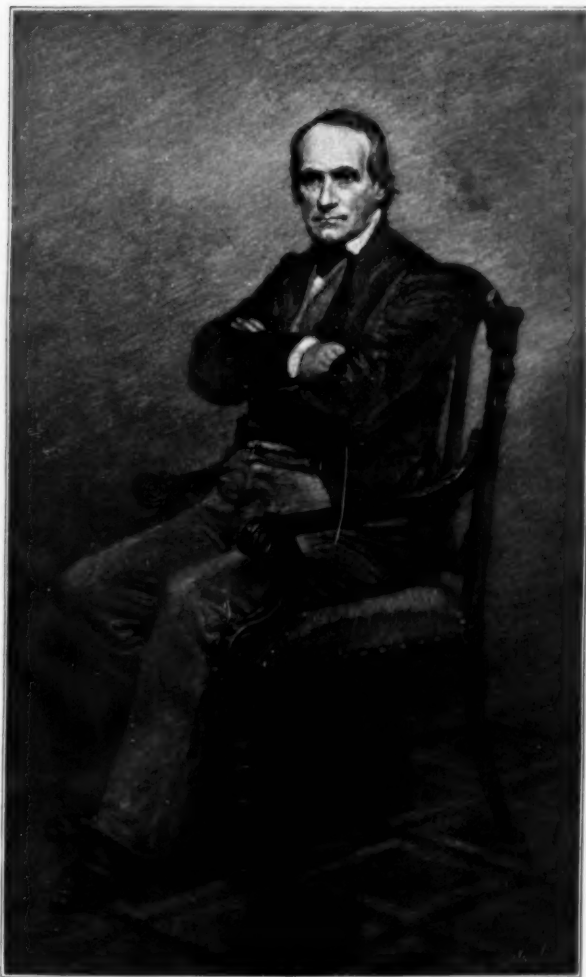
SECOND MINORITY REPORT.

"*1. Resolved*, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in convention assembled, hereby declare our affirmation of the resolutions: unanimously adopted and declared as a platform of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, in the year 1856, believing that democratic principles are unchangeable in their nature when applied to the same subject-matters; and we recommend as the only further resolutions the following:

"Inasmuch as differences of opinion exist in the Democratic party as to the nature and extent of the powers of a Territorial legislature and as to the powers and duties of Congress under the constitution of the United States over the institution of slavery within the Territories:

"*2. Resolved*, That the Democratic party will abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States on the questions of constitutional law."

† "To obtain the aid of the Democracy in this contest, it is necessary to make a contest in its Charleston Convention. In that body Douglas's adherents will press his doctrines to a decision. If the State-Rights men keep out of that convention, that decision must



CALEB CUSHING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

as, and Arkansas,— with protests and speeches, with all the formality and “solemnity” which the occasion allowed, seceded from the Charleston Convention, and withdrew from the deliberations of Institute Hall.

That same Monday night the city of Charleston held a grand jubilee. Music, bonfires, and

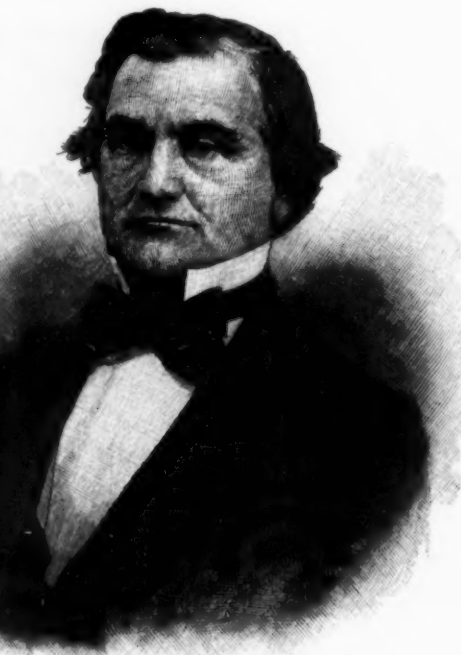
extravagant declamation held an excited crowd in Court-house Square till a late hour; and in a high-wrought peroration Yancey prophesied, with all the confidence and exultation of a triumphant conspirator, that “perhaps even now the pen of the historian was nibbed to write the story of a new revolution.”

inevitably be against the South, and that either in direct favor of the Douglas doctrine, or by the indorsement of the Cincinnati platform, under which Douglas claims shelter for his principles.” “The State-Rights men should present in that convention their demands for a decision, and they will obtain an indorsement of their demands, or a denial of these demands. If indorsed, we shall have a greater hope of triumph within the

Union. If denied, in my opinion, the State-Rights wing should secede from the convention, and appeal to the whole people of the South, without distinction of parties, and organize another convention upon the basis of their principles, and go into the election with a candidate nominated by it, as a grand constitutional party. But in the presidential contest a black Republican may be elected. If this dire event should happen,

in my opinion the only hope of safety for the South is in a withdrawal from the Union before he shall be inaugurated; before the sword and treasury of the Federal Government shall be placed in the keeping of that party. I would suggest that the several State legislatures should by law require the governor, when it shall be made manifest that the black Republican candidate for the Presidency shall receive a majority of the electoral vote, to call a convention of the people of the State, to assemble in time to provide for their safety before the 4th of March, 1861. If, however, a black Republican should not be elected, then, in pursuance of the policy of making this contest within the Union, we should initiate measures in Congress which should lead to a repeal of all the unconstitutional acts against slavery. If we should fail to obtain so just a system of legislation, then the South should seek her independence out of the Union."—Speech of W. L. Yancey before the Alabama Democratic Convention, January, 1860.

The authors copy this declaration of Mr. Yancey from a campaign pamphlet issued by the central committee of the Douglas party, in Washington, in 1860. They have been unable to find the original newspaper report, but the corroboration and fulfillment of the plot here indicated are found in the official proceedings of the Alabama Convention and the Alabama Legislature. The convention on January 13th, 1860, expressly instructed its delegation at Charleston to secede in case the ultra-Southern doctrines were not incorporated in the National Democratic platform, and sent Mr. Yancey as a delegate to execute their instructions, which he did as the text states. The Alabama Legislature, on its part, passed a joint resolution, which the governor approved, February



W. L. YANCEY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

24th, 1860, providing "that upon the election of a President advocating the principles and action of the party in the Northern States calling itself the Republican party," the governor should forthwith call a convention of the State. This convention was duly called after the election of Lincoln, and passed the secession ordinance of Alabama.

IS IT A PIECE OF A COMET?

"Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages"—



HERE has recently come into my possession the *ninth* iron meteorite whose fall to the earth has been observed. It is, moreover, the first meteorite which seems to evidence a direct connection with a star-shower. The mass acquires still further interest from the fact that it is presumably a fragment of the famous comet of Biela.

A brief account of this celestial wanderer will doubtless be of interest to the readers of *THE CENTURY*, in which magazine the essays of the astronomer Langley have recently appeared.

Astronomers have waited patiently for the

fall to the earth's surface, at the time of the periodical star-showers, of something *tangible*, but until now they have waited in vain.

In looking over a considerable amount of astronomical literature, only one record can be found of the falling of a body to the earth at such a time; this was near Paris, on the 10th of April, 1094, when "many shooting-stars were seen, and a very large one was said to have been found on the ground as a glowing substance."

From the 24th to the 29th of November, 1885, the earth was passing through a train of meteors that proceeded from the constellation Andromeda, and once formed a part of Biela's comet. These meteors are now known to astronomers as Andromedes or Bielids. The



FIGURE 1. THE MAZAPIL METEORITE; NATURAL SIZE.

maximum of this shower occurred on the 27th, while it was yet broad daylight over America, and at an hour corresponding to 11 A. M. at Mazapil, Mexico. Thus, at the time of the fall of this meteorite, ten hours after the maximum number of meteors was observed, the earth was meeting with only the stragglers of the train. It cannot be doubted that the cosmical dust proceeding from the disintegration of Biela's Comet wholly enveloped the earth and was seen as meteors from every part of it. Such was the magnificence of the celestial phenomenon that in some parts of the Eastern Continent uneducated people believed there would be no stars left in the sky.

Of the countless host of meteors which crossed the earth's path on this 27th of November, only one is as yet known to have reached the earth's surface, and this fell near the village of Mazapil, in the state of Zacatecas, Mexico (see map, Fig. 2), at about 9 o'clock in the evening. It is of the rare iron-nickel variety, and weighs ten and a quarter pounds troy. Fig. 1 shows it in natural size, full view.

This meteorite was presented to me by Sr. José A. y Bonilla, Director-Professor of the Zacatecas Observatory, who received it, five days after its fall, from the ranchman who saw it descend from the heavens. This ranchman

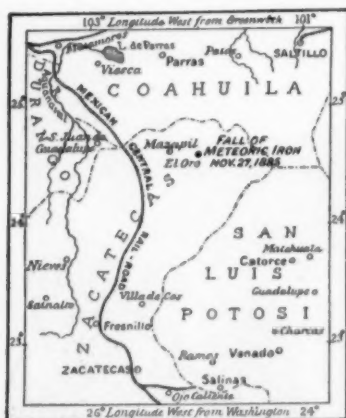


FIGURE 2. MAZAPIL AND VICINITY.

related the strange occurrence as follows (translated from the Spanish):

"It was at about 9 o'clock on the night of November 27th, when I went out to the corral to feed certain horses; suddenly, I heard a loud sizzling noise, exactly as though something red-hot was being plunged into cold water, and almost instantly there followed a somewhat loud thud. At once the corral was covered with a phosphorescent light, while suspended in the air were small luminous sparks as though from a rocket. I had not recovered from my surprise before I saw this luminous air disappear, and there remained on the ground only such a light as is made when a match is rubbed. A number of people came running toward me from the neighboring houses, and they assisted me in quieting the horses, which had become very much excited. We all asked each other what could be the matter, and we were afraid to walk in the corral for fear of being burned. When, in a few moments, we had recovered from our fright we saw the light disappear, and bringing lanterns to look for the cause, we found a hole in the ground and in it a ball of light. We retired to a distance, fearing it would explode and harm us. Looking up to the sky, we saw from time to time exhalations or stars, which soon went out without noise. We returned after a little, and found in the hole a hot stone which we could barely handle; this on the next day, we saw, looked like a piece of iron. All night it rained stars, but we saw none fall to the ground, as they all seemed to be extinguished while yet very high up."

Upon further inquiry we learn that there was no explosion or detonation heard, and that the mass penetrated the earth only to a depth of twelve inches.

This very circumstantial account leads us to believe that this meteorite is the first one to be secured and preserved that has come to the earth during a star-shower.

That no explosion or loud detonation accompanied the fall, as is usually the case, is paralleled by similar occurrences at Wold Cottage, in Yorkshire, England, on December 13th, 1795, and at Ghent, in Flanders, on June 7th, 1855; also at Stålldalen in Sweden, on the 28th of June, 1876, when a num-

ber of meteorites fell, and it was remarked that "while the luminous meteor and explosions were noted over nearly all Sweden, they were not observed at the locality of the fall."

Perhaps never, previous to this fall at Mazapil, were such peculiar phenomena observed. The phosphorescent light, seen in the air and on the ground, has special significance, and was probably caused by surface fusion, due to friction with the atmosphere, and by the detached matter falling along with the meteorite as an incandescent powder. The oft-expressed wish that we might have one of these meteoroids from the star-streams to handle and to analyze and thus to learn something of its history, seems now to be gratified; and the remark of Professor Langley "that the advance of science is much more likely to show the kernel or nucleus of the comet is but some large meteorite" is seemingly proved. Furthermore, that there is no material difference between shooting-stars—great or small—seems now established. If these meteors are small—no larger than pebbles—they would be entirely volatilized in their journey through the earth's atmosphere; but if they were larger, only the outer portion would be consumed, and the mass would strike the earth. That they are solids is plainly shown by their luminosity. That they are not liquified gases, as has been suggested, is clearly proved by the absence of the necessary surrounding pressure so essential to such a condition.

As to the light seen, the following may have a bearing on that observation: On May 26th, 1751, two masses of iron (now preserved in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna), weighing 16 and 71 pounds, whose surfaces resemble the Mazapil iron in a marked degree, fell near Hraschina, in Croatia, in daylight. A vapory cloud survived the fall for fully an hour, before being entirely dissipated. Had this cloud been seen at night, it might have been phosphorescent like the luminous air which followed the Mazapil meteorite.

The crust on this mass of iron is very interesting, and on all meteorites is an ever-present and uniform characteristic. Its black color and lines of flow are due to superficial fusion while the mass is whirling and rotating in its rapid flight. Ordinarily the crust is very thin—say the fiftieth of an inch—and is rarely over one-tenth of an inch; fusion is written in unmistakable terms in every part of it. Of special interest is Fig. 3, as showing the flow of the melted crust over a projecting edge of the meteorite's surface. The hollowed depressions are unusually well marked. They have often been compared to thumb-marks, and are probably due to the scooping action of the air which the meteorite enters, at first, with

enormous speed. When we consider the thin dark crust of this mass of celestial iron, we cannot refrain from comparing it to the soil of this earth, which is really all of earth men know. With all the record of the rocks, we cannot yet claim acquaintance with more than the one-three-hundredth of the earth's thickness; or far less proportionally than is the shell to the egg.

Wishing to show the internal structure of the Mazapil iron, the writer had a slab sawed from the side opposite to that shown in Fig. 1, and this surface being acted upon by dilute nitric acid resulted in the appearance shown in Fig. 4 (natural size). These markings are known as the figures of Widmanstätten, and are peculiar to meteoric irons; they serve as a means of ready identification of such masses. This map-like plan resembles much that of a city, and is in strange contrast to the meteorite's rough exterior. The cause of these lines is the selective affinity of the metal molecules and the extrusion of the rejected matter; or, in other words, these lines show the uniform crystallization of the mass; which process of arrangement is always a purifying one.

A complete chemical analysis of the meteorite of Mazapil merits a place here, if only as a comparison with the iron meteorites of other dates. Mr. James B. Mackintosh, E. M., of the Lehigh University, detached with no little difficulty a compact and unoxidized portion of the mass which was free from the associated graphite and obtained the following results,—iron, 91.26%; nickel, 7.84%; cobalt, 0.65%; phosphorus, 0.30%, with traces of carbon, sulphur, and chlorine. Strangely, this composition pertains to the majority of meteoric irons, as if it were the normal composition of this class of celestial bodies. With very slight differences (often less than one per cent.) the iron meteorites which were seen to fall have this same composition.

With the spectroscope the Bielid meteors were seen to be rich in carbon and iron. The above analysis substantiates beautifully the spectroscopic tests. The Mazapil iron has large compact nodules of carbon in the form of graphite (black-lead). Eleven of these nodules can be seen extruding from the surface; one is nearly an inch in diameter. While this feature is interesting in the extreme, it is not unique, since several of the meteoric irons contain included carbon in nodular form.

We are thus led to think that this earth and the meteorites are all of one common parentage, especially as we find in the meteorites nothing new or strange. To be sure the iron, nickel, and cobalt are uncommon terrestrial occurrences, but these elements are found on

the earth, in a metallic condition, in basaltic and other plutonic rocks which are closely related to the stony meteorites.

As to the place of impact, or the spot on this mass which struck the earth first, the abrasion was very slight. The resistance of the earth's atmosphere—which we move through as though it were nothing—offered, as it were, a buffer, which reduced the speed of the meteorite to little more than that which would be due to



FIGURE 3. CRUST ON METEORITE. (MAGNIFIED TWO DIAMETERS.)

gravitation alone. Had the mass simply fallen a few hundred feet, it could have hardly received less damage.

I have thus treated of the fall, crust, internal structure, and composition of this new meteorite, and will now ask the reader to look to the probable origin of its parental comet. Allowing it to be a fragment of a comet does not help us very far on the track of its ancestry, yet to show where comets most probably have their birthplace would be an endeavor to state the full pedigree of this meteorite.

Some astronomers hold that comets are the "scavengers of space" and have accreted their mass and motion by the simple laws of gravitation and of chemical affinity; but that they had their origin within some sun seems equally as probable, especially, when we study their debris in the form of meteorites.

We have the evidence from Daubrée and others that "meteorites are absolutely identical in structure with terrestrial products, such as are found only deep beneath the surface. They were formed, it is certain, under such conditions of high temperature and tremendous pressure as only can exist deep within the mass of a planet or a sun." Graham and others have shown that iron meteorites contain such quantities of gases, as indicate an origin in a region occupied by hydrogen in a state of great chemical activity, convincing us that such meteorites have brought to us across the stellar

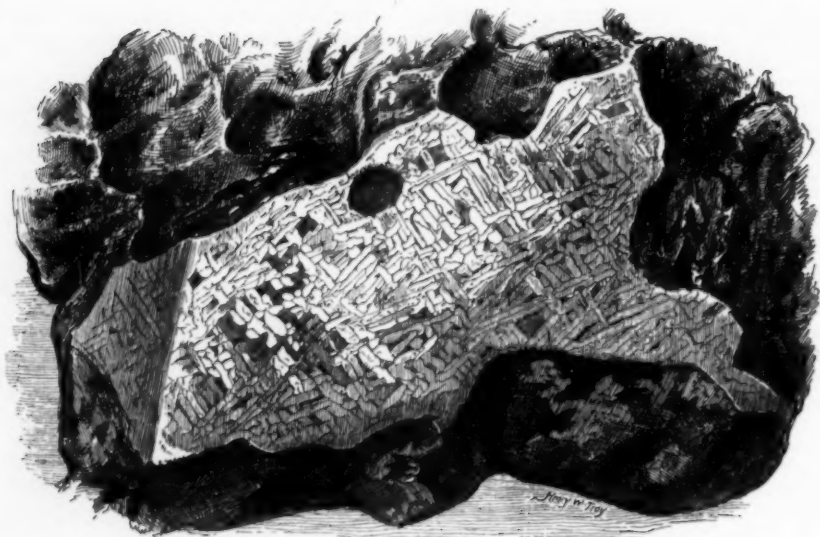


FIGURE 4. WIDMANSTÄTTEN FIGURES OF THE MAZAPIL METEORITE.

depths the material matter of some fixed star or sun.

Therefore, as Mr. Proctor has conjectured,* there remains no other reasonable explanation save that meteor flights are products of some sort of planetary ejection or rejection, which was effected while a planet was in a sun-like stage. He writes:

"Our sun is the only case of a sun-like body we can inquire into; we are forced to the question, 'Can he eject solid bodies?' Those who imagine the eruption prominences of the sun to be what they seem to be—jets of glowing gas—may be disposed to answer in the negative. But may they not indicate the tracks of denser bodies not themselves visible because the spectroscope will not show bodies near the sun which shine with the spectral colors? It may doubtless be the case that of ejected meteoric bodies far the greater number return to the sun-like orb which expelled them, but if only one flight, or part of an outburst, escapes from the sun in a year, of how many thousands of such flights has he been the parent in the

* Letter to Editor N. Y. "Tribune." Sept. 20th, 1886.

An iron-nickel meteorite, weighing one hundred and seven pounds, was announced, in the American Journal of Science of last June, as having been seen to fall on March 27th, 1886, in Johnson county, Arkansas; thus making the tenth mass of meteoric iron whose date of fall is a matter of record.

It is also necessary to state that "it appears questionable whether the 4th, 5th, and 6th in the list of iron meteorites *seen to fall* should be included, since no record of their fall has been published." The list

past countless ages? Each flight would have been a comet and each component body a meteor, and thus we would have an explanation of such phenomena."

But before accepting this plausible idea of Mr. Proctor's as final, we must bring ourselves to believe that a celestial body has the power within itself to expel a part of itself beyond the sphere of its own attraction.

If, in conclusion, the fall of this meteorite shall be confirmed in all its interesting details at a recurrence of the Bielids, and the fact be established that it is in truth a piece of Biela's Comet, then its scientific importance could not be overestimated. Its close identity with the metallic meteorites of known fall, and of accidental discovery, would place them all in the same category of similar origin, and thus we could think of this class of meteorites as having come from some particular sun-system of stellar space; while for the stony meteorites, in their several varieties,—consistently with this thought—we would seek an origin in other regions of that infinite deep from which dust, starborn, comes to us as comets.

William Earl Hidden.

if thus corrected would be as follows: 1st, Hraschina, Croatia, May 26th, 1751; 2d, Charlotte, Dickson County, Tennessee, Aug. 1st, 1835; 3d, Braunau, Bohemia, July 14th, 1847; 4th, Nedagolla, India, Jan. 23d, 1870; 5th, Rowton, England, April 20th, 1876; 6th, Mazapil, Mexico, Nov. 27th, 1885; 7th, Johnson County, Arkansas, March 27th, 1886. The doubtful ones being those of Tabarz, Saxony; Victoria-West, Africa; and Nejed, Arabia.—W. E. H.

I SHALL FIND REST.

A LITTLE further on—

There will be time— I shall find rest anon:
Thus do we say, while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned lightly out— while we repeat the jest
With smiling confidence,— I shall find rest

A little further on.

A little further on

I shall find rest; half-fiercely we avow
When noon beats on the dusty field and care
Threats to unjoint our armor, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle, while life's best
Flies with the flitting stars: the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where Love soft-nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest

A little further on.

A little further on

I shall find rest: half-sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned, then—all depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet, so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest;
And feeling round our feet the cool, sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell and say:
Not on this side—alas!— I shall find rest

A little further on.

Robert Burns Wilson.

VIRGO.

VIRGIN august! come in thy regal state
With soft majestic grace and brow serene;
Though the fierce Lion's reign is overpast
The Summer's heart is all thine own as yet,
And all untouched thy robe of living green
By the rude fingers of the northern blast.
Thy brooding smile holds hint of no regret
For waning suns or dread of autumn keen;
In full fruition is thy beauty set
Amid thy sheaves, the glad earth's crowned
queen.

Where shall we find, O royal maid, thy peer!
Not thine the fickle brightness of the Spring,
Nor the false splendor of the dying year;

No need hast thou to go a-borrowing
New charm from change: thy still perfection
leaves
No charm so perfect as its golden rest;
And through thy slumbrous noons and mel-
low eves,
Lulled by the harvest-scented airs that sing
Of garnered Summer and her labors blest,
We dreaming count the slow, sweet hours that
pass
As diamond dust within Time's magic glass,
And sigh in full content thy perfect praise:
"There is no joy but calm—the calm of
August days!"

R. J. Philbrick.



"MARSE PEYTON! SEEM LIKE I WA'N'T NEVER GWINE TER GIT VER." (PAGE 544.)

AZALIA.

By the author of "Uncle Remus," "Little Compton," etc.

I.



MISS Helen Osborne Eustis, of Boston, was very much astonished one day in the early fall of 1873 to receive a professional visit from Dr. Ephraim Buxton, who for many years had been her father's family physician. The astonishment was mutual, for Dr. Buxton had expected to find Miss Eustis in bed, or at least in the attitude of a patient, whereas she was seated in an easy-chair, before a glowing grate,—which the peculiarities of the Boston climate sometimes render necessary even in the early fall,—and appeared to be about as comfortable as a human being could well be. Perhaps the appearance of comfort was heightened by the general air of subdued luxury that pervaded the apartment into which Dr. Buxton had been ushered. The draperies, the arrangement of the little affairs that answer to the name of bric-à-brac, the adjustment of the furniture—everything—conveyed the impression of peace and repose; and the chief element of this perfect harmony was Miss Eustis herself, who rose to greet the doctor as he entered. She regarded the physician with eyes that somehow seemed to be wise and kind, and with a smile that was at once sincere and humorous.

"Why, how is this, Helen?" Dr. Buxton exclaimed, taking off his spectacles and staring at the young lady. "I fully expected to find you in bed. I hope you are not imprudent."

"Why should I be ill, Dr. Buxton? You know what Mr. Tom Appleton says? 'In Boston, those who are sick do injustice to the air they breathe and to their cooks.' I think that is a patriotic sentiment, and I try to live up to it. My health is no worse than usual, and usually it is very good," said Miss Eustis.

"You certainly seem to be well," said Dr. Buxton, regarding the young lady with a professional frown; "but appearances are sometimes deceitful. I met Harriet yesterday—"

"Ah, my aunt!" exclaimed Helen, in a tone calculated to imply that this explained everything.

"I met Harriet yesterday, and she insisted

on my coming to see you at once, certainly not later than to-day."

Miss Eustis shrugged her shoulders and laughed, but her face showed that she appreciated this manifestation of solicitude.

"Let me see," she said reflectively; "what was my complaint yesterday? We must do justice to Aunt Harriet's discrimination. She would never forgive you if you went away without leaving a prescription. My health is so good that I think you may leave me a mild one."

Unconsciously the young lady made a charming picture as she sat with her head drooping a little to one side in a half-serious, half-smiling effort to recall to mind some of the symptoms that had excited her aunt's alarm. Dr. Buxton, prescription-book in hand, gazed at her quizzically over his old-fashioned spectacles; seeing which Helen laughed heartily. At that moment her aunt entered the room—a pleasant-faced but rather prim old lady, of whom it had been said by some one competent to judge, that her inquisitiveness was so overwhelming and so important that it took the shape of pity in one direction, patriotism in another, and benevolence in another, giving to her life not the mere semblance, but the very essence of usefulness and activity.

"Do you hear that, Dr. Buxton?" cried the pleasant-faced old lady somewhat sharply. "Do you hear her wheeze when she laughs? Do you remember that she was threatened with pneumonia last winter? and now she is wheezing before the winter begins!"

"This is the trouble I was trying to think of," exclaimed Helen, sinking back in her chair with a gesture of mock despair.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous, dear," said the aunt, giving the little clusters of gray curls that hung about her ears an emphatic shake. "Serious matters should be taken seriously." Whereat Helen pressed her cheek gently against the thin white hand that had been laid caressingly on her shoulder.

"Aunt Harriet has probably heard me say that there is still some hope for the country, even though it is governed entirely by men," said Helen, with an air of apology. "The men cannot deprive us of the winter climate of Boston, and I enjoy that above all things."

Aunt Harriet smiled reproachfully at her niece, and pulled her ear gently.

"But, indeed, Dr. Buxton," Helen went on more seriously, "the winter climate of Boston, fine as it is, is beginning to pinch us harder than it used to do. The air is thinner, and the cold is keener. When I was younger—very much younger—than I am now, I remember that I used to run in and out, and fall and roll in the snow with perfect impunity. But now I try to profit by Aunt Harriet's example. When I go out, I go bundled up to the point of suffocation, and if the wind is from the east, as it usually is, I wear wraps and shawls indoors."

Helen smiled brightly at her aunt and at Dr. Buxton, but her aunt seemed to be distressed, and the physician shook his head dubiously.

"You will have to take great care of yourself," said Dr. Buxton. "You must be prudent. The slightest change in the temperature may send you to bed for the rest of the winter."

"Dr. Buxton is complimenting you, Aunt Harriet," said Helen. "You should drop him a curts'y."

Whereupon the amiable physician, seeing that there was no remedy for the humorous view which Miss Eustis took of her condition, went further and informed her that there was every reason why she should be serious. He told her, with some degree of bluntness, that her symptoms, while not alarming, were not at all reassuring.

"It is always the way, Dr. Buxton," said Helen, smiling tenderly at her aunt; "I believe you would confess to serious symptoms yourself if Aunt Harriet insisted on it. What an extraordinary politician she would make! My sympathy with the woman suffrage movement is in the nature of an investment. When we women succeed to the control of affairs, I count on achieving distinction as Aunt Harriet's niece."

Laughing, she seized her aunt's hand. Dr. Buxton, watching her, laughed too, and then proceeded to write out a prescription. He seemed to hesitate a little over this; seeing which, Helen remonstrated:

"Pray, Dr. Buxton, don't humor Aunt Harriet too much in this. Save your physic for those who are strong in body and mind. A dozen of your pellets ought to be a year's supply." The physician wrote out his prescription and took his leave, laughing heartily at the amiable confusion in which Helen's drollery had left her aunt.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Miss Eustis was simply droll. She was unconventional at all times, and sometimes willful,—inheriting that native strength of mind and

mother-wit which are generally admitted to be a part of the equipment of the typical American woman. If she was not the ideal young woman, at least she possessed some of the attractive qualities that one tries—sometimes unsuccessfully—to discover in one's dearest friends. From her infancy until near the close of the war she had had the advantage of her father's companionship, so that her ideas were womanly rather than merely feminine. She had never been permitted to regard the world from the dormer-windows of a young ladies' seminary, in consequence of which her views of life in general, and of mankind in particular, were orderly and rational. Such indulgence as her father had given her had served to strengthen her individuality rather than to confirm her temper, and, though she had a strong and stubborn will of her own, her tact was such that her willfulness appeared to be the most natural, as well as the most charming thing in the world. Moreover, she possessed in a remarkable degree that buoyancy of mind that is more engaging than mere geniality.

Her father was no less a person than Charles Osborne Eustis, the noted philanthropist and abolitionist whose death, in 1867, was the occasion of quite a controversy in New England—a controversy based on the fact that he had opposed some of the most virulent schemes of his co-workers at a time when abolitionism had not yet gathered its full strength. Mr. Eustis, in his day, was in the habit of boasting that his daughter had a great deal of genuine American spirit—the spirit that one set of circumstances drives to provinciality, another to patriotism, and another to originality.

Helen had spent two long winters in Europe without parting with the fine flavor of her originality. She was exceedingly modest in her designs, too, for she went neither as a missionary nor as a repentant. She found no foreign social shrines that she thought worthy of worshipping at. She admired what was genuine, and tolerated such shams as obtruded themselves on her attention. Her father's connections had enabled her to see something of the real home-life of England, and she was delighted, but not greatly surprised, to find that, at its best, it was not greatly different from the home-life to which she had been accustomed.

The discovery delighted her because it confirmed her own broad views; but she no more thought it necessary to set about aping the social peculiarities to be found in London drawing-rooms than she thought of denying her name or her nativity. She made many interesting studies and comparisons, but she

was not disposed to be critical. She admired many things in Europe which she would not have considered admirable in America, and whatever she found displeasing she tolerated as the natural outcome of social or climatic conditions. Certainly the idea never occurred to her that her own country was a barren waste because time had not set the seal of antiquity on its institutions. On the other hand, this admirable young woman was quick to perceive that much information as well as satisfaction was to be obtained by regarding various European peculiarities from a strictly European point of view.

But Miss Eustis's reminiscences of the Old World were sad as well as pleasant. Her journey thither had been undertaken in the hope of restoring her father's failing health, and her stay there had been prolonged for the same purpose. For a time he grew stronger and better, but the improvement was only temporary. He came home to die, and to Helen this result seemed to be the end of all things. She had devoted herself to looking after his comfort with a zeal and intelligence that left nothing undone. This had been her mission in life. Her mother had died when Helen was a little child, leaving herself and her brother, who was some years older, to the care of the father. Helen remembered her mother only as a pale, beautiful lady in a trailing robe, who fell asleep one day, and was mysteriously carried away—the lady of a dream.

The boy—the brother—rode forth to the war in 1862, and never rode back any more. To the father and sister waiting at home, it seemed as if he had been seized and swept from the earth on the bosom of the storm that broke over the country in that period of dire confusion. Even Rumor, with her thousand tongues, had little to say of the fate of this poor youth. It was known that he led a squad of troopers detailed for special service, and that his command, with small knowledge of the country, fell into an ambush from which not more than two or three extricated themselves. Beyond this all was mystery, for those who survived that desperate skirmish could say nothing of the fate of their companions. The loss of his son gave Mr. Eustis additional interest in his daughter, if that were possible; and the common sorrow of the two so strengthened and sweetened their lives that their affection for each other was in the nature of a perpetual memorial of the pale lady who had passed away, and of the boy who had perished in Virginia.

When Helen's father died, in 1867, her mother's sister, Miss Harriet Tewksbury, a spinster of fifty or thereabouts, who, for the lack of something substantial to interest her,

had been halting between woman's rights and spiritualism, suddenly discovered that Helen's cause was the real woman's cause; whereupon she went to the lonely and grief-stricken girl, and, with that fine efficiency which the New England woman acquires from the air and inherits from history, proceeded to minister to her comfort. Miss Tewksbury was not at all vexed to find her niece capable of taking care of herself. She did not allow that fact to prevent her from assuming a motherly control that was most gracious in its manifestations and peculiarly gratifying to Helen, who found great consolation in the all but masculine energy of her aunt.

A day or two after Dr. Buxton's visit, the result of which has already been chronicled, Miss Tewksbury's keen eye detected an increase of the symptoms that had given her anxiety, and their development was of such a character that Helen made no objection when her aunt proposed to call in the physician again. Dr. Buxton came, and agreed with Miss Tewksbury as to the gravity of the symptoms, but his prescription was oral.

"You must keep Helen indoors until she is a little stronger," he said to Miss Tewksbury, "and then take her to a milder climate."

"Oh, not to Florida!" exclaimed Helen promptly.

"Not necessarily," said the doctor.

"Please don't twist your language, Dr. Buxton. You should say necessarily not."

"And why not to Florida, young lady?" the doctor inquired.

"Ah, I have seen people that came from there," said Helen; "they were too tired to talk much about the country, but something in their attitude and appearance seemed to suggest that they had seen the sea-serpent. Dear Doctor, I have no desire to see the sea-serpent."

"Well, then, my dear child," said Dr. Buxton soothingly, "not to Florida, but to nature's own sanitarium, the pine woods of Georgia. Yes," the doctor went on, smiling as he rubbed the glasses of his spectacles with his silk handkerchief, "nature's own sanitarium. I tested the piney woods of Georgia thoroughly years ago. I drifted there in my young days. I lived there, and taught school there. I grew strong there, and I have always wanted to go back there."

"And now," said Helen, with a charmingly demure glance at the enthusiastic physician, "you want to send Aunt Harriet and poor Me forward as a skirmish line. There is no antidote in your books for the Ku Klux."

"You will see new scenes and new people," said Dr. Buxton, laughing. "You will get new ideas; above all, you will breathe the fresh

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"Dr. Buxton is complimenting you, Aunt Harriet," said Helen. "You should drop him a curts'y."

Whereupon the amiable physician, seeing that there was no remedy for the humorous view which Miss Eustis took of her condition, went further and informed her that there was every reason why she should be serious. He told her, with some degree of bluntness, that her symptoms, while not alarming, were not at all reassuring.

"It is always the way, Dr. Buxton," said Helen, smiling tenderly at her aunt; "I believe you would confess to serious symptoms yourself if Aunt Harriet insisted on it. What an extraordinary politician she would make! My sympathy with the woman suffrage movement is in the nature of an investment. When we women succeed to the control of affairs, I count on achieving distinction as Aunt Harriet's niece."

Laughing, she seized her aunt's hand. Dr. Buxton, watching her, laughed too, and then proceeded to write out a prescription. He seemed to hesitate a little over this; seeing which, Helen remonstrated:

"Pray, Dr. Buxton, don't humor Aunt Harriet too much in this. Save your physic for those who are strong in body and mind. A dozen of your pellets ought to be a year's supply." The physician wrote out his prescription and took his leave, laughing heartily at the amiable confusion in which Helen's drollery had left her aunt.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Miss Eustis was simply droll. She was unconventional at all times, and sometimes willful,—inheriting that native strength of mind and

mother-wit which are generally admitted to be a part of the equipment of the typical American woman. If she was not the ideal young woman, at least she possessed some of the attractive qualities that one tries—sometimes unsuccessfully—to discover in one's dearest friends. From her infancy until near the close of the war she had had the advantage of her father's companionship, so that her ideas were womanly rather than merely feminine. She had never been permitted to regard the world from the dormer-windows of a young ladies' seminary, in consequence of which her views of life in general, and of mankind in particular, were orderly and rational. Such indulgence as her father had given her had served to strengthen her individuality rather than to confirm her temper, and, though she had a strong and stubborn will of her own, her tact was such that her willfulness appeared to be the most natural, as well as the most charming thing in the world. Moreover, she possessed in a remarkable degree that buoyancy of mind that is more engaging than mere geniality.

Her father was no less a person than Charles Osborne Eustis, the noted philanthropist and abolitionist whose death, in 1867, was the occasion of quite a controversy in New England—a controversy based on the fact that he had opposed some of the most virulent schemes of his co-workers at a time when abolitionism had not yet gathered its full strength. Mr. Eustis, in his day, was in the habit of boasting that his daughter had a great deal of genuine American spirit—the spirit that one set of circumstances drives to provinciality, another to patriotism, and another to originality.

Helen had spent two long winters in Europe without parting with the fine flavor of her originality. She was exceedingly modest in her designs, too, for she went neither as a missionary nor as a repentant. She found no foreign social shrines that she thought worthy of worshiping at. She admired what was genuine, and tolerated such shams as obtruded themselves on her attention. Her father's connections had enabled her to see something of the real home-life of England, and she was delighted, but not greatly surprised, to find that, at its best, it was not greatly different from the home-life to which she had been accustomed.

The discovery delighted her because it confirmed her own broad views; but she no more thought it necessary to set about aping the social peculiarities to be found in London drawing-rooms than she thought of denying her name or her nativity. She made many interesting studies and comparisons, but she

was not disposed to be critical. She admired many things in Europe which she would not have considered admirable in America, and whatever she found displeasing she tolerated as the natural outcome of social or climatic conditions. Certainly the idea never occurred to her that her own country was a barren waste because time had not set the seal of antiquity on its institutions. On the other hand, this admirable young woman was quick to perceive that much information as well as satisfaction was to be obtained by regarding various European peculiarities from a strictly European point of view.

But Miss Eustis's reminiscences of the Old World were sad as well as pleasant. Her journey thither had been undertaken in the hope of restoring her father's failing health, and her stay there had been prolonged for the same purpose. For a time he grew stronger and better, but the improvement was only temporary. He came home to die, and to Helen this result seemed to be the end of all things. She had devoted herself to looking after his comfort with a zeal and intelligence that left nothing undone. This had been her mission in life. Her mother had died when Helen was a little child, leaving herself and her brother, who was some years older, to the care of the father. Helen remembered her mother only as a pale, beautiful lady in a trailing robe, who fell asleep one day, and was mysteriously carried away—the lady of a dream.

The boy—the brother—rode forth to the war in 1862, and never rode back any more. To the father and sister waiting at home, it seemed as if he had been seized and swept from the earth on the bosom of the storm that broke over the country in that period of dire confusion. Even Rumor, with her thousand tongues, had little to say of the fate of this poor youth. It was known that he led a squad of troopers detailed for special service, and that his command, with small knowledge of the country, fell into an ambush from which not more than two or three extricated themselves. Beyond this all was mystery, for those who survived that desperate skirmish could say nothing of the fate of their companions. The loss of his son gave Mr. Eustis additional interest in his daughter, if that were possible; and the common sorrow of the two so strengthened and sweetened their lives that their affection for each other was in the nature of a perpetual memorial of the pale lady who had passed away, and of the boy who had perished in Virginia.

When Helen's father died, in 1867, her mother's sister, Miss Harriet Tewksbury, a spinster of fifty or thereabouts, who, for the lack of something substantial to interest her,

had been halting between woman's rights and spiritualism, suddenly discovered that Helen's cause was the real woman's cause; whereupon she went to the lonely and grief-stricken girl, and, with that fine efficiency which the New England woman acquires from the air and inherits from history, proceeded to minister to her comfort. Miss Tewksbury was not at all vexed to find her niece capable of taking care of herself. She did not allow that fact to prevent her from assuming a motherly control that was most gracious in its manifestations and peculiarly gratifying to Helen, who found great consolation in the all but masculine energy of her aunt.

A day or two after Dr. Buxton's visit, the result of which has already been chronicled, Miss Tewksbury's keen eye detected an increase of the symptoms that had given her anxiety, and their development was of such a character that Helen made no objection when her aunt proposed to call in the physician again. Dr. Buxton came, and agreed with Miss Tewksbury as to the gravity of the symptoms, but his prescription was oral.

"You must keep Helen indoors until she is a little stronger," he said to Miss Tewksbury, "and then take her to a milder climate."

"Oh, not to Florida!" exclaimed Helen promptly.

"Not necessarily," said the doctor.

"Please don't twist your language, Dr. Buxton. You should say necessarily not."

"And why not to Florida, young lady?" the doctor inquired.

"Ah, I have seen people that came from there," said Helen; "they were too tired to talk much about the country, but something in their attitude and appearance seemed to suggest that they had seen the sea-serpent. Dear Doctor, I have no desire to see the sea-serpent."

"Well, then, my dear child," said Dr. Buxton soothingly, "not to Florida, but to nature's own sanitarium, the pine woods of Georgia. Yes," the doctor went on, smiling as he rubbed the glasses of his spectacles with his silk handkerchief, "nature's own sanitarium. I tested the piney woods of Georgia thoroughly years ago. I drifted there in my young days. I lived there, and taught school there. I grew strong there, and I have always wanted to go back there."

"And now," said Helen, with a charmingly demure glance at the enthusiastic physician, "you want to send Aunt Harriet and poor Me forward as a skirmish line. There is no antidote in your books for the Ku Klux."

"You will see new scenes and new people," said Dr. Buxton, laughing. "You will get new ideas; above all, you will breathe the fresh

air of heaven spiced with the odor of pines. It will be the making of you, my dear child."

Helen made various protests, some of them serious and some droll, but the matter was practically settled when it became evident that Dr. Buxton was not only earnestly, but enthusiastically in favor of the journey; and Helen's aunt at once began to make preparations. To some of their friends it seemed a serious undertaking indeed. The newspapers of that day were full of accounts of Ku Klux outrages, and of equally terrible reports of the social disorganization of the South. It seemed at that time as though the politicians and the editors, both great and small, and of every shade of belief, had determined to fight the war over again — instituting a conflict which, though bloodless enough so far as the disputants were concerned, was not without its unhappy results.

Moreover, Helen's father had been noted among those who had early engaged in the crusade against slavery, and it was freely predicted by her friends that the lawlessness which was supposed to exist in every part of the collapsed Confederacy would be prompt to select the representatives of Charles Osborne Eustis as its victims. Miss Tewksbury affected to smile at the apprehensions of her friends, but her preparations were not undertaken without a secret dread of the responsibilities she was assuming. Helen, however, was disposed to treat the matter humorously.

"Dr. Buxton is a lifelong Democrat," she said; "consequently he must know all about it. Father used to tell him he liked his medicine better than his politics, bitter as some of it was; but in a case of this kind, Dr. Buxton's politics have a distinct value. He will give us the grips, the signs, and the pass-words, dear aunt, and I dare say we shall get along comfortably."

II.

THEY did get along comfortably. Peace seemed to spread her meshes before them. They journeyed by easy stages, stopping awhile in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and in Washington. They staid a week in Richmond. From Richmond they were to go to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Azalia, the little piney-woods village which Dr. Buxton had recommended as a sanitarium. At a point south of Richmond, where they stopped for breakfast, Miss Eustis and her aunt witnessed a little scene that seemed to them to be very interesting. A gentleman wrapped in a long linen traveling-coat was pacing restlessly up and down the platform of the little station. He was tall, and his bearing was distinctly military. The neighborhood people who were lounging around the station

watched him with interest. After a while a negro boy came running up with a valise which he had evidently brought some distance. He placed it in front of the tall gentleman, crying out in a loud voice: "Here she is, Marse Peyton," then stepped to one side and began to fan himself vigorously with the fragment of a wool hat. He grinned broadly in response to something the tall gentleman said, but, before he could make a suitable reply, a negro woman, fat and motherly-looking, made her appearance, puffing and blowing and talking.

"I declar' ter gracious, Marse Peyton! seem like I wa'n't never gwine ter git yer. I helt up my head, I did, fer to keep my eye on de kyars, en it look like I run inter all de gullies en on top er all de stumps 'twix' dis en Marse Tip's. I des tuck'n drapt eve'ything, I did, en tole um dey'd hatter keep one eye on de dinner-pot, kase I 'blige ter run en see Marse Peyton off."

The gentleman laughed as the motherly-looking old negro wiped her face with her apron. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her fat arms glistened in the sun.

"I boun' you some er deze yer folks 'll go off en say I'm 'stracted," she cried, "but I can't he'p dat; I bleeze ter run down yer to tell Marse Peyton good-bye. Tell um all howdy fer me, Marse Peyton," she cried, "all un um. No difference ef I ain't know um all — 'tain't gwine ter do no harm fer tell um dat old Jincy say howdy. Hit make me feel right foolish in de head w'en it come 'cross me dat I use ter tote Miss Hallie 'roun' w'en she wuz a little bit er baby, en now she way down dar out'n de worl' 'mos'. I wish ter de Lord I uz gwine 'long wid you, Marse Peyton! Yit I speck, time I got dar, I'd whirl in en wish myse'f back home."

The negro boy carried the gentleman's valise into the sleeping-coach, and placed it opposite the seats occupied by Helen and her aunt. Across the end was stenciled in white the name "Peyton Garwood." When the train was ready to start the gentleman shook hands with the negro woman and with the boy. The woman seemed to be very much affected.

"God-A'mighty bless you, Marse Peyton, honey!" she exclaimed, as the train moved off, and as long as Helen could see her she was waving her hands in farewell. Both Helen and her aunt had watched this scene with considerable interest, and now, when the gentleman had been escorted to his seat by the obsequious porter, they regarded him with some curiosity. He appeared to be about thirty-five years old. His face would have been called exceedingly handsome, but for a

scar on his right cheek, and yet, on closer inspection, the scar seemed somehow to fit the firm outlines of his features. His brown beard emphasized the strength of his chin. His nose was slightly aquiline, his eyebrows were a trifle rugged, and his hair was brushed straight back from a high forehead. His face was that of a man who had seen rough service and had enjoyed it keenly—a face full of fire and resolution, with some subtle suggestion of tenderness.

"She called him 'Master,' Helen," said Miss Tewksbury after a while, referring to the scene at the station; "did you hear her?" Miss Tewksbury's tone implied wrathfulness that was too sure of its own justification to assert itself noisily.

"I heard her," Helen replied. "She called him Master, and he called her Mammy. It was a very pleasing exchange of compliments."

Such further comment as the ladies may have felt called on to make—for it was a matter in which both were very much interested—was postponed for the time being. A passenger occupying a seat in the farther end of the coach had recognized the gentleman whose valise was labeled "Peyton Garwood," and now pressed forward to greet him. This passenger was a very aggressive-looking person. He was short and stout, but there was no suggestion of jollity or even of good humor in his rotundity. No one would have made the mistake of alluding to him as a fat man. He would have been characterized as the pudgy man; and even his pudginess was aggressive. He had evidently determined to be dignified at any cost, but his seriousness seemed to be perfectly gratuitous.

"Gener'l Garwood?" he said in an impressive tone, as he leaned over the tall gentleman's seat.

"Ah! Goolsby!" exclaimed the other, extending his hand. "Why, how do you do? Sit down."

Goolsby's pudginess became more apparent and apparently more aggressive than ever when he seated himself near General Garwood.

"Well, sir, I can't say my health's any too good. You look mighty well yourse'f, Gener'l. How are things?" said Goolsby, pushing his traveling-cap over his eyes, and frowning as if in pain.

"Oh, affairs seem to be improving," General Garwood replied.

"Well, now, I ain't so up and down certain about that, Gener'l," said Goolsby, settling himself back, and frowning until his little eyes disappeared. "Looks like to me that things git wuss and wuss. I ain't no big man, and I'm ruther disj'inted when it comes right down to politics, but, blame me, if it don't look to

me mighty like the whole of creation is driftin' 'round loose."

"Ah, well," said the general soothingly, "a great many things are uncomfortable; there is a good deal of unnecessary irritation growing out of new and unexpected conditions, but we are getting along better than we are willing to admit. We are all fond of grumbling."

"That's so," said Goolsby, with the air of a man who is willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of a discussion; "that's so. But I tell you we're havin' mighty tough times, Gener'l—mighty tough times. Yonder's the Yankees on one side, and here's the blamed niggers on t'other, and betwixt and betweenst 'em a white man's got mighty little chance. And then, right on top of the whole caboodle, here comes the panic in the banks, and the epizooty 'mongst the cattle. I tell you, Gener'l, it's tough times, and it's in about as much as an honest man can do to pay hotel bills and have a ticket ready to show up when the conductor comes along."

General Garwood smiled sympathetically, and Goolsby went on:

"Here I've been runnin' up and down the country tryin' to sell a book, and I ain't sold a hundred copies sence I started—no, sir, not a hundred copies. Maybe you'd like to look at it, Gener'l," continued Goolsby, stiffening up a little. "If I do say it myself, it's in about the best book that a man 'll git a chance to thumb in many a long day."

"What book is it, Goolsby?" the general inquired.

Goolsby sprang up, waddled rapidly to where he had left his satchel, and returned, bringing a large and substantial-looking volume.

"It's a book that speaks for itself any day in the week," he said, running the pages rapidly between his fingers; "it's a history of our own great conflict—'The Rise and Fall of the Rebellion,' by Schuyler Paddleford. I don't know what the blamed publishers wanted to put it 'Rebellion' for. I told 'em, says I, 'Gentlemen, it'll be up-hill work with this in the Sunny South. Call it 'The Conflict,' says I. But they wouldn't listen, and now I have to work like a blind nigger splittin' rails. But she's a daisy, Gener'l, as shore as you're born. She jess reads like straight along from cover to cover without a bobble. Why, sir, I never know'd what war was till I meandered through the sample pages of this book. And they've got your picture in here, Gener'l, jess as natural as life—all for five dollars, in cloth, eight in liberry style, and ten in morocker."

General Garwood glanced over the specimen pages with some degree of interest, while Goolsby continued to talk.

"Now, betwixt you and me, Gener'l," he went on confidentially, "I don't nigh like the style of that book, particular where it rattles up our side. I wa'n't in the war myself, but blame me if it don't rile me when I hear outsiders a-cussin' them that was. I come mighty nigh not takin' holt of it on that account, but 'twouldn't have done no good, not a bit. If sech a book is got to be circulated around here, it better be circulated by some good Southron—a man that's a kind of antidote to the pizen, as it were. If I don't sell it, some blamed Yankee 'll jump in and gallop around with it. And I tell you what, Gener'l, betwixt you and me and the gate-post, it's done come to that pass where a man can't afford to be too pledged particular; if he stops for to scratch his head and consider whether he's a gentleman, some other feller 'll jump in and snatch the rations right out of his mouth. That's why I'm a-paradin' around tryin' to sell this book."

"Well," said General Garwood in an encouraging tone, "I have no doubt it is a very interesting book. I have heard of it before. Fetch me a copy when you come to Azalia again."

Goolsby smiled an unctuous and knowing smile.

"Maybe you think I ain't a-comin'," he exclaimed, with the air of a man who has invented a joke that he relishes. "Well, sir, you're getting the wrong measure. I was down in 'Zalia Monday was a week, and I'm a-goin' down week after next. Fact is," continued Goolsby, rather sheepishly, "'Zalia is a mighty nice place. Gener'l, do you happen to know Miss Louisa Hornsby? Of course you do! Well, sir, you might go a week's journey in the wildwood, as the poet says, and not find a handsomer gal then that. She's got style from away back."

"Why, yes!" exclaimed the general in a tone of hearty congratulation, "of course I know Miss Lou. She is a most excellent young lady. And so the wind sits in that quarter? Your blushes, Goolsby, are a happy confirmation of many sweet and piquant rumors."

Goolsby appeared to be very much embarrassed. He moved about uneasily in his seat, searched in all his pockets for something or other that wasn't there, and made a vain effort to protest. He grew violently red in the face, and the vivid color gleamed through his closely cropped hair.

"Oh, come now, Gener'l!" he exclaimed. "Oh, pshaw! Why—oh, go 'way!"

His embarrassment was so great, and seemed to border so closely on epilepsy, that the general was induced to offer him a cigar and invite him into the smoking-apartment. As

General Garwood and Goolsby passed out, Helen Eustis drew a long breath.

"It is worth the trouble of a long journey to behold such a spectacle," she declared. Her aunt regarded her curiously. "Who would have thought it?" she went on. "A Southern secessionist charged with affability, and a book-agent radiant with embarrassment."

"He is a coarse, ridiculous creature," said Miss Tewksbury sharply.

"The affable general, Aunt Harriet?"

"No, child; the other."

"Dear aunt, we are in the enemy's country and we must ground our prejudices. The book-agent is pert and crude, but he is not coarse. A coarse man may be in love, but he would never blush over it. And as for the affable general—you saw the negro woman cry over him."

"Poor thing!" said Miss Tewksbury, with a sigh. "She sadly needs instruction."

"Ah, yes! that is a theory we should stand to, but how shall we instruct her to run and cry after us?"

"My dear child, we want no such disgusting exhibitions. It is enough if we do our duty by these unfortunates."

"But I do want just such an exhibition, Aunt Harriet," said Helen seriously. "I should be glad to have some fortunate or unfortunate creature run and cry after me."

"Well," said Miss Tewksbury placidly, "we are about to ignore the most impressive fact, after all."

"What is that, Aunt Harriet?"

"Why, child, these people are from Azalia, and for us Azalia is the center of the universe."

"Ah, don't pretend that you are not charmed, dear aunt. We shall have the pleasure of meeting the handsome Miss Hornsby, and probably Mr. Goolsby himself—and certainly the distinguished general."

"I only hope Ephraim Buxton has a clear conscience to-day," remarked Miss Tewksbury with unction.

"Did you observe the attitude of the general towards Mr. Goolsby, and that of Mr. Goolsby towards the general?" asked Helen, ignoring the allusion to Dr. Buxton. "The line that the general drew was visible to the naked eye. But Mr. Goolsby drew no line. He is friendly and familiar on principle. I was reminded of the 'Brookline Reporter,' which alluded the other day to the London 'Times' as its esteemed contemporary. The affable general is Mr. Goolsby's esteemed contemporary."

"My dear child," said Miss Tewksbury, somewhat anxiously, "I hope your queer conceits are not the result of your illness."

"No; they are the result of my surround-

ings. I have been trying to pretend to myself ever since we left Washington that we are traveling through a strange country, but it is a mere pretense. I have been trying to verify some previous impressions of barbarism and shiftlessness."

"Well, upon my word, my dear," exclaimed Miss Tewksbury, "I should think you had had ample opportunity."

"I have been trying to take the newspaper view," Helen went on with some degree of earnestness, "but it is impossible. We must correct the newspapers, Aunt Harriet, and make ourselves famous. Everything I have seen that is not to be traced to the result of the war belongs to a state of arrested development."

Miss Tewksbury was uncertain whether her niece was giving a new turn to her drollery, so she merely stared at her; but the young lady seemed to be serious enough.

"Don't interrupt me, Aunt Harriet. Give me the opportunity you would give to Dr. Barlow Blade, the trance medium. Everything I see in this country belongs to a state of arrested development, and it has been arrested at a most interesting point. It is picturesque. It is colonial. I am amazed that this fact has not been dwelt on by people who write about the South."

"The conservatism that prevents progress, or stands in the way of it, is a crime," said Miss Tewksbury, pressing her thin lips together firmly. She had once been on the platform in some of the little country towns of New England, and had made quite a reputation for pith and fluency.

"Ah, dear aunt, that sounds like an extract from a lecture. We can have progress in some things, but not in others. We have progressed in the matter of conveniences, comforts, and luxuries, but in what other directions? Are we any better than the people who lived in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison? Is the standard of morality any higher now than it was in the days of the apostles?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Helen," said Miss Tewksbury. "We have a higher civilization than the apostles witnessed. Morality is progressive."

"Well," said Helen, with a sigh, "it is a pity these people have discarded shoe-buckles and knee-breeches."

"Your queer notions make me thirsty, child," said Miss Tewksbury, producing a silver cup from her satchel; "I must get a drink of water."

"Permit me, madame," said a sonorous voice behind them; and a tall gentleman seized the cup and bore it away.

"It is the distinguished general!" exclaimed Helen in a tragic whisper, "and he must have heard our speeches."

"I hope he took them down," said Miss Tewksbury snappishly. "He will esteem you as a sympathizer."

"Did I say anything ridiculous, Aunt Harriet?"

"Dear me! you must ask your distinguished general," replied Miss Tewksbury triumphantly.

General Garwood returned with the water and insisted on fetching more. Helen observed that he held his hat in his hand, and that his attitude was one of unstudied deference.

"The conductor tells me, madame," he said, addressing himself to Miss Tewksbury, "that you have tickets for Azalia. I am going in that direction myself, and I should be glad to be of any service to you. Azalia is a poor little place, but I like it well enough to live there. I suppose that is the reason the conductor told me of your tickets. He knew the information would be interesting."

"Thank you," said Miss Tewksbury with dignity.

"You are very kind," said Miss Eustis with a smile.

General Garwood made himself exceedingly agreeable. He pointed out the interesting places along the road, gave the ladies little bits of local history that were at least entertaining. In Atlanta, where there was a delay of a few hours, he drove them over the battle-fields, and by his graphic descriptions gave them a new idea of the heat and fury of war. In short, he made himself so agreeable in every way that Miss Tewksbury felt at liberty to challenge his opinions on various subjects. They had numberless little controversies about the rights and wrongs of the war, and the perplexing problems that grew out of its results. So far as Miss Tewksbury was concerned, she found General Garwood's large tolerance somewhat irritating, for it left her no excuse for the employment of her most effective arguments.

"Did you surrender your prejudices at Apomattox?" Miss Tewksbury asked him on one occasion.

"Oh, by no means; you remember we were allowed to retain our side-arms and our saddle-horses," he replied, laughing. "I still have my prejudices, but I trust they are more important than those I entertained in my youth. Certainly they are less uncomfortable."

"Well," said Miss Tewksbury, "you are still unrepentant, and that is more serious than any number of prejudices."

"There is nothing to repent of," said the general, smiling, a little sadly as Helen thought. "It has all passed away utterly. The best we

can do is that which seems right, and just, and necessary. My duty was as plain to me in 1861, when I was a boy of twenty, as it is to-day. It seemed to be my duty then to serve my State and section; my duty now seems to be to help good people everywhere to restore the Union and to heal the wounds of the war."

"I'm *very* glad to hear you say so," exclaimed Miss Tewksbury in a tone that made Helen shiver; "I was afraid it was quite otherwise. It seems to me that if I lived here, I should either hate the people who conquered me, or else the sin of slavery would weigh heavily on my conscience."

"I can appreciate that feeling, I think," said General Garwood, "but the American conscience is a very healthy one—not likely to succumb to influences that are mainly malarial in their nature; and even from your point of view some good can be found in American slavery."

"I have never found it," said Miss Tewksbury.

"You must admit that but for slavery the negroes who are here would be savages in Africa. As it is they have had the benefit of more than two hundred years' contact with the white race. If they are at all fitted for citizenship, the result is due to the civilizing influence of slavery. It seems to me that they are vastly better off as American citizens, even though they have endured the discipline of slavery, than they would be as savages in Africa."

Miss Tewksbury's eyes snapped. "Did this make slavery right?" she asked.

"Not at all," said the general, smiling at the lady's earnestness. "But at least it is something of an excuse for American slavery. It seems to be an evidence that providence had a hand in the whole unfortunate business."

But in spite of these discussions and controversies, the general made himself so thoroughly agreeable in every way, and was so thoughtful in his attentions, that by the time Helen and her aunt arrived at Azalia they were disposed to believe that he had placed them under many obligations, and they said so; but the general insisted that it was he who had been placed under obligations, and he declared it to be his intention to discharge a few of them as soon as the ladies found themselves comfortably settled in the little town to which Dr. Buxton had banished them.

III.

AZALIA was a small town, but it was a comparatively comfortable one. For years and years before the war it had been noted as the

meeting-place of the wagon-trains by means of which the planters transported their produce to market. It was on the highway that led from the cotton plantations of middle Georgia to the city of Augusta. It was also a stopping-place for the stage-coaches that carried the mails. Azalia was not a large town, even before the war, when, according to the testimony of the entire community, it was at its best, and it certainly had not improved any since the war. There was room for improvement, but no room for progress, because there was no necessity for progress. The people were contented. They were satisfied with things as they existed, though they had an honest, provincial faith in the good old times that were gone. They had but one regret,—that the railroad station, four miles away, had been named Azalia. It is true, the station consisted of a water-tank and a little pigeon-house where tickets were sold, but the people of Azalia proper felt that it was in the nature of an outrage to give so fine a name to so poor a place. They derived some satisfaction, however, from the fact that the world at large found it necessary to make a distinction between the two places. Azalia was called "Big Azalia," and the railroad station was known as "Little Azalia."

Away back in the forties, or perhaps even earlier, when there was some excitement in all parts of the country in regard to railroad building, one of Georgia's most famous orators had alluded in the legislature to Azalia as "the natural gateway of the commerce of the Empire State of the South." This fine phrase stuck in the memories of the people of Azalia and their posterity, and the passing traveler, since that day and time, has heard a good deal of it. There is no doubt that the figure was fairly applicable before the railways were built, for, as has been explained, Azalia was the meeting-place of the wagon-trains from all parts of the State in going to market. When the cotton-laden wagons met at Azalia they parted company no more until they had reached Augusta. The natural result of this was that Azalia, in one way and another, saw a good deal of life—much that was entertaining, and a good deal that was exciting. Another result was that the people had considerable practice in the art of hospitality; for it frequently happened that the comfortable tavern, which Azalia's commercial importance had made necessary at a very early period of the town's history, was full to overflowing with planters accompanying their wagons and lawyers traveling from court to court. At such times the worthy townspeople would come to the rescue, and offer the shelter of their homes to the belated wayfarer.

There was another feature of Azalia worthy of attention. It was in a measure the site and center of a mission—the headquarters, so to speak, of a very earnest and patient effort to infuse energy and ambition into that indescribable class of people known in that region as the piney-woods “tackies.” Within a stone’s-throw of Azalia there was a scattering settlement of these tackies. They had settled there before the revolution, and had remained there ever since, unchanged and unchangeable, steeped in poverty of the most desolate description and living the narrowest lives possible in this great Republic. They had attracted the attention of the Rev. Arthur Hill, an Episcopalian minister, who conceived an idea that the squalid settlement near Azalia afforded a fine field for missionary labor. Mr. Hill established himself in Azalia, built and furnished a little church in the settlement, and entered on a career of the most earnest and persevering charity. To all appearances his labor was thrown away, but he was possessed by both faith and hope, and never allowed himself to be disheartened. All his time, as well as the modest fortune left him by his wife, who was dead, was devoted to the work of improving and elevating the tackies, and he never permitted himself to doubt for an instant that reasonable success was crowning his efforts. He was gentle, patient, and somewhat finical.

This was the neighborhood towards which Miss Eustis and her aunt had journeyed. Fortunately for these ladies, Major Haley, the genial tavern-keeper, had a habit of sending a hack to meet every train that stopped at Little Azalia. It was not a profitable habit in the long run, but Major Haley thought little of the profits so long as he was conscious that the casual traveler had abundant reason to be grateful to him. Major Haley himself was a native of Kentucky, but his wife was a Georgian, inheriting her thrift and her economy from a generation that knew more about the hand-loom, the spinning-wheel, and the cotton-cards than it did about the piano. She admired her husband, who was a large, fine-looking man, with jocular tendencies, but she disposed of his opinions without ceremony when they came in conflict with her own. Under these circumstances it was natural that she should have charge of the tavern and all that appertained thereto.

General Garwood, riding by from Little Azalia, whither his saddle-horse had been sent to meet him, had informed the major that two ladies from the North were coming in the hack, and begged him to make them as comfortable as possible. This information Major Haley dutifully carried to his wife.

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“Good Lord!” exclaimed Mrs. Haley, “what do you reckon they want here?”

“I’ve been a-studyin’,” said her husband thoughtfully. “The gener’l says they’re comin’ fer their health.”

“Well, it’s a mighty fur cry for health,” said Mrs. Haley emphatically. “I’ve seen some monst’ous sick people around here; and if anybody ’ll look at them tackies out on the Ridge yonder, and then tell me there’s any health in this neighborhood, then I’ll give up. I don’t know how in the wide world we’ll fix up for ’em. That everlastin’ nigger went and made too much fire in the stove and tee-totally ruind my light-bread; I could ’a’ cried, I was so mad; and then on top er that the whole dinin’-room is tore up from top to bottom.”

“Well,” said the major, “we’ll try and make ’em comfortable, and if they ain’t comfortable it won’t be our fault. Jest you whirl in and put on some of your Greene county style, Maria. That’ll fetch ’em.”

“It may fetch ’em, but it won’t feed ’em,” said the practical Maria.

The result was that when Helen Eustis and her aunt became the guests of this poor little country tavern, they were not only agreeably disappointed as to their surroundings, but they were better pleased than they would have been at one of the most pretentious caravansaries. Hotel luxury is comfortable enough to those who make it a point to appreciate what they pay for; but the appointments of luxury can neither impart nor compensate for the lack of the atmosphere that mysteriously conveys some impression or reminiscence of home. In the case of Helen and her aunt, this impression was conveyed and confirmed by a quilt of curious pattern on one of the beds in their rooms.

“My dear,” said Miss Tewksbury, after making a critical examination, “your grandmother had just such a quilt as this. Yes, she had two. I remember the first one was quite a bone of contention between your mother and me, and so your grandmother made two. I declare,” Miss Tewksbury continued, with a sigh, “it quite carries me back to old times.”

“It is well made,” said Helen, giving the stitches a critical examination, “and the colors are perfectly matched. Really, this is something to think about, for it fits none of our theories. Perhaps, Aunt Harriet, we have accidentally discovered some of our long-lost relatives. It would be nice and original to substitute a beautiful quilt for the ordinary strawberry mark.”

“Well, the sight of it is comforting, anyhow,” said Miss Tewksbury, responding to the half-serious humor of her niece by pressing

her thin lips together and tossing her gray ringlets.

As she spoke, a negro boy, apparently about ten years old, stalked unceremoniously into the room, balancing a large stone pitcher on his head. His hands were tucked beneath his white apron, and the pitcher seemed to be in imminent danger of falling, but he smiled and showed his white teeth.

"I come fer ter fetch dish yer pitcher er water, ma'm. Miss 'Ria say she speck you lak fer have 'im right fresh from de well."

"Aren't you afraid you'll drop it?" said Miss Eustis.

"Lor, 'no'm!" exclaimed the boy, emphasizing his words by increasing his grin. "I been ca'um dis away sence I ain't no bigger dan my li'l' buddy. Miss 'Ria, she say dat w'at make I so bow-legged."

"What is your name?" inquired Miss Tewksbury, with some degree of solemnity, as the boy deposited the pitcher on the wash-stand.

"Mammy, she say I un name Willum, but Mars Maje en de turrer folks, dey des calls me Bill. I run'd off en sot in de school-'ouse all day one day, but dat mus' 'a' been a mighty bad day, kaze I ain't never year um say wherrer I wuz name Willum, er wherrer I wuz des name Bill. Miss 'Ria, she say dat 'tain't make no diffunce w'at folks' name is, long ez day come w'en dey year turrer folks holl'in' at um."

"Don't you go to school, child?" Miss Tewksbury inquired, with dignified sympathy.

"I start in once," said William, laughing, "but mos' time I git dar de nigger man w'at do de teachin' tuck'n snatch de book out'n my han' en say I got 'im upper-side down. I tole 'im dat de onliest way w'at I kin git my lesson, en den dat nigger man tuck'n lam me side de head. Den atter school bin turn out, I is hide myse'f side de road, en w'en dat nigger man come 'long, I up wid a rock en I fetched 'im a clip dat mighty nigh double 'im up. You ain't never is year no nigger man holler lak dat nigger man. He run'd en tole Mars Peyt. dat de Kukluckers wuz atter 'im. Mars Peyt. he try ter quile 'im, but dat nigger man done gone!"

"Don't you think you did wrong to hit him?" Miss Tewksbury asked.

"Dat w'at Miss 'Ria say. She say I oughter be shame er myse'f by good rights; but w'at dat nigger man wanten come hurtin' my feelin' fer w'en I settin' dar studyin' my lesson des hard ez I kin, right spang out'n de book, en spozen she wuz upper-side down, wa'n't de lesson in dar all de time, kaze how she gwine spill out?"

William was very serious,—indeed, he was

indignant,—when he closed his argument. He turned to go out, but paused at the door and said:

"Miss 'Ria say supper be ready 'mos' 'fo' you kin turn 'roun', but she say ef you too tired out she'll have it sont up." William paused, rolled his eyes towards the ceiling, smacked his mouth, and added: "I gwine fetch in de batter-cakes myse'f!"

Miss Tewksbury felt in her soul that she ought to be horrified at this recital; but she was grateful that she was not amused.

"Aunt Harriet," cried Helen, when William had disappeared, "this is better than the sea-shore. I am stronger already. My only regret is that Henry P. Bassett, the novelist, is not here. The last time I saw him he was moping and complaining that his occupation was almost gone because he had exhausted all the types—that's what he calls them. He declared he would be compelled to take his old characters and give them a new outfit of emotions. Oh, if he were only here!"

"I hope you feel that you are in some sense responsible for all this, Helen," said Miss Tewksbury solemnly.

"Do you mean the journey, Aunt Harriet, or the little negro?"

"My dear child, don't pretend to misunderstand me. I cannot help feeling that if we had done and were doing our whole duty, this — this poor negro—Ah, well! it is useless to speak of it. We are on missionary ground, but our hands are tied. Oh, I wish Elizabeth Mappis were here! She would teach us our duty."

"She wouldn't teach me mine, Aunt Harriet," said Helen seriously. "I wouldn't give one grain of your common sense for all that Elizabeth Mappis has written and spoken. What have her wild theories to do with these people? She acts like a man in disguise. When I see her striding about delivering her harangues, I always imagine she is wearing a pair of cow-hide boots as a sort of stimulus to her masculinity. Ugh! I'm glad she isn't here."

Ordinarily, Miss Tewksbury would have defended Mrs. Elizabeth Mappis, but she remembered that a defense of that remarkable woman, as remarkable for her intellect as for her courage, was unnecessary at all times, and, in this instance, absolutely uncalled for. Moreover, the clangor of the supper-bell, which rang out at that moment, would have effectually drowned out whatever Miss Tewksbury might have chosen to say in behalf of Mrs. Mappis.

The bell-ringer was William, the genial little negro whose acquaintance the ladies had made, and he performed his duty with an unction that left nothing to be desired. The bell

was so large that William was compelled to use both hands in swinging it. He bore it from the dining-room to the hall and thence from one veranda to the other, making fuss enough to convince everybody that those who ate at the tavern were on the point of enjoying another of the famous meals prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Haley.

There was nothing in the dining-room to invite the criticism of Helen and her aunt, even though they had been disposed to be critical; there was no evidence of slatternly management. Everything was plain, but neat. The ceiling was high and wide, and the walls were of dainty whiteness, relieved here and there by bracket-shelves containing shiny crockery and glass-ware. The oil-lamps gave a mellow light through the simple but unique paper shades with which they had been fitted. Above the table, which extended the length of the room, was suspended a series of large fans. These fans were connected by a cord, so that when it became necessary to cool the room, or to drive away the flies, one small negro, by pulling a string, could set them all in motion.

Over this dining-room Mrs. Haley presided. She sat at the head of the table, serene, cheerful, and watchful, anticipating the wants of each and every one who ate at the board. She invited Helen and her aunt to seats near her own, and somehow managed to convince them, veteran travelers though they were, that hospitality such as hers was richly worth paying for.

"I do hope you'll make out to be comfortable in this poor little neighborhood," she said, as the ladies lingered over their tea, after the other boarders—the clerks and the shop-keepers—had bolted their food and fare. "I have my hopes and I have my doubts. General Garwood says you're come to mend your health," she continued, regarding the ladies with the critical eye of one who has had something to do with herbs and simples, "and I've been tryin' my best to pick out which is the sick one, but it's a mighty hard matter. Yet I won't go by looks, because if folks looked bad every time they felt bad, they'd be some mighty peaked people in this world, off and on. William, run and fetch in some hot batter-cakes."

"I am the alleged invalid," said Helen. "I am the victim of a conspiracy between my aunt here and our family physician. Aunt Harriet, what do you suppose Dr. Buxton would say if he knew how comfortable we are at this moment? I dare say he would write a letter and order us off to some other point."

"My niece," said Miss Tewksbury, by way of explanation, "has weak lungs, but she has

never permitted herself to acknowledge the fact."

"Well, my goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Haley, "if that's all, we'll have her well and sound in a little or no time. Why, when I was her age, I had a hackin' cough and a rackin' pain in my breast night and day, and I fell off till my own blood kin didn't know me. Everybody give me up, but old Miss Polly Flanders in Hancock, right j'inin' county from Greene, she sent me word to make me some mullein tea and drink sweet milk right fresh from the cow, and from that day to this I've never know'd what weak lungs was. I reckon you'll be mighty lonesome here," said Mrs. Haley, after William had returned with a fresh supply of batter-cakes, "but you'll find folks mighty neighborly, once you come to know 'em. And, bless goodness! here's one of 'em now. Howdy, Emma Jane?"

A tall, ungainly-looking woman stood in the door of the drawing-room leading to the kitchen. Her appearance showed the most abject poverty. Her dirty sun-bonnet had fallen back from her head and hung on her shoulders. Her hair was of a reddish-gray color, and its frazzled and tangled condition suggested that the woman had recently passed through a period of extreme excitement; but this suggestion was promptly corrected by the wonderful serenity of her face—a pale, unhealthy-looking face, with sunken eyes, high cheek-bones, and thin lips that seemed never to have troubled themselves to smile; a burnt-out face that had apparently surrendered to the past and had no hope for the future. The Puritan simplicity of the woman's dress made her seem taller than she really was, but this was the only illusion about her. Though her appearance was uncouth and ungainly, her manner was unembarrassed. She looked at Helen with some degree of interest, and to the latter it seemed that misery, hopeless but unabashed, gazed at her with a significance at once pathetic and appalling. In response to Mrs. Haley's salutation, the woman seated herself in the doorway and sighed.

"You must be tired, Emma Jane, not to say howdy," said Mrs. Haley, with a smile. The woman raised her right hand above her head and allowed it to drop helplessly into her lap.

"Ti-ud! Lordy, Lordy! how kin a pore creetur' like me be ti-ud? Hain't I thes natally made out'n i'on?"

"Well, I won't go so fur as to say that, Emma Jane," said Mrs. Haley, "but you're mighty tough. Now, you know that yourself."

"Yes'n—yes'n. I'm made out'n i'on. Lordy, Lordy! I thes natally hone for some un ter come along an' tell me what makes me

h'ist up an' walk away over yan' ter the railroad track an' set thar tell the ingine shoves by. I wisht some un ud up an' tell me what makes me so restless an' oneasy, ef it hain't 'cause I'm hongry; I thes wisht they would. Passin' on by, I sez ter myself, s'I, 'Emma Jane Stucky,' s'I, 'ef you know what's good fer your wholesome,' s'I, 'you'll sneak in on Miss Haley, 'cause you'll feel better,' s'I, 'ef you don't no more'n tell 'er howdy,' s'I. Lordy, Lordy! I dunner what ud 'come er me ef I hadn't a bin m'ade out'n i'on."

"Emma Jane," said Mrs. Haley, in the tone of one who is humoring a child, "these ladies are from the North."

"Yes'n," said the woman, glancing at Helen and her aunt with the faintest expression of pity, "yes'n, I hearn tell you had comp'ny. Hit's a mighty long ways fum this, the North, hain't it, Miss Haley — a long ways fuder'n Tennessey? Well, the Lord knows, I pity um fum the bottom of my heart, that I do — a-bein' such a long ways fum home."

"The North is ever so much further than Tennessee," said Helen pleasantly, almost unconsciously assuming the tone employed by Mrs. Haley; "but the weather is so very cold there that we have to run away sometimes."

"You're right, honey," said Mrs. Stucky, hugging herself with her long arms. "I wisht I could run away fum it myself. Ef I wa'n't made out'n i'on, I dunner how I'd stan' it. Lordy! when the win' sets in from the East hit in about runs me plum distracted. Hit kills lots an' lots er folks, but they hain't made out'n i'on like me."

While Mrs. Stucky was describing the vigorous constitution that had enabled her to survive in the face of various difficulties, and in spite of many mishaps, Mrs. Haley was engaged in making up a little parcel of victuals. This she handed to the woman.

"Thanky-do! thanky-do, ma'am! Me an' my son 'll set down an' wallop this up, an' say thanky-do all the time, an' atter we're done we'll wipe our mouves an' say thanky-do."

"I reckon you ladies 'll think we're mighty queer folks down here," said Mrs. Haley, with an air of apology, after Mrs. Stucky had retired, "but I declare I can't find it in my heart to treat that poor creetur' out of the way. I set and look at her sometimes, and I wish I may never budge if I don't come mighty nigh cryin'. She ain't hardly fittin' to live, and if she's fittin' to die, she's lots better off than the com-

mon run of folks. But she's mighty worry-some. She pesters me lots mor'n I ever let on."

"The poor creature!" exclaimed Miss Tewksbury, "I am truly sorry for her — truly sorry."

"Ah! so am I," said Helen. "I propose to see more of her. I am interested in just such people."

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Haley dryly, "if you like sech folks, it's a thousand pities you've come here, for you'll git a doste of 'em. Yes'm, that you will; a doste of 'em that'll last you as long as you live, if you live to be one of the patrioks. And you nee'n'ter be sorry for Emma Jane Stucky, neither. Jest as you see her now, jesso she's been a-goin' on fer twenty year, an' jest as you see her now, jesso she's been a-lookin' ev'ry sence anybody around here has been a-knowin' her."

"Her history must be a pathetic one," said Miss Tewksbury with a sigh.

"Her what, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Haley.

"Her history, the story of her life," responded Miss Tewksbury. "I dare say it is very touching."

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Haley, "Emma Jane Stucky is like one of them there dead pines out there in the clearin'. If you had a stack of almanacs as high as a hoss-rack, you couldn't pick out the year she was young and sappy. She must 'a' started out as a light'd knot, and she's been a-gittin' tougher year in an' year out, till now she's tougher'n the toughest. No'm," continued Mrs. Haley, replying to an imaginary argument, "I ain't predijiced agin the poor creetur' — the Lord knows I ain't. If I was, no vittels would she git from me — not a scrimption."

"I never saw such an expression on a human countenance," said Helen. "Her eyes will haunt me as long as I live."

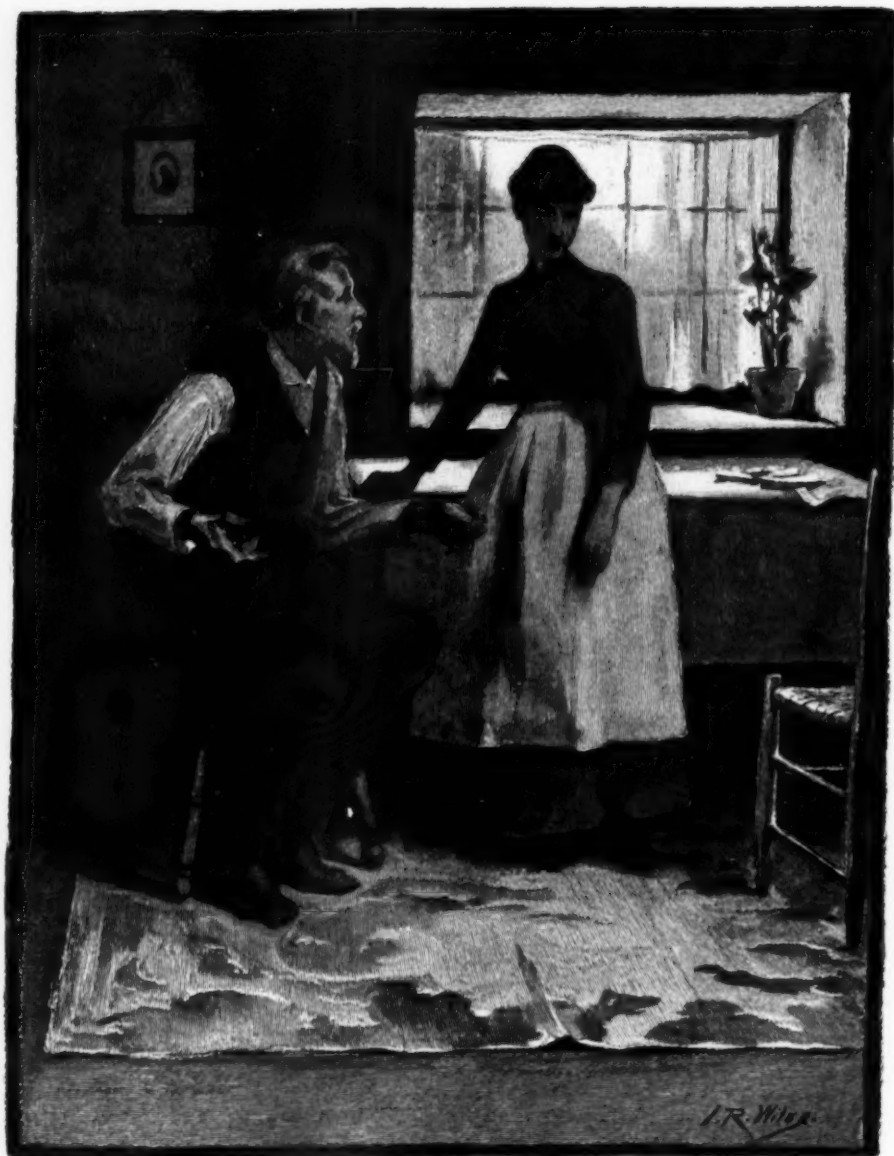
"Bless your soul and body, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Haley; "if you're going to let that poor creetur's looks pester you, you'll be worried to death, as certain as the world. There's a hunderd in this settlement jest like her, and ther' must be more'n that, old an' young, 'cause the children look to be as old as the'r grannies. I reckon maybe you ain't used to seein' piney-woods tackies. Well, ma'am, you wait till you come to know 'em, and if you are in the habits of bein' ha'nted by looks, you'll be the wuss ha'nted mortal in this land, 'less'n it's 'em that's got the sperrit-rappin' after 'em."

(To be continued.)

Joel Chandler Harris.



"I CAME FER TER FETCH DISH VER PITCHER ER WATER." (Page 550.)



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

"NOTHIN' TO SAY."

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

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NOTHIN' TO SAY.

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to *me*—
Yit here *I* am, and here *you* air! and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: Purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes.
Like her, too, about *livin'* here, because *she* couldn't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page—
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyaured 'em, but ef yer agoin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rickollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old then!
And *now* yer—how old air you? Why, child, *not* "twenty!" When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that day?
. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but—I hain't got nothin' to say!

'Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

James Whitcomb Riley.

OUR KIVIGTOK.

AN EPISODE OF THE LADY FRANKLIN BAY EXPEDITION.



His name was Jens Edwards, and he was an Innuít, that is to say, a man; for with more than Saxon pride the Eskimo has always claimed his own to be the race of the world. He was born in 1843. He died in his kayak at sea, as had his father before him. That he met his death while striving for game to feed his starving comrades, slowly dying on the bleak, barren bluff of Sabine, is why I tell you the story of his life, and how he was our Kivigtok.

The incidents of early years were gathered partly from his own words, but the general outlines came from my surgeon and from the Danish officials at Upernivik.

His birthplace was on the little island of Proven, one of the small outposts of the Royal Danish Trade, around which cluster the Eskimos of the West Greenland coast. The long arctic night, which at Proven is unbroken by

sun for over ten weeks, gives ample time for improvement; and beside a knowledge of printed text, the gentle Danish priest had taught Jens the doctrines of the catechism, and had attuned his voice to the fervent Eskimo hymns, weird chants of praise which seem very outbursts of the soul, and which make such a strong impression on European minds.

It may be that religious feeling is largely a part of the Eskimo nature, or perhaps that school and church are as much diversion as duty, and so are welcomed as glad and happy breaks in the monotony of continual darkness or eternal sunshine. In such manner, at all events, were the winters of Jens Edwards' childhood passed.

The lavish care and affection always shown by the Greenlanders to their children had been peculiarly his. His father rehearsed to him the old Innuít tales and traditions, which ever turned on those sports and labors that were to be the end and aim of his life, the



OUR LAST SIGHT OF THE "PROTEUS."

hunt of the bear and seal, and the journeys to the fabled inland country, habited by reindeer and conjurers. In early spring, when want came and famine threatened, he had with unbroken fast followed in stealthy tread his father from his sledge to the seal-net, and when skill and fortune gave a *Neitsik*, had learned how to flay deftly its skin and separate from the rich, dark meat the thick creamy layers of solid blubber, which with the hairy pelt could be bartered with the *Coloni-bestyrer* for scant supplies of bread and coffee.

In summer days, when plenty reigns and strength abides, when the polar sun for many weeks gives life and vigor to all nature, he had learned while yet a mere child the rudiments of *kayaking*.

This dangerous craft is gradually dying out in Greenland, and only the brighter and more ambitious boys acquire it. Practice must commence at a tender age, and must be continued assiduously. Jens had a pride and delight in the art, such as was unusual in his settlement. For those who have never seen a kayak I will imperfectly describe it as a shuttle-shaped boat, consisting of a wooden frame-work, which is fastened together generally by seal-skin thongs, and over which is stretched a

covering of tanned seal-skin as neatly and tightly as in the sheep-skin of a drum-head. The skin covering is so well tanned, and it is so deftly sewn together with sinew thread by the Eskimo women, that no drop of water finds its way through skin or seam. The use of seal thong in uniting the stanchions gives great strength and equal elasticity, allowing with impunity great shocks which otherwise would destroy so frail a structure. The boat is usually some fifteen feet long, and from its central point gently curves upward — from a width of twenty and a depth of ten inches — to pointed ends. Both prow and stern are carefully armed with a thin molding of walrus ivory, which is a protection to the skin covering when the hunter, spinning through the water, strikes small ice, or, in landing, so throws forward and upward his kayak that boat and man slide easily and safely up the edge on to the level surface of a floe. The only opening is a circular hole with a bone or wooden ring, its size being strictly limited to the circumference of the hips of the largest hunter who is to use it.

A waterproof combination jacket and mitten of oil-tanned seal-skin is worn by the hunter, who tightly laces the bottom to the

ring, so that no water can enter the kayak. Thus equipped, the Innuut hunter faces seas which would swamp any other craft, and plunges safely through the heaviest surf. A single oar, with a blade at each end, in skillful and trained hands propels this unballasted, unsteady craft with great rapidity, and it moves through the water at a rate varying from five to ten miles an hour, according to the character of the sea and the exigency of the occasion. The oar properly handled enables an expert to rise to the surface, if, as happens at times, the boat is overturned.

The kayak of the Eskimo is probably unsurpassed in ingenuity by the boating devices of any other savage people of the globe. Its essential points of lightness, buoyancy, and structural strength are marvelously well adapted to the varying and dangerous conditions under which an Eskimo provider seeks his sea game. This tiny craft with all hunting gear weighs scarcely 50 pounds, and will carry a load of some 200 pounds besides its occupant.

In a few short summers Jens became one of the most expert kayakers of his settlement, and as years rolled on he timidly passed from the quiet water of the adjoining inlet to the broader expanses of Salmon Fiord, and later boldly ventured in search of seal into the open sea, which beats, often with turbulent and furious force, against the battling crags stretching northward from Proven to meet the majestic cliff of Sanderson's Hope. Before he was fifteen, a proud and happy boy, he brought from the sea, trailing after his kayak, a seal caught by harpoon and bladder, and was received with feast and ceremony as a hunter among hunters. In such wise was he trained and grew to manhood, and it was known that a more active and clever youth could not be found in Proven. His obliging disposition and his expertness in various kinds of handicraft made him a useful man to the colony, and as an underworkman he could easily have had a place in the Royal Trade, the dream and crown of many a Greenlander's life. But Jens was made of better stuff. His father just then perished, as does many an Eskimo hunter, while chasing the seal in the treacherous waters and among the arctic ice of Baffin's Bay. It may be that, unable to turn his frail kayak in heavy seas and strong winds, he strove against them until he became completely exhausted, and the elements prevailed and he perished. Perchance, having struck a large seal or lanced a white whale, the excited hunter failed to throw the bladder, and with his kayak caught by the encircling coils of seal thong, was dragged to death by the game he had struck. At all events, the father, fasting, as do all good

hunters in Greenland when seeking the seal at sea, went forth and never returned.

Jens then determined to assume that place in the settlement which is upheld by force of custom as the most honorable for a Greenlander, and so became a provider.

This term in Greenland means that a man, to the best of his ability, shall follow the profession of a hunter in the sea, until physically disabled or succeeded by an able-bodied son. All Eskimos are land hunters, but hunting on the sea, from its great dangers, demands sound judgment, great physical strength, marked activity, and continuous practice. The death of his father, as it occurred at sea, was not without its influence as to his decision. It may be that in those children of the ice there is a touch of that same fatalism which is found among the sons of the desert, for in Greenland the son is bound to brave and defy the powers which have caused his father's death; and if in storm or ice that father has perished at sea, so much more the reason that the son by his skill as a kayaker should well acquit himself in the same calling. As years passed by, Jens took to himself a wife—not after the old Greenlandic fashion of infant betrothal and forced marriage, but by the Christian law which was more in keeping with his gentle spirit and early training.

In all these years he was the same helpful, industrious Jens who sought with earnest zeal to do his duty to his family and the village. No matter how late the spring, how early the autumn, or how hard the winter, his hut was never found without its oil or meat, brought from the sea by Jens's patient skill and unerring lance. When famine threatened in hard seasons, he of all never sought aid from the Trade. Only at such times he denied bread and coffee to his own, for his great, warm heart, touched by the misery around, gave to his starving fellows the blubber which would have bought these luxuries.

In these years he heard much of Hans Hendrik, who had written in Eskimo text his life, telling of his travels into the far north with Kane, Hayes, and Nares to lands where the inland ice was scarcely known, where reindeer were plentiful, and where even the musk-ox, the famous and traditional umimak, was to be found straying down to the sea from the fertile valleys of the interior.

These travels of Hans served long as winter talk for all Greenland, as in the gossip of its long arctic night is told and retold all that has been done or said in years throughout its thousand miles of inhabited coast. So the seed sown by his father's tales was fructified by the adventures of Hans. Then came to the country the forerunner of our

expedition, a skillful doctor, who spent much time with the natives, who learned to drive a dog-team, and like an Innuït ran after the sledge, who talked of the far north and promised game and adventures for Jens and good Danish coin for the family if he would go with him and his, the coming year. So it was that Jens Edwards, with tears in his eyes but courage in his heart, came one day to our little launch, in Proven, and, saying farewell to weeping wife and babes, sailed up the ice-bound coast to Upernivik and us.

As he came on board the *Proteus*, he stood before me a true Greenlander,— alert, active, and nimble in kayak or boat, in handling the oar, in throwing the lance, or using the gun; yet in other movements he showed that awkwardness which always comes in the use of untrained muscles. He was short, even for an Eskimo, being scarcely five feet in height. His complexion and general physiognomy struck me as distinctly Mongolian, of a shade between the Chinese and the Japanese. His coal-black hair was coarse and plentiful, and his black eyes were set in almond-shaped orifices. His face was broad and beardless, his nose flat, and his head very large, with neck short and thick. To a broad, full chest, stout arms and legs, were united small, well-formed hands and feet, the latter diminutive and shapely enough for a lady. He brought his fateful kayak and all needful weapons for sea-chase, which received his unceasing care and attention. His agreement bound him for duty as dog-driver and hunter and for such other cheerful service as I might exact, and in return he or his family was to receive twenty-five dollars in American gold each month. He was further to receive good and sufficient food and clothing, and in case of death in service I was to attempt to procure a pension for his family. He was pledged by the Royal Inspector to be honest, truthful, industrious, and faithful. I found him always busy and helpful, the most truthful being I have ever known, honest to the core, and faithful unto death.

So he sailed northward, and stood as one of us at Conger that eventful August day, watching the *Proteus*, as departing she forced her way slowly through the grinding pack and, vanishing from sight, left us isolated dwellers on the utmost verge of the world. The sun left us at Conger the middle of October, but the monotonous routine of arctic life had long before been entered on. The continued darkness, the utter solitude of external nature, the unvarying round of duties, the constant sight of the same faces and the sound of the same voices, had their effect on even the least impressionable man, and called for unusual strength of will to meet them undisturbed.

But to our emotional Eskimos the trial was greater. It is true they had from childhood undergone the hardships of an arctic winter, but in that northern hamlet of Proven, on the darkest day the noonday sun yet came within five degrees of the horizon, and gave such twilight as permitted regular labor and exercise at midday.

In early December Jens had varying spells of marked cheerfulness and of moody depression. At times he came to see and talk with me, a liberty I always encouraged, though it seemed to him a great one, from an idea, ever present in those simple minds, as to the exalted station of a governor or inspector. In plain, simple phrases, a quaint broken mixture of English and Eskimo, he talked of wife and children, whom he had left, who were so dear to his heart, so far from his sight. His wish to see, to know of them, was so strong that I repented at times of having ever offered the shining gold which influenced at least the Danish governor to favor his coming.

December 13th came, a dull morning, the sky hidden by dense masses of low, leaden clouds, which with the rising temperature gave sure signs of coming snow. The air, though fairly warm for Grinnell Land, at a temperature below zero thirty degrees, was yet raw and chilling, being full of little spiculæ of falling frost, which fast fills the beard, covers the face and eyebrows, and glues together the eyelids. At such times a faint breath of air is only needed to cover you, from chin to forehead, with a mask of ice, which thickens with incredible rapidity. The dry, cold air of yesterday, which, inhaled, excites the inner membranes like sparkling wine, had given place to-day to a moist, damp medium, which benumbed and stupefied, instead of vivifying. A taste of the coming storm, a mere glance at the leaden sky, had been quite enough for the officers on rising, and they quickly gathered around our cheerful oak table, whose bright silver and snowy linen gave some zest to our morning meal. As we somberly ate, for the hundredth time we looked askant at each other, and wondered if the pallid tint of yellowish white came from the bleaching, impending darkness, or from illness, and if our own was like to other faces.

We had hardly finished our meal when the orderly, Sergeant Brainard, knocked at the door and told me that Jens was gone.

"Gone where?" I asked.

"No one knows, sir, but Eskimo Frederik says he has gone."

I found that the cook had heard him rise and wash at seven o'clock, but no one had since seen him.

Sergeants Rice and Brainard were at once ordered to search for tracks near the house.

In order that no chance should fail, and before the general parties should start, the trail must be found. To that end I directed them, each with a man, to take torches, and going east a quarter of a mile, to separate and travel in opposite half-circles until they met west of the stations or found Jens's footsteps. If all had gone at one time or in an ordinary manner, the faint trail would have been obscured, and could have been picked up only with great difficulty.

As it was, Sergeant Rice found triple tracks on the Dutch Island path, two of which were yet clear in the recent-fallen frost, and of a person traveling toward the straits. Following them, he found that one turned back, evidently the trail of Frederik, who had before looked for Jens, but who, being without torch or lantern, could not see the footprints. Rice, sending back word that the trail had been found, and requesting a dog-sledge, continued on the track, accompanied by Private Whistler, whose zeal had led him to go without orders or even proper clothing. The dog-sledge left at once, under charge of the surgeon, with Sergeant Brainard and Eskimo Frederik. Rice found a good road for about two miles,—the beaten track over the paleocrystic floes, which daily was trodden by us, and which somehow intuitively in the beginning had been marked out toward home and friends—to the sunny and much-loved south.

By the time Dutch Island was reached the flaming turpentine torch was nearly empty, and at the end of the beaten path, where Jens had turned to the tortuous, winding maze of tangled ice-foot, it cast its glaring light only long enough to show that our Eskimo had turned toward the north and darkness, rather than toward the south and Proven. The course to the northeast led to Cape Beechy, the nearest point to Greenland, and he doubtless thought some time and in some unknown way he might pass the wild waste of rough ice, and with the rising coast of his native land find too, through its magic inland country, his home and loved ones.

How should the trail be farther followed? To return for a lantern was to lose time and perhaps lose the man, who might even then be perishing from cold. To go on without light was almost impossible, for so utter the darkness, so dense the falling haze of frost, that even the active, quick-eyed Jens had often fallen in the good road. As they turned back it occurred to Rice that in his outer pocket was a bit of candle which at times he used when noting the tide, his daily duty.

Lighting the candle, they found the tracks and went slowly on, experiencing many a fall in the chaotic masses of rough broken ice. In

a mile's travel the candle was relighted a dozen times, and as Rice was about waiting for the sledge he got a bad fall, by which he discovered, to his dismay, that he had not only lost the candle but had also disabled his right arm.

While they were searching for the candle, the dog-sledge with fresh torches came up, and the surgeon, finding that Rice could walk, sent him back to the station under the care of the ill-clad Whistler.

The doctor hurried on after Brainard and the sledge, and finally, near St. Patrick Bay, the party overtook Jens walking moodily on, heeding no cries, and turning no glance backward until he was reached and touched. Even then he would not talk, but silently took what was offered and fell into his wonted place behind the upstanders, at the rear of the sledge. Jens had gone nearly a dozen miles before he was caught. Clothed only for the warm quarters he had left, he had gone into the darkness and cold bare-handed and without a taste of food, and now took, as "good the gods provided," the fur mittens and plain bread his captors had brought with them.

The march in, which would have been slow and tedious from the roughness of the ice alone, was prolonged by the failing torch, which drove them to shore, where the high land and steep cliff had to be followed to insure their safe return. It had been, to begin with, the darkest of our two months of sunless days, but to add to their trouble a thick snow commenced falling, blinding and delaying them further. By good fortune no wind came, or they would have perished to a man. Two hours or more steady work brought them to the grounded floebergs and broken ice-foot at Dutch Island, huge masses of polar ice, at first forced high on the shelving shore in compact shape, and then broken and twisted into endless confusion by the heavy tides. It was no easy task, in utter darkness and falling snow, to wind a way through yawning clefts, or to climb the crests which must be scaled to reach the inner harbor.

The island passed, they struck the beaten path, where the eager dogs, with keen instinct keeping the trail on their wonted road, took up their best pace for home.

The station was but a scant half-mile distant, when loud calls from the side of the road caused a halt. It seemed that Rice, under Whistler's charge, had made slow progress homeward, and that after a time Whistler had begun talking extravagantly. At first Rice thought it was done to distract his mind from pain and to lessen the distance of travel. Soon, however, he found that Whistler was light-headed, a state evidently resulting from the extremely benumbing influence of the damp,

chilly air. Whistler had left the station too thinly clad, without orders, having been animated by excessive zeal for the search, which he did not realize would entail so long an absence. Rice soon found that in place of having help from Whistler he must extend aid to him. Suffering great pain from his shoulder and entirely unable to use one arm, he hardly knew what course to pursue. It had commenced snowing, and he felt if he left Whistler and made his way for help to the station, the man would wander from the way, and certainly perish before help could come. By coaxing and by force, now asking aid which Whistler could not give but which would keep him by his side, and again sharply ordering him to move on when he inclined to stop and stray, Rice managed to bring him within a mile of the station. From that point he could get him along only by pushing and pulling, and with great difficulty could he restrain him from rushing wildly into the outer rough ice, which lined the road.

The doctor and Brainard soon brought the freezing man to the sledge, and were placing him on it, when Jens's brooding heart, which had driven himself out into darkness and death, was moved by a touch of nature, and he at once said, "If he rides, he freezes; he must run behind the sledge."

Only this speech came from his lips during his inward journey, and his wise advice brought Whistler safely to the house, though wild in words and actions, and numb near to death. Eager hands took off the stiff garments, melted the masses of ice which bound fast beard and hair, and chafed the chilled limbs till new life and vigor filled his veins. Rice's shoulder was soon cared for, a bad sprain, but no fracture, being found on examination.

As soon as quiet and order were restored, I at once had Jens brought to my room. It seemed to me that in dealing with a savage, simple nature it was well to avoid delay, which could but end in bad results by giving him time to conjure up false ideas as to what harm would come to him. I had no idea of using threats or blame. The affair had already given much physical pain to two of my men, temporarily disabling both and nearly causing the death of one; but what was that to a man who deliberately turned his back on light, warmth, plenty, and comfort, to risk darkness, cold, want, and death?

I had known how Eskimo Peter had left Hayes, and, wandering from his brig in Foulke Fiord, had perished near the inland ice along the barren shores of Prudhoe Land. The tricks of wily Hans Hendrik were then thought to have caused this desertion, marked by fatal results.

The same Hans, a dog-driver of Captain

Stephenson's, in our very harbor had gone forth to quit his party; but, as he said, not to give pain to his good captain, he dug a hole in the snow a short mile from the ship and let himself be found.

The harsh treatment which Peter feared and Hans feigned to fear could not be in question with us. Jens and his fellow had been treated with great kindness and marked consideration. Mindful of the advice given by the Royal Inspector of North Greenland, I had charged all the men to avoid any jesting or even the semblance of fun with these Eskimos, but to try and show that naught save gentle words and kind thoughts could come from us to them. These orders the men had rigidly obeyed.

I allowed no one to remain in the room with us, so as to spare Jens's feelings, and in the hope that being man to man I might thus the better gain his heart and confidence.

I gave him a glass of brandy—the great favor in Greenland, where *schnapps* cannot be sold to the natives. He drank it, as by order from the "Governor." I gave him some figs—a great delicacy among Greenlanders: he did not wish to take them. Tears sprang to his eyes as he told me he was bad and I was good, and he asked me to take them again. He at length ate one or two, after his simple, hearty, "thank you," which he had ever used as an acknowledgment of the least favor.

Slowly could I draw from him any word as to why he had gone, as to what of good could come to him, and what other than harm to us who had ever done that which was right and good to him and his. I gained little from him that day other than that he sought the inland country of Greenland and wanted to be a Kivigtok.

Day by day he visited me, coming always when I was alone, seating himself in his humble, timid, deprecating way, and telling me in a touching, hesitating manner of his home and wishes, of his wife and tiny babes, on the little island far to the south, whom he was destined never again to see. In the mean time I, fearful of another flight, had put a quiet guard over him by telling the hourly observers to ask his aid always when he was not at the table or in his bed. He was always glad to do a favor, and in this way his whereabouts was known hourly. I had learned, too, from Crantz and Rink what a Kivigtok was.

Among the beliefs german to Greenlanders is one which a century and a half of christianizing influences has been unable to eradicate. The cause of this failure is not far to find, for in this civilized country of ours exists a similar belief, which is openly admitted by some, and a strain of which is to be found in nearly all—that of clairvoyance. This sense the Eskimos usually call *na-lus-sa-er-u-nek*, and

the individual possessing it is called *na-lus-sa-er-u-tok*, which signifies that there exists nothing of which the possessor is not conscious. This gift, through an intuitive knowledge of nature's hidden laws, enables them to accomplish their will by methods unknown to common minds.

A Kivigtok is a man who has fled mankind and through a solitary life amid nature's surroundings has acquired this gift of clairvoyance,—learned to understand the speech of birds and animals, and acquired information as to the foundation of the world. Men usually become Kivigtoks owing to unjust treatment by others or owing to a tongue-lashing by kindred or home-mates which leads them to desire revenge. As Jens had no fear of us nor any fault with his treatment, I could not think the usual causes could be identical with that which drove him away, and after a time my idea was confirmed.

It seemed that the simple, natural man did not—as indeed who of us does?—know himself. He came north, not so much that he might keep the wolf from his humble door as that he might have a glimpse of that beautiful country which his father had told him could be found inland, where reindeer and musk-oxen were plentiful, where meat and skins were in abundance, and the willow and the birch grew to giant trees. He had never before left wife or child for more than a few short days, and he knew not how strongly entwined around his heart were the tendrils of love which bound him to them. The going of the ship had in a way awakened him, but an active life, running after the sledge or hunting game, had saved him from himself until the long arctic night with little work and idle hours had given him time for thought and caused in his heart irrepressible longings.

Twenty years earlier, in the days of the great war, I had seen cold, stern men from the hard, harsh north, who blanched not in battle's heat, feared no foe, and stood at no fatigue, in strange wise waste slowly away, falling sick unto death for lack of face and voice that had been left behind in their burning zeal for our country's cause. In a manner it seemed wonderful then, but to see this child of the ice thus pine away was a new revelation to me. Savage or civilized, Eskimo or Caucasian, in arctic snows or torrid sands, where Love's true flame has once burned the heart ever yields obedience to its master touch.

But as to his reason for choosing this way of returning home, as to what end he hoped to gain by seeking cold and darkness, hunger and desolation, I did not at that time know. The cause was learned later from a narration of one bright experience of his tender years

that he recalled with great delight. The episode had made a deep impression on him not only through the pleasure of that season, but from its after-effect upon his mind and heart. The dull life of a hard, arctic winter always gives way to a certain joy and merriment as the sun comes north, and Nature replaces by a garb of green her winter shroud of white.

The providers of Proven, among whom Jens's father stood high, found it good that they should go that spring into the adjoining fiord to hunt reindeer. The skillful women of the hamlet had done their best with needle and sinew, with thong and skin, so that the *umiaks*, or women's boats, were stanch and water-tight. The tents and household goods were duly collected and piled into large boats. The old people and young children, exempt from hard work, arranged themselves comfortably between the benches, while the young women, lusty and strong, plied busily their oars and followed at a more leisurely pace after the slender kayaks, which far in advance skimmed over the calm waters of the inlet with great speed.

The fiord, at first open to the sea, by a gentle curve changed into a broad land-locked sheet of smooth water, studded with small isles. Its gray crags rose as sheer precipices on each side, fringed and bordered with banks and drifts of the winter's snow. Far away to the eastward the vanishing point of the steep cliffs seemed ever to meet the blue waters, but as they rowed on the bordering land on each side yet rose abrupt and stern. At places, as they passed along, the air resounded with screams and cries of wild sea-fowl that nesting on the high ledges resented this intrusion on their native haunts. As the midnight sun, in its circling course, just dipped to kiss the sharp, gray crest of the barren crags, there rose far to the southeast, illumined by its rays, a faint white line which severed the blue of the sky from its sister color of the sea. It was the first glimpse of the inland ice, that mysterious barrier which the old men said stood only between the hard barren peninsula of Svarte Huk and the land of the Inlanders, the *Tuneks* and the mountain elves.

With Innuït patience they rowed on, and a few hours later pitched their seal-skin tents on the shelving ground which led up from the sea into the inland valleys. Here, to Jens's delight, he saw the famous green trees of which he had heard,—dense copses of willow as thick as his thumb and as high as his head. If nature has denied fair woodlands and green trees to Greenland, and contents herself with casting scant stores of dead drift-wood along its rocky shores, none the less has God implanted in the Innuït strong feelings of delight and pleasure in the tiny shrubs which form its native forests.

Their summer encampment was made beside the clear, cold stream which winter and summer flows from the glacier's front down to the fiord. The main valley was a finely sheltered one, and in many places willow copses were sufficiently abundant to afford ample fuel for cooking their simple repast.

The upturned umiaks, supported at either end by low rock walls, sheltered some of the party, while others were better provided with skin tents, which, stretched over poles, were kept in place by large stones rolled on the outer edge of the tent itself.

These tents were pitched on the same spot, and were secured by the same lichen-covered stones as had been those of their ancestors for many ages. And of one circle Jens's father said to him, "Here my father and my father's father have stood up their tents, as now I place mine." For many weeks these summer tents stood near the head of the fiord, serving as a general encampment. In small parties the hunters, with women and boys, took long journeys into the deep, extensive valleys, up toward the inland ice and westward into Svarte Huk Peninsula. Scant luggage had they, only such as was needful to secure and dress the game. The glacial lakes and streams gave water, and when reindeer failed, an occasional ptarmigan served as food, or under dire stress of hunger the arctic hare was eaten.

When good fortune came and one or more deer were killed, camp was at once made at the first fit place, until hunger was satisfied and rest enjoyed. The women with their skuning-knives soon separated the hide from the meat. Some stretched deftly out the raw hides, that they might be scraped and thus quickly dry in the constant sun, while others gathered scanty fuel from the nearest copses, and soon over a cheery fire their slices of reindeer meat were broiling on flat, heated stones, which answered equally for cooking and serving dishes.

When all were filled with food the pipe came forth, solace to savage as to civilized men, and then were told tales of the reindeer and seal hunt, and traditions of the fair inland country peopled by wizards. When the hour for sleep came a pile of rocks broke the wind which swept downward from the ice to the sea, and with no shelter but the sky they slept until well rested for the next day's hunt. The morrow saw the men and boys searching other valleys, while the patient women, broad belt over forehead, carried large loads of meat and skin to their summer camp.

One day they followed up a broad valley which reached to the very edge of the inland

*The Supreme Being of the ancient Greenlanders was Tornarsuk, but after the advent of Christianity

ice. On each side the gentle slopes of green led up to high, precipitous crags, inaccessible to man or beast. At the head of the valley a projecting spur of the glacial ice-cap rose, a sheer wall of solid ice, hundreds of feet above a fertile nook of grass, mosses, and willows, where a herd of reindeer was feeding. Hemmed in by crag and ice, the whole band fell into their hands. The hunters had walked far, and throwing up a low wall of sod and stones, they camped by their game. The glacial brooks gave purest water, and dead bits of willow mixed with dry turf served for fuel. Their simple meal soon done, they lay down, warm and content, on the fresh reindeer skins, under the shadow of the towering ice cliffs. To the sky above them, like a frozen Niagara, rose the glacial front, a sheer precipice of opaque white marked only in spots with a delicate rosy tinge. Its snowy purity was greatly intensified, as one looked upward, by the bright sunlight, and by its contrast with the perfect blue of the arching sky.

At the glacier's base five small streams, one from a deep cave of cobalt blue, bubbled forth, finding their way over the piles of polished stones and through the masses of reddish moss and green turf plowed up by the advancing ice. Then Jens's father talked with them of the inland ice and the country beyond.

"When my father was a boy," he said, "where now yonder solid wall of ice rises high above us was a fertile valley. Leading far to the south over a gentle slope, it united to the great broad vale which leads down to the sea and looks on the fiord of Omenak where the neitsik leaps and white whales sport and play. Other green valleys stretched to this one from the east, through which the fat reindeer in our long summer day came down from the fair inland country to snuff the air of the sea and taste its brine. Here in those days of yore from far and near the Innuits came for game, and the hunters of Proven and Omenak, from southern and northern fiords, met there in a friendly way. Where then a hundred reindeer roamed, we search in vain for one."

"But how is it," said Jens, "that this broad valley has been filled in and covered with these mountains of ice, which cut us off from the eastern vales and southern seas?"

"It is that Tornarsuk* wanted these green valleys as pasture for the reindeer and great umimak (musk-ox), fit game for his friends."

"But there is naught here save snow and ice," answered Jens. "The deer and umimak cannot feed on ice."

"You see only the outer wall, and not the inner valleys," said his father. "This lofty he was degraded to the position of devil. Many yet cling secretly to the old belief."

ice is but a narrow barrier which separates the fertile hunting-grounds from our barren peninsula. When Tornarsuk needs more ground he spreads outward this inland ice, leaving the fertile valleys behind it, where roam and feed his game." * What Tornarsuk once takes never comes back to us. The reindeer long since were of the coast, but now they stay in those valleys, and those we kill are only small bands which stray downward through the ice fiords. As now the umimak, so in time the reindeer will be his, and to us at last will remain only the barren coast and the icy sea with its game. To his friends those good things, to us that which remains."

"And who are his friends?" said the boy.

"Since remote ages, from Innuut father to son, has been handed down this legend,—and as my father told it to me, so I tell it again to you,—that whosoever boldly lays down his goods and weapons and bravely turning his back on the outer world flees fasting into waste and desert places, to him as a friend shall Tornarsuk come. He shall become a Kivigtok. The strongest bear, the largest whale, the most ferocious walrus shall fall victim to his lance. The reindeer shall not distance him in speed, and even the great umimak that once roamed over these valleys shall fall an easy prey to him. He shall swim like the seal, he shall run as the deer, he shall climb as the umimak, and no harm shall come to him. He shall live to such age that even a Greenlander cannot count the generations which shall come and go in his time. And more, he shall know all things both on sea and land, in the fair inland country and on the barren coast. He shall know the speech of birds, and beast, and fish, and that which they can do he also shall be able to do. And the coming and going of his enemy he shall know, so that he can scare the seal which he would strike or the deer he would shoot. That which he can do against his enemy, the same can he do for his friend. But to see these wonders, to have these powers, it is needful with brave heart, telling none and speaking no word, for the Innuut hunter to go forth fasting and fearing not. In this way only can one be a Kivigtok."

All too soon for young Jens the sun sank at midnight below the level sky, and with coming darkness and cold the return to home and Proven was begun. The heavy loads of dried meat and skins of the slaughtered deer were packed by the women at the encampment,

* This idea of grassy valleys within the precincts of the inland ice and frequented by reindeer, has not only taken firm hold on the Eskimo mind, but has been advocated by distinguished men. Nordenskiöld, in his remarkable journeys over the inland ice, hoped to find such spots. The theory was first advanced, I

and the umiaks, carefully examined, were once more launched and loaded. Two days later the deeply laden boats were drawn up on the island rocks amid yelping dogs and excited natives, who crowded around to welcome the hunters and learn what game had come to Proven and them. The reindeer hunt was ended, but never did the youth forget the green ravines with willow copses, the fertile valleys, and the active deer, and then sprang up in his heart a growing longing to look beyond the edge of the shining ice into the beautiful inland country and its fabled people. So my simple-hearted native had hoped to reach the inland country and become a Kivigtok, sacrificing himself that his heart might be made glad by visions of wife and babes, whom he so longed for.

As soon as a knowledge of the real grief came to me, I told him he should go to wife and babes, but it would be better to wait the sun and a ship than to try again the perilous way across ice and snow, in cold and darkness. Though I had rightful claim to a service of two years, yet I would send him to Proven by the coming ship.

The slow days came and went, and he was again bright, cheery, and busy, and long before the returning sun gave a crimson color at noon to the southern sky, he was roaming over the snow-clad hills, hunting the arctic hare and the snowy ptarmigan.

March and the sun came to us together in that arctic land, and life and work were ours anew. It was then Jens's lot to go northward and strive to force a way through and over that ancient ice which covers the Polar Sea, and holds within it, well guarded, the secrets of the utmost north.

In the great danger which came there to his party, when, adrift on a floating pack in the Polar Sea, a fierce storm drove them northward, he was cool, calm, and helpful. But once he saw a curious neitsik raising his head above the water. He ran to the edge of the ice, and, calling the pet name "Poosie, Poosie," stood trembling with tears in his eyes till the seal sank. The common seal of Proven, it recalled to him in that dark hour his distant wife and children.

The ensuing year passed quickly and pleasantly at Conger. In quarters amiable, docile, and obliging, he was as sociable as his broken English would permit, and made himself a general favorite. He was always ready for all field-work, whether far or near. His rifle was his constant companion, and many a musk-ox, believe, by Mr. Whympers some twenty years since. My own discoveries of such valleys in Grinnell Land show the probability of similar places in Greenland, at points where the physical conditions are favorable, say in the great fiords of the east coast.

seal, or hare came to us as the fruit of his chase. He delighted to slay the musk-ox, the famous umimak, extinct in Danish Greenland, but the more talked of that it lives only in tradition.

The missing ship of the second year gave him no apparent uneasiness. Although he had counted on its coming and his going, his face showed no sorrow as it failed to come. That he remained so quietly and contentedly would have seemed ominous to me, had not my faith in him rested on a sure and sound basis. He had said to me that he would wait the coming of the ship, and his word once given, his actions were beyond the shadow of a doubt. When once he had promised to bide the time, his great loyalty to truth and duty bade him never to show by face or feature that he repented his word. With us at Conger he watched and waited for a ship already at the bottom of thesea. The hour of our retreat came, and we struggled fully four hundred miles along that barren, desolate coast. To-day the fierce north wind, massing the heavy pack, drove us to shore; to-morrow the strong southwest gale made a narrow lane for our passage, in which contending flocs, crowding, made movement perilous; fog stopped, and fast-forming ice embayed; strong currents and heavy tides alternately beached us or dashed our boats, caught in the pitiless pack, against the dangerous ice-foot. But still we strove on, facing all, enduring all, overcoming all.

At last we reached Cape Hawks, and from the opposing headland, looking southward to Sabine, saw alternate flocs and wide water lanes affording easy passage for any arctic ship. Then doubts and fateful forebodings came to us, but none the less we pressed on.

Another day saw us beset, fast bound by heavy flocs cemented by new ice. In due time, dropping useless gear, with boat and sledge we tried the southern shore. Vain effort, for when by patient toil and great dangers we were at the very shore, the heavy gales, as if in mockery of man's power, drove us again and again far seaward. For over thirty days we struggled over the floating pack before persistent efforts landed us with scant food upon a rocky headland.

During all this trying season our Kivigtok was always cheerful, ever ready with oar or pike, with gun or kayak, to do that which he could. On ancient flocs his sounding-pike always found the ice which, cut through, gave needful water from the lakes. On our darkest days his patient efforts with gun and kayak brought many pounds of meat to strengthen and encourage us.

Through the dreary autumn, ill-fed and shivering with cold, he and his fellow-native,

with Long, our hunter, spent long, cheerless days of feeble arctic twilight watching and hunting the seal which might save us. He was the same brave Jens through the terrible arctic night when for over five months no ray of sun entered our wretched hut. On Christmas day, when others sang songs of praise, he too raised his voice in an Eskimo hymn, learned in his boyhood days from the good priest. When, after five days' travel through storm and cold and darkness, he and Rice were driven exhausted back from the icy channel that cut them off from the eastern shore, for the first time his heart failed and courage deserted him. But with rest, again came hope and courage, and he followed the daily, but too often fruitless, hunt. What if with growing bodily weakness his hand trembled, knowing that a score of lives depended on his aim? His was the ball which checked at the water's edge the polar bear till Long's unerring aim sent a bullet through his head. When later, scarce able to walk, he missed the *oo-sook*, he feebly said his heart was broken. Yet still he hunted, and with a bright smile he knelt by me that eventful morn, and clasping my hand warmly said with gentle voice, "Good-bye, commander! I will do the best I can."

A thousand times they had looked out across those barren flocs, across that icy sea for food and help, and a thousand times had they been disappointed. Now both Jens and Long called out *oo-sook* at the same moment, for far out on a floe, slow-moving to the south, lay a huge mass, the bearded seal of Greenland. He was basking on the floe in the bright sunlight. The seal's slumber broke now and then, and he raised his head with a quick, startled look, which died slowly away as he fell again into his troubled sleep. For a long time the two men, — Caucasian and Inuit, — well concealed behind a hummock, patiently watched the sleeping seal on the drifting floe, which between tides and currents took a devious course. Again and again it seemed about touching the outer fringe of slush and young ice, so that the hunters could reach the floe and secure the game. This was the safe, indeed the only prudent course. At last the floe seemed to be starting south, and Jens's patient prudence was ended. He would try the kayak. It was dangerous beyond doubt. Young ice abounded, and its touch meant death.

If his father perished at sea, was it not by storm and stress of weather? Why should he fear, with this calm, smooth water, this blue sky, and the bright sunlight? Had he not risked young ice before, — was he not a kayaker, an Inuit, and a provider? Were not his comrades starving and dying a few scant miles to the westward, and had he not told the com-



OUR KIVIGTOK.

mander that he would do his best? The oo-sook meant life and health for them all, those starving men, who, if not Innuits, might well be so. If Sergeant Long thought best not, it was that Long, though a hunter, was no kayaker. He would go, and his comrades should be saved. Deftly and noiselessly the kayak was launched, and skillfully he seated himself in the frail craft. The first pool was passed, the first floe gained, and, as silently he drew up his

kayak, he turned and smiling waved a farewell message to his comrade, the white hunter, who stood anxious and silent marking his progress.

With equal skill he again launched the kayak, and a few strokes carried him within a few rods of the longed-for floe. But suddenly the prow sinks and the stern rises—the fatal ice cuts the skin! In vain he plies the double-ended oar, for the filled kayak springs forward

only to turn and sink with its inert hunter, within a dozen yards of life and safety.

The sun shone yet brightly, the smooth waters sparkled, the seal slipped into the sea, and then — the only sign of life to the white

hunter was a dusky raven, which silently and swiftly sped toward Sabine.

The sea had claimed its own, and as his father before him, so went to rest and peace the Innuvit, our Kivigtok.

A. W. Greely.

NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.



IT surprises Americans to see how youthful men of advanced years often are in Europe. It is not uncommon to find two or three generations of beaux who are to every intent and purpose contemporaries.

There is here at this time a handsome young gentleman; his father, Lord R——, a brilliant person, also handsome; and his grandfather, who is not disposed to hide his light under a bushel. It puts one in mind of the state of society described in the Old Testament when Lamech, Cush, Phut, and Ramah were about the world at the same time. Cush, in this case Lord R——, is at the Springs at eight in the morning, dressed very bravely and floridly, bunching the girls, and walking the length of the shaded avenue with one or another pretty woman full of gay laughter and conversation. He is much more bent on amusement than either of his contemporaries, Phut, his son, or Lamech, his father.

But I have just met with the most extreme instance that I have ever known of a sprightly man of advanced years. I should not have expected such an exhibition would have been pleasant, but it was truly delightful. It was at tea with my English friends across the street. I observed in the corner an old gentleman whom I heard say to somebody — in jest, as it afterward appeared — that he was sixty-five. He looked older. He was presently made to sing a song. It was about the light that is in woman's eyes. He seemed to know all about these eyes, and to have been himself a considerable sufferer from their ravages. He sang with an uncertain quaver, but with a vivacity of expression truly surprising, in which was apparent his exultation in his present freedom from this source of disturbance, together with a lively appreciation of the enthrallment and subjection of the rest of us. I said, "That is an uncommonly sprightly man of sixty-five." They told me he was ninety. It was a novel and delightful performance. He addressed himself personally to the males who had been asked to this tea, shaking his head with a rather dreadful vivacity, and with a rollicking humor warbling at us his conviction

that the light above mentioned would be our "undo-o-ing."

... Some friends who have lived a great deal in France have an apartment in the Louisen Strasse. One sits about so much here in gardens and on piazzas, having coffee and listening to music, that one is rather bored with outdoors, and is surprised to find how pleasant it is to be inclosed by four walls and a ceiling. I feel as if I had just discovered what nice things lamps are. But the drawing-room of these friends of mine would be a particularly attractive one anywhere; it has the bright hospitality of good society on the continent; it is easy to fall into, and hard to keep out of.

They are Americans, of a family which has performed for the callow infancy of our giant State much honorable service. But they live very little in America; they prefer France. Their daughter, a convent-bred young thing, has scarcely even seen America. She is elegant, hoiden, and charming. She asks if you will have tea. You say "No," with the decision of a man who has little confidence in his firmness of purpose. To which she answers: "Well, don't be cross!" and, running to the sideboard, returns, and (with her dog under her arm) holds out some bonbons, and tells you to take such a one. She then resumes some piece of superior needlework, at which she is evidently clever. She is on terms of perfect equality with her mother, of whom she seems the younger sister, and appropriates the larger share of the talk, running on all the while with pert sallies. Her opinions, which are shrewd and sound enough, she advances smartly. She has an attractive figure. But what pleases you most about her is that she is so completely a product of the old world, and has to such a degree the impress of the elegant and perfect life of good society on the continent. She is the child of the convent, and has caught from her little playmates the essence of their young natures. And yet, I believe that the success she will no doubt have at home (the family are on their way to America) will be for her pretty face rather than her fine manners. My impression is that the graces communicated by the best European society are not appreciated, or are, at any rate, overlooked in the United States. One might have thought that the rarity of these qualities would

have given distinction to the persons possessing them. But I believe this not to be the case. Manners, no matter how fine, must exist in a sufficient mass to be familiar to society at large before they will be admired.

This young girl's especial pet is just now a monkey, which I usually find sitting on its young mistress's lap. It is of a very small species; but its little face, scarcely larger than a half-dollar, is full of thought and expression. Its eyes are very bright and active. You may sit and see it reflect, which it does most obviously. The quality of its thought seems to be a lively melancholy. This is its habitual state of mind; its eyes emit continually gleams of a vivacious sadness. It will now and then jump from its perch, and abruptly and in an inconsequent manner seize Fido's tail, which it will as abruptly let go to resume its place and pursue, upon Miss Emily's knee, the thread of its reflections. Did we, I wonder, sit upon a bough some millions of years ago thinking such sad thoughts?

... The sitting-room they have given me here is certainly not dear, from the English or American point of view. It is good-sized, plainly but freshly and agreeably furnished, and always clean and neatly kept. It opens upon a well-cared-for flower-garden, filled with the common German flowers, acaules, stock-gillies, anemones, primroses, and has beyond the Zweibak lawns and foliage. When I come into it in the morning for breakfast, I find it full of light and sweet air, which are novelties to those whose spring and winter have been passed in town lodgings. It is sufficiently retired, and yet within easy call of people whom I see passing in the street which divides my flower-plots from the Kurhaus gardens; some of whom, more sociable than the rest, look in at my windows for a word or two, but do not stop to pay me a visit. I try to fill my mornings with reading or writing, and thus give the day a little substance and character.

Yesterday morning I took with me a translation of Dante's *Purgatory*, to read in the prettily wooded gardens back of the Kurhaus. I came upon the two young daughters of a French family staying here. This family, I am told, is very ancient; their name is that of one of the most interesting characters in the *Purgatory*. I asked the girls whether they supposed they were related to this personage. They said they did not know. The indifference which people in Europe often show to these matters is surprising to Americans, but is natural. I do not doubt it is the same family; the people are from the part of France to which the man mentioned by Dante belonged. The young ladies were interested enough, however, when the conversation turned upon the gossip of the place, engagements, and the like. It was

a striking association, that of "the mount that rises highest o'er the wave," and of the five hundred years which have elapsed since the poet went thither with Virgil, with these misses in bright print gowns among the pretty shades of the Zweibak gardens.

... There are some hills, mountains you might call them, to the west of the town. Sometimes I walk in their direction about sundown, at which time their sides wear some fine colors. These mountains, a broad and well-cultivated plain, a flock of sheep met on the roadway, a few solitary kine driven by peasants, and here and there a little hamlet with its tinkling belfry, and a sweet and ample light over the whole, make up an agreeable view. I like the scenery about here better than most European scenery, far better than the pampered and petty scenery of England. But I miss everywhere I have been on this continent the sentient energy of nature in America, the dexterous and pliant mind which I saw in that country as a boy, and which I find again as often as I return there, the dazzling sword-play with which that invincible soul rains upon the underlying evening world the pride of its transcendent life. It is one of my regrets that my life has been passed away from that nature.

I say that what I saw in American scenery as a boy I find again whenever I return to it. During a short visit home a few summers ago I went to spend the night with some friends who live near West Point. It was upon a day such as is common in our semi-tropical summers. I had taken a late afternoon train from New York, and on arriving had but ten minutes in which to dress for dinner. My host had given me a room facing to the south. There was an airy and graceful combination of hills in view. I had little leisure to look out, but could see them as they ran upward in purple waves and filled the sky with their irresolute azure pathway; there lived among them a birdlike flight of outline, which soared, but did not depart, which, although infinitely evanescent, did not vanish, but remained. This scene, lying in the benign splendors of the golden South, and fraught with the fairest tropic color, bloomed beyond my open window.

A business errand took me northward along the Housatonic. The train follows for hours the line of the mountains, which run northward in waves, broken at long intervals, as if swept upward by the winds. I found those mountains as I had known them before. I saw them from the car window, pondering in their lucent bosoms memories pure, vast, sedate, profound, in unison with the dewy stars and the streams that rest for a moment in the midst of the meadows, and seem to say, "We also remember."

E. S. Nadal.

LOW PRICES, HIGH WAGES, SMALL PROFITS:—WHAT MAKES THEM?



HE minds of many persons have been and are greatly disturbed because there has been in recent years a great reduction in the prices of nearly all the leading articles of commerce, the principal decline dating substantially from the year 1873. This decline in prices began soon after the war in the United States, but the general decline in all countries on a specie basis may be dated from 1873.

By whatever standard prices are measured (and there are many carefully compiled tables), the average is found to be lower at the present time than at any period since a date anterior to the year 1850, in which year the great supply of gold from California, and a little later that from Australia, began to affect the volume of the money metals of the world.

In most of the discussions of the money question this great fall in prices has been treated as if it were a misfortune, and it is often held that any measure of legislation ought to be adopted which might tend to check it. Is not this a very partial and one-sided view of the subject?

Some one has wisely and wittily said that "it does not much matter what happens to the millionaire—how is it with the million?"

If it shall appear that out of this great reduction in prices the millions have gained higher wages; that hundreds of thousands of families have gained better homes and greater comfort in life; while those who have suffered temporary loss have been only the rich who have been incapable of adjusting themselves to the new conditions, or the unskilled poor who have been unable to grasp the greater opportunities for welfare which invention has offered them, then may we not come to the conclusion that diminished profits and low prices are merely the complement of higher wages and lower cost, and are, therefore, most certain indications of general progress from poverty to welfare, yet still leaving the problem open, how to help the unskilled poor?

It will be remembered that it has been stated that so far as the great mass of the people of this and of other lands are concerned, about one-half the cost of living is the price paid for the materials for food, the cost of food to common laborers who have families to support being as a rule much more than one-half their income.

The question of interest to those who as-

sume to be strictly "*the working classes*" is not so much what the price of the necessities of life may be, as it is how many portions of food, fuel, and clothing each one can buy at the retail shops in which they deal, and how good a shelter each one can procure for one day's or one year's earnings. In other words, what is, or what has been, the value of a day's labor when converted into the commodities which are necessary to existence?

If these so-called "working classes" have steadily gained in the purchasing power of their wages or salaries, while farmers, who number (not including farm laborers) 250 in each 1000, have also prospered during this period when prices have been falling and profits have been diminishing, then the economic history of the last 25 years may be presented in an entirely new aspect. In such case, instead of attempting to check the fall in prices by tampering with the standard of value or by other empirical devices "for making money plenty," it may be expedient to hold on to what has been gained and to fight it out on this line, even if several more years of so-called depression should follow this determination, these recent years of so-called depression having actually been years of greatest progress.

Since the end of the civil war in 1865, and yet more since the so-called panic of 1873, there has been greater progress in common welfare among the people of this country than ever before. It has been the period in which there has been the greatest application of science and invention to the production and distribution of food that ever occurred in any single generation in the history of this or any other country; and food is the prime necessity of material life.

In order to sustain this proposition, it is necessary to establish a standard of subsistence. This can be done with respect to the materials which are required for food, clothing, and fuel. Rent cannot be so surely included in this standard, because the conditions of shelter vary so much in different parts of the country and in different cities.

The cost of the materials for food, of materials for clothing, boots and shoes, and of fuel, probably represents about seventy per cent. of the cost of living on the part of well-to-do mechanics, railway employees, or of other persons in analogous occupations who may be considered in the average position of working people. All these elements of life have de-

clined very greatly in their prices in the period under consideration. In some regions rents have declined, in others they have been stationary; in crowded cities they have either advanced in some small measure, or else the apartments hired for a given sum of money have not been equal to those previously occupied. So far as I have been able to compare rents, however, either those paid to a landlord or the rental value of premises owned by the occupant, there has not been, on the average, much variation from the rule affecting commodities in the period under consideration.

The standard portions of food, cloth, boots and shoes, and fuel which are made use of in the subsequent computation of the purchasing power of a day's or of a year's wages, have been established in the following manner:

FOOD.

By comparing data gathered by myself with other data gathered by several State Bureaus of the Statistics of Labor, it has been fairly established that the average food-supply of mechanics and adult factory operatives in the Eastern and Middle States cost in 1880, '81, and '82 substantially 25 cents per day, and consisted of very nearly the proportions of different kinds of food given in Table A.

The consumption of dairy products, sugar, tea and coffee given, is probably greater than in other parts of the country; but if a deduction of 2 cents per day be made for this, it then becomes necessary to add 3 cents per day (probably more) to account for the known average consumption of wine, beer, and spirits. (60,000,000 at 3 cents per day average comes to \$657,000,000.) Recent computations put the cost of liquor to consumers \$700,000,000.

Although the actual consumption of food, cloth, and fuel may not in any single case have corresponded identically with these standards, yet it may be safely assumed that the proportions are correct, and that the variation in the prices of what has been actually consumed will have corresponded to the variation in the prices of these standard articles and quantities.

For convenience in computation the small quantities of the single ration of food have been extended so as to cover 400 portions, which may be taken as the consumption of one year by one adult, 35 rations being added for extras.

TABLE A.—Standard of a single day's ration, with its average cost in 1880, '81, and '82.

TABLE B.—Standard of 400 rations, or 1 year's supply for 1 adult with 35 extra rations.

It is assumed that the prices of meat, fish, and poultry, fresh or salt, will have varied substantially with the variations in salt and smoked meats, and as the prices of the latter are more uni-

formly quoted, the prices used in making up the general standard are those given for salt and smoked meats. In the same way the price of potatoes has been taken as a standard for the variation in the price of all green vegetable food or roots.

A.—ONE RATION PER DAY.		B.—400 RATIONS.	
$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 lb. meat, poultry or fish, varying according to kind and quality, costing on average...	10	200 lbs. corned beef.	
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pints milk.....		100 lbs. salt pork.	
1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter.....	5	100 lbs. smoked ham.	
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. cheese.....		100 quarts milk.	
1 egg every other day.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	30 lbs. butter.	
$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 lb. bread.....	$\frac{1}{2}$	30 lbs. cheese.	
Vegetables and roots.....	25	17 doz. eggs.	
Sugar and syrup.....	25	1 barrel flour.	
Tea and coffee.....	1	$\frac{1}{2}$ barrel corn meal.	
Salt, spice, fruit, ice, and sundries	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 2	80 bushels potatoes.	
	25 cts. \$100	80 lbs. sugar.	
		4 lbs. tea.	
		8 lbs. coffee.	
		\$6 worth assumed at all dates.	
Standard portion of cloth for 1 year:		Standard of boots and shoes for 1 year:	
10 yards medium brown cotton.		2 pairs men's heavy boots.	
10 " standard gingham.		Standard of fuel for 1 year:	
10 " 36-in. bleached shirting.		$\frac{1}{2}$ tons anthracite coal, or its equivalent in bituminous coal or wood.	
10 " printed calico.			
10 " 4-oz. woolen flannel, or worsted dress g'ds.			
5 " 16-oz. cassimere.			
5 " Kentucky jean-satinet, or light cassimere.			

In establishing the average cost of a day's portion of the above, the prices given in Vol. XX. of the U. S. Census, in 10 shops east and 10 shops west of Buffalo, 1860-1880, have been averaged for each year designated. These prices have been verified from other sources of information. Prices of dry goods have been verified fully. Prices for 1885 and '86 have been derived from typical establishments and from market reports. The average of 1885 and '86 was probably less than the estimate used.

CLOTHING.

By a computation made by the undersigned when engaged in the compilation of the Census of the cotton manufacture of the United States in 1880, it appeared that if all the fibers of cotton, wool, silk, and flax, imported or raised, were carried through the factories and then converted into clothing, carpets, and other forms for final use, with the imports of textile fabrics added, the average consumption of textile fabrics by the people of this country in that year was substantially \$30 worth per head, of which about \$25 worth was for clothing. It being impossible to set up a standard of the exact cost of clothing, certain quantities of cotton and woolen cloth have been taken which are a little above the average consumption of the whole country. In a final computation, cloth is converted into clothing at the ratio of three parts materials, and two parts for manufacturing and distributing.

In this computation I have made great use of the XXth Volume of the United States Census. It was prepared by Mr. Joseph D. Weeks, and is of the greatest value in statistical research.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND FUEL.

THE standard of boots and shoes, and of fuel is of necessity somewhat arbitrary. It has been set at two pairs of men's heavy boots, as

the equivalent of a customary supply, and one and one-half tons of coal per adult per year; it being assumed that, as the prices of these quantities have varied, actual use and cost will have varied.

The quantities assigned to this specific standard of subsistence have risen and fallen in the following proportions, the figures representing so many cents per day for each standard portion, and the lines representing the relative variation at different periods.

Cost of standard portions of materials for food, for clothing, boots and shoes, and fuel, per day, in each year as designated.

Materials for Food.

1860	22 $\frac{11}{100}$ cts.	
1865	38 $\frac{19}{100}$ "	
1870	33 $\frac{16}{100}$ "	
1875	29 $\frac{14}{100}$ "	
1880	25 $\frac{12}{100}$ "	
1885 }	22 cts. Est.	
1886 }		

Materials for Clothing.

Add two-fifths for conversion into Clothing.

4 $\frac{2}{100}$ cts.	6 $\frac{3}{100}$
10 $\frac{5}{100}$ "	14 $\frac{7}{100}$
5 $\frac{2}{100}$ "	7 $\frac{3}{100}$
4 $\frac{2}{100}$ "	6 $\frac{3}{100}$
4 $\frac{2}{100}$ "	5 $\frac{2}{100}$
3 $\frac{1}{100}$ " Est.	5 $\frac{2}{100}$

Boots and Shoes.

1860	1 $\frac{0}{100}$ cts.	
1865	2 "	
1870	1 $\frac{7}{100}$ "	
1875	1 $\frac{7}{100}$ "	
1880	1 $\frac{7}{100}$ "	
1885 }	1 $\frac{0}{100}$ " Est.	
1886 }		

Clothing and Boots and Shoes.

7 $\frac{1}{100}$ cts.	2 $\frac{0}{100}$
16 $\frac{8}{100}$ "	4 $\frac{7}{100}$
8 $\frac{4}{100}$ "	3 $\frac{3}{100}$
8 "	3
7 $\frac{1}{100}$ "	2 $\frac{3}{100}$
6 $\frac{3}{100}$ "	2 $\frac{0}{100}$ Est.

Fuel.

It may be objected that this standard portion is only the one which is customarily consumed by each adult in the families of well-to-do mechanics or factory operatives in the Eastern or Middle States, and that it may not be a fair measure of those who are above this class or of those who are much below them. This may be admitted; but nevertheless all prices of the necessities of life must have varied substantially as these standard portions have varied. Moreover this final fall in the prices of products at their final point of consumption could not have occurred had not the prices of the metals, of the machinery, and of the whole mechanism of production and distribution also fallen. Sometimes prices of invested capital have fallen even in greater measure than the prices of the products. It is only here and there that any important article like timber can be found, which having become more scarce, has either maintained its price throughout the period, or is even a little higher now than it was in 1860.

If, then, all prices have fallen and all profits have diminished while wages have risen, each subject to temporary fluctuation and variation, must we not seek for deeper causes for the changes in the conditions of society and in the relations of men to each other than are commonly assigned in the explanation of such phenomena?

I now submit adequate proof of the facts. The subsequent table gives the purchasing power of wages at different dates, when converted into standard portions of food, cloth, and fuel as established.

The quantities represented in these tables are assumed to have been established on the basis of actual consumption of a well-to-do mechanic in New England in the period of 1880, '81, and '82. If we convert the money assigned to each portion of food, fuel, clothing, etc., into 400 portions corresponding to 1 year's consumption, with a margin of 10 per cent. for extras, we get the following results:

COST FOR ONE YEAR.

ONE PERSON.

Food for one adult	\$100
Materials for clothing	16
Boots and shoes	7
Fuel	9

FOUR PERSONS.

Food for four adults *	\$400
Materials for clothing	64
Boots and shoes	28
Fuel	36

* Or for man and wife, one child over 12, and two under 12.

It is doubtless true that the goods reported upon in the several shops from whose reports the prices have been derived, may have varied somewhat in quality; but the questions put by Mr. Weeks were in such form that in nearly every case the prices are given for specific qualities of each kind of food, as for instance: Flour, grade "extra family"; coffee, "Rio, roasted"; sugar, several grades — I have selected a medium; tea, "Oolong, or good black," etc., etc. These prices, taken from 20 shops — 10 east and 10 west — have been averaged, and the results compared with other price-lists, many of which the writer has himself procured.

Gain in the purchasing power of wages, measured by the number of portions of the materials for food, clothing, boots and shoes, and fuel, which one year's work would buy at different periods: 300 working days to one year. Each portion consisting of the same quantities and corresponding to the daily consumption of mechanics in New England and in the Middle States, as determined by close inquiry on the part of Bureaus of Labor Statistics, and of the undersigned.

CLASS I.—SPECIALLY SKILLED MEN: FOREMEN, OVERSEERS, BOSS BLACKSMITHS, CARPENTERS, ETC., CUSTOMARILY EARNING \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Year.	Average, per day.	Average, per year, 300 days.	Cost of day's portion.	Purchasing power in number of portions.
1860	\$2.45	\$735.00	30 $\frac{2}{10}$ cts.	2374
1865	3.57	1071.00	55 $\frac{8}{10}$ "	1920
1870	4.34	1302.00	43 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	3000
1875	4.14	1242.00	38 $\frac{6}{10}$ "	3210
1880	4.14	1242.00	33 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	3737
1885 } 1886 }	Probably higher than in 1880		Est. 30 cts. or less	Not less than 4000

The portions consist of uniform quantities of the same kinds of food, cloth, etc., and fuel bought at retail prices. The wages from 1860 to 1880, inclusive, are averaged from a large number of returns contained in Vol. XX. of the U. S. Census, compiled by Joseph D. Weeks.

CLASS II.—AVERAGE MECHANICS, ENGINEERS, BLACKSMITHS, CARPENTERS, MACHINISTS, AND PAINTERS CONNECTED WITH ESTABLISHMENTS REPORTED IN VOL. XX. OF THE CENSUS 1865 TO 1880 INCLUSIVE.

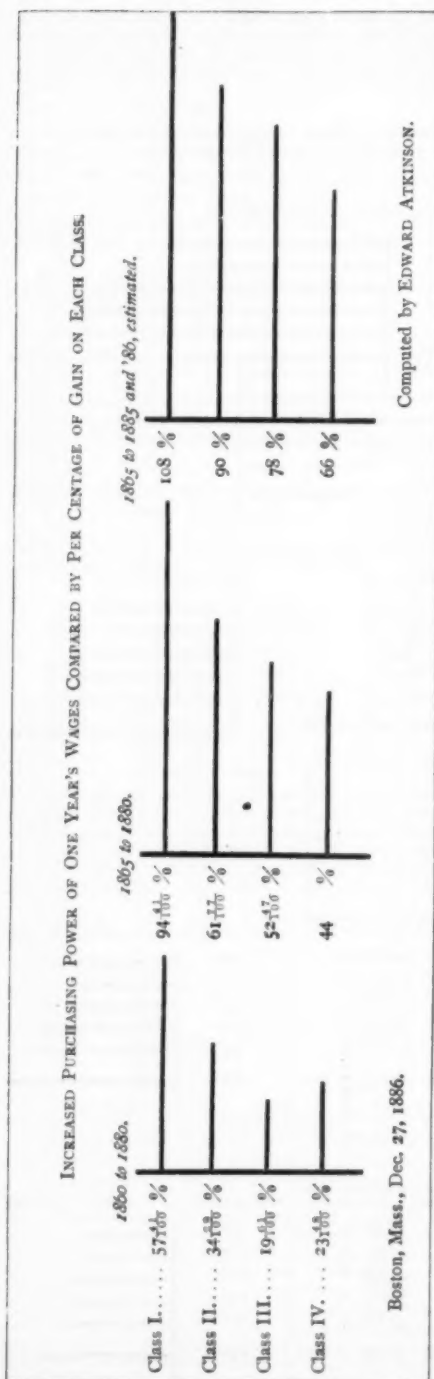
Year.	Avg., per day.	Avg., per year.	Cost of portion.	Purchasing power.
1860	\$1.56	\$468.00	30 $\frac{2}{10}$ cts.	1572
1865	2.34	702.00	55 $\frac{8}{10}$ "	1261
1870	2.43	747.00	43 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	1716
1875	2.29	687.00	38 $\frac{6}{10}$ "	1776
1880	2.26	678.00	33 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	2040
1885 } 1886 }	Est. 2.40		Est. 30 cts. or less.	Est. 2400

CLASS III.—ALL THE OPERATIVES, EXCEPT FOREMEN AND OVERSEERS, IN 100 ESTABLISHMENTS REPORTING THE WAGES OF THEIR WORKING PEOPLE UNDER MORE THAN 1200 SEPARATE TITLES: BRICKS, MARBLE, FURNITURE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, TIN WARE, STOVES, BOOTS, HATS, CARS, WAGONS, FLOUR AND SAW MILLS, IRON, PAPER, AND TEXTILES, EMPLOYING MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, FROM 20 TO 2000 IN EACH.

Year.	Average, per day.	Average, per year.	Cost of uniform portions, food, cloth, and fuel.	Purchasing power in number of portions.
1860	\$1.33	\$399.00	30 $\frac{2}{10}$ cts.	1290
1865	1.88	564.00	55 $\frac{8}{10}$ "	1013
1870	1.94	582.00	43 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	1337
1875	1.77	531.00	38 $\frac{6}{10}$ "	1372
1880	1.71	513.00	33 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	1543
1885 } 1886 }	Est. 1.80		Est. 30 cts. or less	1800

CLASS IV.—LABORERS, COMPUTED SEPARATELY, CONNECTED WITH ABOVE ESTABLISHMENTS.

Year.	Average, per day.	Average, per year.	Cost of uniform portions, food, cloth, and fuel.	Purchasing power in number of portions.
1860	\$1.01	\$303.00	30 $\frac{2}{10}$ cts.	980
1865	1.56	468.00	55 $\frac{8}{10}$ "	840
1870	1.58	474.00	43 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	1090
1875	1.38	414.00	38 $\frac{6}{10}$ "	1070
1880	1.34	402.00	33 $\frac{1}{10}$ "	1210
1885 } 1886 }	Est. 1.40		Est. 30 cts. or less	1400



The cost of making and trimming, or of converting the cloth into clothing, would be for converting these specific quantities:

For one adult	\$10
For four adults	\$40

These elements constitute on the average seventy per cent. of the expenditure of a family such as has been taken as an example. We may add

For rent... eighteen to twenty per cent...	\$37.50	\$150
For sundries... twelve to ten per cent...	20.50	82
Totals... per adult, \$200; per family, \$800		

If we take the example of a mechanic sustaining himself, wife, one child over twelve years, and two under twelve counted as one adult, an average family of five persons counted as four adults, an expenditure of \$800 per year would call upon the head of the family to earn \$2.67 per day for three hundred working days in the year.

It will be remarked that this standard has been reached *theoretically*, on the basis of facts derived from observations entirely independent of the actual statistics of the family expenditure gathered by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, as Chief of the National Bureau of Labor Statistics, and also of Massachusetts. On comparing these theoretic estimates with these statistics, they are found to correspond so closely with the actual facts gathered from many families, as to sustain the substantial accuracy of the proportions of the cost of living, the price of food being exactly one-half.

In the returns which have been made use of in compiling the tables given in this treatise, there are doubtless reports of prices of goods which do not exactly correspond to others either in kind or quality; but so many returns have been averaged as to eliminate this cause of error. I have made many computations on single returns of prices in special places procured by myself, and I find that the proportional variations correspond so closely to the average of all as to establish the standard conclusively.

In fact, the reduction in the cost of subsistence and the increase in the purchasing power of wages in the East have been greater than in the West, and greater than the average of the whole country, doubtless owing to the equalizing force of the railroads in diminishing the cost of food. I may give one example for which I have collated all the figures myself in order to verify the compilations of the Census. In this example I have taken the year 1866 as a starting point, and a cotton-mill as the example. It is not a fair year to show an average in other arts, because the conditions of the cotton manufacture were very uncertain dur-

ing that year; and it was also in the year 1866 that the most malignant effect upon prices and wages, worked by the substitution of legal tender notes in place of coin, was experienced in the United States. I have, however, selected a year in which the work was continuous during that year as well as during the year 1885.

The average earnings of all the hands in the factory through the year 1866 were 83 cents per day.
In 1885 103 " " "

The product of each hand in pounds of cloth was in 1866, 7 pounds per day.
In 1885 13.34 " " "

The cost of labor in the pound of cloth was in 1866 11.85 cents.
In 1885 7.67 "

The cost of the standard portion of food, clothing, and fuel (substituting three cords of wood for the customary portion of anthracite coal, because this factory was in a position where wood at that time was cheaper) was

Daily portion of food, clothing, and fuel in 1866, cost 57.82 cents per day.
In 1885 30.97 " " "

The purchasing power of 300 days' wages converted into these standard portions was in 1866 430 portions.
In 1885 1000 "

It will be remembered that the price of food is about one-half the price of life to the class of persons represented in this example. Other examples have been computed by myself from private data in respect to the condition of operatives in woolen-mills and machine shops. They show the same law; but as the condition of the woolen-mill and the machine shop was somewhat better in 1866 than that of the cotton-mill, the ratio of progress is more nearly that of the average of the whole country than is shown in this particular example.

One very curious point is brought into notice by an analysis of the average food ration of the American workman. All the pork could be spared, and yet the daily ration would be more than ample. The waste of this country is an excess of fat rather than an excess of any other part of the food consumed. We have often heard "the American frying-pan" denounced; but this is, I think, the first time that it has been subjected to a scientific condemnation.

In a rough and ready way it takes five pounds of Western corn to make a pound of pork. Even the hogs do not consume their whole ration; they waste a part of it. The proportion is substantially one thousand pounds of Indian corn to a barrel of pork weighing two hundred pounds. In this conversion nearly all the

starch and all the protein are wasted, and the fat which is left is not required for use.

The necessary deduction is this, that the conversion of corn into pork is an absolute and total waste of nutritious food. Far better that corn should be converted into beef, or even burned for fuel (often a very economical expedient for settlers), rather than to be expended in this way.

A curious question arises in this connection. If the world were convinced that the Jews were right, and that pork ought not to be eaten; or if the American world were convinced that all the pork that is eaten is wasted, what would be the effect on the American farmers?

Having submitted this part of the problem to Professor Atwater, he makes the following remarks thereon:

"Taking your figures for quantities of shelled corn and dressed pork, and the most reliable data I can find for their composition, I obtain the following figures:

GAIN AND LOSS OF NUTRIENTS AND POTENTIAL ENERGY IN CONVERSION OF CORN INTO PORK.

	NUTRIENTS.			POTENTIAL ENERGY.
	Protein.	Fats.	Carbohydrates.	
	Pounds.	Pounds.	Pounds.	Calories.
In 1000 lbs. of corn ..	100	45	680	16,400,000
In 200 lbs. of pork ..	18	85	3,900,000
Loss or gain ...	82 loss	40 gain	680 loss	12,500,000

"In other words, the fat is increased by 40 pounds, and to offset this there is a loss of 82 pounds of protein and 680 pounds of carbohydrates. Estimated in potential energy, the loss makes over three-fourths of the whole.

"According to the best data at hand, and your ration agrees with them, our ordinary dietaries contain an excess of carbohydrate (sugar, starch, etc.) and a very large excess of fat. The 'condensing of corn into pork,' which we hear of as 'useful to save cost of transportation and handling,' means—

"First. Practically throwing away a lot of protein, the most valuable of the food ingredients, and with it a large amount of carbohydrates.

"Second. The conversion of part of the other nutrients into fats, so as to increase our already great excess of this material."

This may seem a somewhat trifling matter. Let us see.

Assuming that the product of this country, at its market value for final consumption or export, cannot exceed \$200 worth per person, \$600 worth for each group of three of whom one is occupied for gain, or \$1000 worth for each average family of 5 persons, it may be assumed that not exceeding 10 per cent., or \$20 worth a year per capita, can be saved, and added to the capital of the country, how-

ever such capital may be owned individually; 5 to 6 per cent., or \$10 to \$12 a year, must be set aside to meet all forms of taxation, national, state, and municipal. There remains \$168 @ \$170 a year, which constitutes the wage fund, it being manifest that the source of all wages, earnings, taxes, and profits must be the annual product, whatever that product may be.

If these sums per year be reduced to portions per day, the wages or earnings of each person amount to a fraction over 46 cents per day, or \$1.38 for every day in the year, including Sundays, secured by one person in three of the population who constitute the working forces. Profits amount to a fraction under $5\frac{1}{2}$ cents per day; taxes to a fraction over 3 cents. The cost of the excess of fat and sugar in the standard ration is 7 cents out of 25. If this were saved and applied to shelter, the housing of the working people would be solved.

There cannot be more to be divided than all there is. The whole question, therefore, of relative welfare and poverty consists in the manner in which this product is divided.

The only way in which any great gain can be made is by increasing the quantity of product while decreasing the amount of capital and the hours or intensity of the work required in production, or else saving what is now wasted. Any other method of distribution that could be brought about might not very greatly improve the condition of any very large number of persons. This will be made apparent by a few figures.

If the sums given constitute all the money's worth there is to be divided, then by so much as some gain more must others gain less. The limit of all that is produced is the limit of all that can be divided.

The working group of this country, as I have stated, is substantially a group of three. One person in each three is occupied for gain, sustaining two others. If that part of the product which is now saved were divided equally among those who do the work, it would add only about 15 cents a day to the income of each one, or \$54.75 each year. In the present population of about sixty million, the number who are engaged in gainful occupation is twenty million. If the whole sum saved and added to capital were divided among this force equally at \$54.75 each, it would represent a little more than \$1,095,000,000.

Suppose this sum now saved were equally divided,—is it not true with regard to a very large proportion of those who do the work that the measure of their income is also the measure of their expenditure? Could this equal division then be made without leading to an increased consumption rather than to addi-

tional savings on the part of the many? If so, the next year's product of the whole country would suffer for lack of capital. It sounds like a paradox, but it may nevertheless be true that the faculty for "making money," as it is called,—that is to say, the instinct that leads to accumulation on the part of the few,—is absolutely necessary to the comfortable subsistence of the many. Disparity in the possession and direction of capital is apparently necessary to its effective use—a big capital in the hands of a master is like a big steam-engine directed by a competent engineer: each compasses three or four times as much product as the small capital held by many persons, or the small steam-engines, each wasting fuel, can accomplish. It may not be the disparity between rich and poor which is the sole cause of discontent.

The disparity in the conditions is very much greater, and is increasing more rapidly among those who constitute the "working classes" themselves, in the narrow use of that term, than any possible disparity between the capitalist classes and the working classes can ever be; that is to say, the disparity of the aggregate income, class by class, is greater.

The capitalists are working under an imperative law of diminishing profits. The workmen who do the work intelligently and skillfully are progressing under an imperative rule by which their wages are increased while the purchasing power of their wages is yet more increased.

Is there not perhaps a more subtle but very potent cause of discontent disclosed by the great disparity in the progress of working people themselves to the exclusion of capitalists, than can be found in the disparity of fortunes or in the possession of capital saved?

In the following table the relative progress of four classes whose condition has been fully analyzed is graphically pictured, each class compared to the other by the relative percentage of their gain since 1860.

No. I. Foremen, overseers, boss blacksmiths, and carpenters or other workmen of special skill and aptitude.

No. II. Average mechanics, engineers, blacksmiths, carpenters, machinists, painters, and the like.

No. III. Average workmen or women, in 100 factories or workshops listed under more than 1200 titles,—bricks, marble, furniture, tools, stoves, boots and shoes, hats, cars, wagons, textiles, iron works, paper-mills, etc.

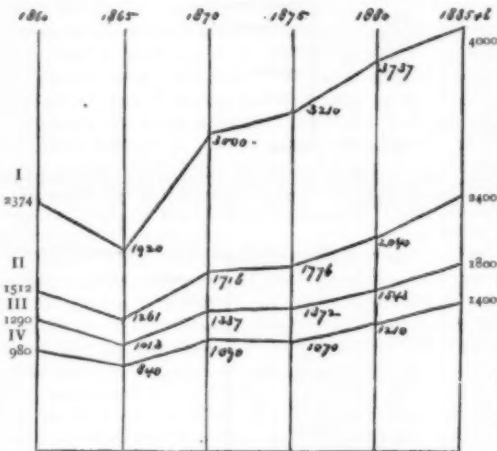
No. IV. Common laborers connected with the same establishments.

The variation in the respective condition in these classes is shown by the number of portions of food, fuel, boots, and materials for clothing which one year's earnings would purchase in each of the years designated.

The actual working of these changes can

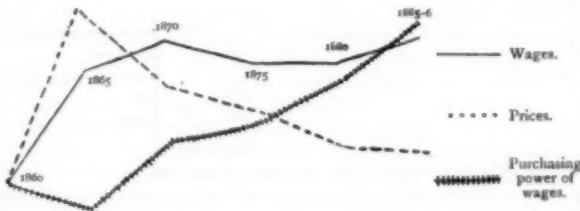
be better observed by a different form of diagram which gives the facts in relation to all the mechanics covered by class II.

The malignant effect of war and paper



money is shown by the rapid rise in prices, while wages slowly followed.

After the war wages fell slowly, but prices fell rapidly.



On the resumption of specie payments, wages again began to rise — prices continued to fall, and in 1885-6 the purchasing power of a day's work was greater than it ever had been before.

In order that the full import of these figures may be comprehended, the following table is given including a computation of rent on the best data which can be found.

It will also be observed, however, that while work has been continuous since 1873 or 1865 for all men of special skill and aptitude (with very rare exception for some short and exceptional period), and while work has also been continuous and well paid for every intelligent mechanic or artisan who has chosen to control his own affairs and to make his own bargains, it has been much less continuous for many classes of factory operatives of a lower grade, and it has been absolutely intermittent with respect

to great numbers of common laborers. One of the penalties which society must pay for the application of science and invention to the useful arts is this temporary displacement of unskilled laborers from the occupations in which their work had been previously required, but which is no longer required when some new machine or improvement renders it unnecessary.

On the other hand, without these applications of science to agriculture and to manufactures, the normal increase of population would without question tend to outrun the means of subsistence. It therefore follows that by their application, while the few are for a time left behind in the race, the many gain in welfare; the means of subsistence rapidly outrun the increase of population, and the many are thus enabled to enjoy better and better conditions of life.

Thus the problem of "progress and poverty" marches alongside the actual progress from poverty. This problem of "progress and poverty" calls for the urgent attention of the student and the

statesman in order to abate the great disparity of condition which becomes more conspicuous the more the general progress is assured. This special branch of the subject cannot be treated within the limits of the present treatise, but may be taken up at a future day.

We will now take up some of the theories which have been set up in the endeavor to explain the fall in prices since 1873. Subsequent to the year 1850, and either accompanying or perhaps caused in part by the very sudden and very great addition of gold to the volume of the money metals of the world, there was a great advance in the prices of all the necessities of life, subject, of course, to temporary fluctuations. This period of general advance in prices culminated in the years 1872 and 1873, reductions in the prices of cotton and of some other articles having begun before. Since 1873 a great and general reduction of prices has taken place the world over. What has been called depression has been more common than activity in commerce. These long periods of depression have affected nearly all commercial and manufacturing countries alike, without much apparent regard to their system of taxation; to their standard of value, whether it has been based on gold only, on silver only, or on both metals; or whether the standard of value has been a paper substitute for true money.

By a comparison of the average of all these elements of the cost of living, rent being computed and estimating "sundries" at 10 per cent. of the whole, the relative importance of each element may be comprehended.

1860 to 1880 inc. census data verified by other authorities.

Food, per day.....	22 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	@	38 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	average	29 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	cents	
Clothing, per day.....	7 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	@	16 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	9 ⁷⁷ / ₁₀₀	"	
Rent, per day.....	6 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	@	8 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	7 ⁷⁷ / ₁₀₀	"	
Fuel, per day.....	2 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	@	4 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	3 ¹¹ / ₁₀₀	"	
Sundries, per day.....					5 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Total.....					56 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	cents	
Proportion of rent paid on land, assuming house and land equal value.....					3 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	cents	

Elements of the cost of living in New England in 1885 and '86, based on the prices of the same quantities of the same articles computed above, mainly from census figures. Prices ascertained by the writer on a narrower field than that covered by the census.

Food, per day.....	22	cents	
Clothing.....	6 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Rent.....	7	"	
Fuel.....	2 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Sundries.....	4 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Total.....	42 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	cents	
Average, 1860 @ 1880, inclusive.....	56 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Estimate, 1885 and 1886.....	42 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Total reduction in 1885-6.....	13 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	cents	

According to Prof. Atwater's analysis, the ration of food made use of in the above computations is 40 per cent. in excess of what is needed. All the pork, and one-half the sugar or one-half the potatoes could be spared. This reduction in the quantity of food would reduce the present cost of this ration from 22 to 15 cents per day. If the sum thus saved in food were expended for shelter, the whole question of providing better dwelling places might be solved. On this basis the proportions would be:

Food, per day.....	15	cents	
Clothing, per day.....	6 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Rent.....	14	"	
Fuel.....	2 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Sundries.....	4 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	"	
Total cost of subsistence per day.....	42 ⁸⁸ / ₁₀₀	cents	

The importance of the food question could not, I think, be more clearly enforced.

It happens that during this period, dating from 1873, all the important changes in legislation respecting legal tender have occurred, yet the great international commerce of the world has proceeded in its customary way, because it is not possible to apply acts of legal tender to international exchanges; therefore this branch of commerce has been conducted on a solid basis of a given weight of the metal gold. But notwithstanding the stability of the gold standard of international commerce, great fluctuations have occurred, and periods of depression have affected international commerce as well as the domestic commerce of many countries.

Since 1873 Germany has displaced silver from its function of legal tender; the Latin Union soon ceased the coinage of silver; the United States have resumed specie payment upon a gold basis; Italy has also resumed specie payment. All these changes have doubt-

less tended to the use of gold as the unit of value of full legal tender among the so-called civilized countries of the world. Yet all these changes combined have required the substitution of gold for other forms of money only in the bank reserves of Germany and in the treasury of the United States. Silver has not been demonetized anywhere. It is still money in a true sense in England, Germany, and France, as well as in India, Africa, and South America. The only change brought about by legislation has been in the substitution of a single kind of money as full legal tender, for two kinds.

But it has been assumed by many writers of repute that these changed conditions in acts of legal tender must have caused a steady and slow, but unceasing appreciation in the value of gold as compared to all other commodities, silver included.

On the other hand, it is held by many writers of repute that the vast store of gold which

has been added to the money metal of the world since 1850 has not only actually depreciated gold, but has also caused a yet greater depreciation in the value of silver, under the well-established rule that a substitution of a better article for common use may displace a substance of a poorer kind, and may cause the latter kind to lose a part of its value, even if the product of the latter be very much less in proportion than that of the former.

Such are the facts in regard to gold and silver. The addition of gold since 1850 has been vastly greater than the addition of silver.

The computed production of gold, 1849 to 1884, inclusive, has been \$3,882,975,000. That of silver, \$2,250,375,000.

This reference to the money metals is secondary to the main purpose of calling attention to an entirely different class of price-making factors. Under the conditions which have been presented, the battle of the standards has been waged with great virulence; but, perhaps, in consequence of this contest too little attention has been given to the really great forces which have been in action, and which have caused the reduction in prices which are so apparent.

The discussion of what I call the price-making factors will be mainly limited to the conditions which prevailed in the United States. For this reason, since 1865 there has been no war and no great preparation for war to alter the influence of the forces which make for peace and plenty. In Europe, on the other hand, actual wars, or enormous preparations for war, have altered all the conditions.

The change in prices in this country since 1860 must, of course, be in part attributed—

First. For a limited period to the forced circulation of paper substitutes for money which depreciated in value.

Second. To the restoration of the value of the previously depreciated paper to the standard of the only legal unit of value in this country,—to wit, the dollar made of gold.

No writer or observer of any repute has ever contested the fact that the rapid substitution of legal-tender notes for coined money always causes the depreciation of such notes and an increase in prices, as will be made apparent in the diagram previously given.

This sudden change in the standard of value is very different from the slow and steady addition of a very small annual percentage of precious metal to the previously existing stock, however large the volume of such addition of metal may appear to be when computed separately, year by year.*

In the tables which I have given, the malig-

* It has been for many years about half per cent. of gold and half per cent. of silver, which has been added

nant effect of the substitution of depreciated legal-tender notes for true money is made apparent by the much more rapid rise in prices than in wages or earnings from 1860 to 1865, thereby greatly diminishing the purchasing power of labor. Since that difficulty has been surmounted in part or wholly, the purchasing power of labor has greatly increased, gaining steadily the nearer the specie standard has been attained, and gaining yet more steadily the more closely it has been adhered to.

It may well be asked, if the reduction in the prices of the necessities of life could be attributed to a scarcity of gold, would not wages or earnings—that is, the price of labor—have been reduced in the same proportion?

May it not be held that labor in the concrete form of commodities, or, as we might say, in the *passive* form of commodities, could not be reduced in price by any such cause as a scarcity of gold without labor in the *active* form of work in the production of commodities being also reduced in price? If the true cause of the reduction in prices has been an appreciation or rise in the value of the metal gold, would it not of necessity have happened that the price of labor would have been affected in the same way? Would not the price of real estate have also been affected in the same way?

Again, if the cause of the reduction in prices had been an increased scarcity of gold, would not capital, when measured by the gold standard, have been able to secure to itself a constantly increasing rate of interest or income?

Now it happens that, in the United States, in so far as the specie standard of value has been departed from has the purchasing power of labor become less, while the earning power of capital has become greater; conversely, in the exact measure that the specie standard has been adhered to and sustained has the purchasing power of labor become greater, and the earning power of capital less.

Important as the settlement of the contest between those who sustain the double standard of gold and silver with the advocates of the single gold standard admittedly is, yet it is held that the battle of the standards cannot be settled without a full consideration of all the other factors which tend to alter prices to which reference is made in this article.

Although the war of the Rebellion required the work directly or indirectly of one in three of all men of arms-bearing age throughout the country, yet during this period there was no decrease in the production of articles necessary to subsistence, with the single exception

year by year to the existing volume according to the estimates of Henri Cernuschi.

of cotton. This fact gives evidence of the vast progress which must have been made in the application of science and invention to all the useful arts. The abnormal demands of war counterbalanced in some degree the malignant influences of the substitution of paper promises for true money; yet the prices of all commodities advanced very rapidly, while wages advanced much more slowly.

After the war, production gained immediately and enormously on population in respect to food, fuel, metals, and fibers. Wages ceased to advance in rates by the measure of money, but the money ceased to depreciate. The armies of both parties in the conflict were absorbed in the pursuits of industry within less than a year from the end of the war. In spite of this increase in the supply of labor, as soon as the policy of the government began to tend toward the resumption of specie payments, on or about 1870, although the prices of both commodities and labor began to decline in their nominal rates, yet, on

the other hand, the purchasing power of wages—that is, the absolute wages of labor—began to increase with great rapidity. The value of a day's labor to him who exerted it, yielded more and more of the necessities and comforts of life as the years went by. Presently wages began to advance again, but prices continued to decline.

In a previous number of *THE CENTURY*, I have given a table showing the increased product of railway mileage and of property insured against fire between 1865 and 1885. Objection has been taken to the date of 1865 as the starting-point, upon the ground that in that year the country had not surmounted the difficulties and retardation of the civil war. In the year 1870, however, all the causes of retardation growing out of the war had been removed, and the country was fairly headed toward the resumption of specie payments which took place on the 1st of January, 1879.

A table showing our progress since 1870 is therefore given now:

GAIN IN POPULATION, PROTECTION, WEALTH, AND SAVINGS 1870 TO 1885 AND ON SOME ITEMS TO 1886.

To		
1885	Population	48
1885	Production of grain	85
1885	Consumption of cotton	86
1885	Consumption of wool	88
1885	Production of hay	100
1885	Deposits in savings-banks of Massachusetts	102
1885	Production of cotton	108
1886	Deposits in savings-banks of Massachusetts	115
1885	Production of iron	143
1885	Insurance of property against loss by fire	160
1885	Miles of railroad	168
1886	Miles of railroad	192
1886	Production of iron	200

In considering these relative gains, it will be observed that they represent a constant gain in the means of subsistence over population—that with the exception of the increase in personal wealth, which is indicated by the increase in the amount of property insured against loss by fire, they represent the progress of the million in the means of common welfare rather than of the millionaire in personal wealth, and that they give testimony to the beneficent law of progress *from* poverty.

While wages have risen, the earning power of capital has decreased.

The actual reduction in the earning power of capital, considered simply by itself, may be represented by the current rate of interest; the discount on the very best commercial paper at four or six months' date at different periods may be taken as a standard of the actual earning power of capital.

Prior to the financial panic of 1857, almost all the staple manufactures of this country were sold on 6, 8, 10, and sometimes 12 months' credit. After the commercial panic of 1857, and up to 1861 at the opening of the war, the current credit was four months. During the war, and up to about 1870, the traffic of the people was mainly conducted on a cash basis,

personal credit being rendered very uncertain by the variation in the value of paper substitutes for money. The instruments of exchange consisted of the depreciated notes of the United States. Bills of goods were rendered on ten to thirty days; but commercial notes disappeared almost wholly from the market.

Since 1870 there have been many variations in the customs of trade. In some kinds of business, notes have been given for actual purchases; in others none such have been given, but money has been borrowed in other ways; as, for instance, the large manufacturing corporations of the east have borrowed their working capital upon notes of the corporation, indorsed or guaranteed either by their officers or by the commission houses selling their

goods, such notes being negotiated in the open market at four or six months, or placed in savings-banks.

From 1848 to 1860 the writer kept a record of transactions by himself or by his associates in manufacturing corporations. The average rate of discount paid in the open market by the corporations enjoying the highest credit during this period was eight per cent., subject to very considerable fluctuations. From 1860 to 1869, inclusive, the rates of discount varied greatly with the circumstances of each case. The war and the continued issue of legal-tender notes rendered any standard of little moment. Railway corporations issued bonds at long date, at rates of interest from 7 to 8 per cent.: even as high as 10 per cent. was paid by railroad corporations of great strength and sound credit. In 1870 the slow restoration of specie payment began. Up to 1873, the year of panic, the rate of interest on the best manufacturing notes was on the average six and one-half per cent.

After the panic of 1873 ended, up to the 1st of January, 1879, five per cent. was the rate. Since the restoration of the specie standard at the latter date, down to the present time, the fluctuations in the rate of discount on the very best commercial notes have been 3 to 5 per cent.; and by the actual record of a broker doing a very large business, they have averaged 4 per cent. on 6 months' paper.

By the kindness of Mr. Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago, I have obtained the rates of discount on commercial paper at that point. They are about the same in their proportion, having been reduced from an average of 10 per cent. or over, to an average of 5 per cent. or less between the dates 1860 and 1886. On Western farm mortgages the change has been much greater. Twenty-five years ago rates as high as 25 per cent. were paid on mortgages of Western land, on what has proved to be excellent security. The rate now charged is seven per cent. and even less.

This immense abundance of capital seeking investment, and the equalization of the rates of interest between the East and the West, may be attributed more to the railway service and to the reduction in freight charge than to any other single factor affecting the interest of capital. The whole country has become a close neighborhood, each part sustaining the other, so that the distribution of capital has become more and more uniform throughout the country, except in States whose public credit is still bad. So long as the public credit is bad in any community, the rate of interest on private capital will be very high.

The effect of changes in the railway service is witnessed by the following table:

Merchandise or freight traffic of all the railways of the United States in 1885. Authority, "Poor's Railway Manual," 1886.

Tons moved.....	437,040,099
Tons moved 1 mile.....	49,151,894,469
Charge for service.....	\$519,690,992
Rate per ton per mile.....	1.037¢ cents

Twenty-seven trunk lines which separately or in combination center in Chicago from the West, or connect Chicago with the Eastern seaboard:

Tons moved.....	185,320,709
Tons moved 1 mile.....	25,125,076,247
Charge for service.....	\$219,872,732
Rate per ton per mile.....	0.87¢ cents

All other lines:

Tons moved.....	251,719,390
Tons moved 1 mile.....	24,026,818,222
Charge for service.....	\$299,818,260
Rate per ton per mile.....	1.24¢ cents

Measure of this service per head of population and per family.

Lines.	Tons per person, per year.	Distance hauled.	Charge pr. person.	Charge per family of 5 persons.
27 trunk lines.....	Tons. 3,100.0	Miles. 136	\$3.68	\$18.40
All others.....	4,100.0	95½	5.26	26.30
Totals.....	7,200.0	111½	\$8.94	\$44.70

The average charge per ton per mile, on the 27 trunk lines in the years 1865-68, inclusive, exceeded that of 1885 by 1.037¢ cents. At this rate of excess applied to the whole traffic of the United States, all other lines having made a greater reduction, so far as the data can be had the sum saved in the year 1885 was \$803,633,477 as compared to 1865-68.

The whole service of all the railroads in 1885 consisted in moving 42 pounds a day of food, fuel, fibers, and fabrics a distance of 111½ miles for each man, woman, and child of the population, or 1470 pounds a week for a family of 5. The average charge to each person was a fraction under 2½ cents per day, or 87½ cents per week for each family of 5.

The common highways are open to all who do not choose to subject themselves to the alleged monopoly of the railways. One man with a one-horse cart could probably haul 1470 pounds 111½ miles in a 7 days' journey — 1 day devoted to rest. What would it cost?

In considering this reduction in the charge on railways, it must be remembered that a very large portion of these railways built since 1865 have taken the place of the wagon roads, or of what are known in the West as "dirt roads," so that the saving to the people of the United States by the mere existence of the new roads, whatever they may charge, is much greater than the mere reduction of their charges since they came into existence; but the latter saving is so big that anything else may be disregarded.

Reduced to the unit of the individual, the saving in the cost of railway service amounts to \$13.67 per head of the population each year, or a fraction under \$60 a year for every family of 5 persons. This sum would have paid

all the taxes which have been assessed throughout this period by the people of the United States for national, state, county, city, and town expenditures, including that part of the taxation which has been applied to the reduction of debts, whether national, state, or municipal.

Or we may put this in another way. A sum, representing the saving of the last four years only as compared to the rates of 1865-68, would doubtless have sufficed to cover the cash cost of the construction of the 100,000 miles of new railway built between Jan. 1, 1865, and Jan. 1, 1887, at an average cost of \$30,000 per mile.

In a previous article in *THE CENTURY* it has been demonstrated that all our present crops, or products from land which is under the plow, omitting those which are derived from pasturage, have been derived from a little over 300,000 square miles of land.

Now between the dates January 1, 1865, and January 1, 1887, more than 100,000 miles of railway have been constructed. If we lay out a strip of land only 5 miles in width, alongside each of these new lines, it would cover an area of 10 miles by 100,000, or 1,000,000 square miles of land,—three times as much as is now under the plow, of which every acre has been brought within less than five miles of a railway since the year 1865.

While these great price-making factors have been working out their just results in the United States, the charge for moving food across the sea by steamships has been reduced in almost as great a measure. The substitution of the screw for the side-wheel, the construction of large vessels made of steel, and the use of the compound engine of two cylinders, now supplemented by the triple compound, the opening of the Suez Canal, and other new forces applied to distribution, have altered all the conditions in Europe as well as in this country.

Only a passing reference can be made in this article to other price-making factors. This department has been very fully treated in a recent pamphlet by Mr. Wm. Fowler, L.L.B., whose article upon the alleged appreciation of gold, lately published by the Cobden Club, is one of the most satisfactory treatises yet issued.

Among the other forces which have tended to reduce prices during the last twenty years, is the Bessemer process for making steel, since supplemented by the "basic process," which latter process has brought the phosphoric iron mines of Germany into full production, previously almost useless; the application of gas for fuel; the use of natural gas for the same purposes in this country; improvements in agriculture in the use of the buggy-plow, the gang-plow, etc., the self-binder attached to the reaper; such improvements in all the tex-

tile arts that one operative now performs all the textile work that could be done by two or more twenty-five years ago; the improvements in the use of machine tools applied to all arts; and the like.

In point of fact, it is not too much to say that one-half as much capital as was required to do the general work of life in 1865 will now suffice to aid labor in compassing the same amount of product. That is to say, it took twice as many dollars' worth of capital to accomplish a given product 20 or 25 years since as is now needed.

On the other hand, the owner of the capital is now compelled, whether he will or not, to be satisfied with one-half the income on each unit or dollar's worth of the present capital, if he trusts only to his capital for his means of living.

Even in the matter of the use of gold, reference might be made to the economy brought about in banking and exchange; the use of the telegraph and the like; the saving of time in the transportation of commodities: all of which subjects are fully treated in Mr. Fowler's essay.

In fact, if all the changes which have been worked by the elimination of time and distance from the conduct of affairs were to be considered, it would require a volume instead of an article to picture them.

It thus appears that, while the purchasing power of a day's or year's labor has increased since 1860 from 40 to 70 per cent. according to the grade or skill of the workman, and from 66 to 108 per cent. since 1865, and while the earning power of capital, considered without regard to the skill of its owner, has diminished absolutely one-half and relatively at least 75 per cent. since 1860, there have yet been periods when it has been difficult for many workmen to find work, when also capital could not find employment, and when there was want in the midst of abundance.

Can these faults in the present forms and methods of society be remedied by legislation, by coöperation, by profit-sharing, or by the state assuming more and more the control and direction of the forces of capital? These are questions which demand an answer.

That there has been grave discontent on the part of labor, and a want of that true comprehension of what may rightly be called "the claims of labor" on the part of many capitalists, may not be denied.

What are some of the causes of this discontent, and how shall admitted wrongs be righted?

It is a matter of common knowledge that the application of machinery in special arts often causes the displacement of the craftsman, the hand-worker, or the common laborer who has been trained in that art, and who finds it

difficult to adjust himself to new conditions. This fact, which has been a matter of common observation in single arts, has affected nearly all the arts of life in the last 25 years more profoundly than ever before. There have been single great inventions, like the application of steam, which have gravely altered the conditions of society; but there have probably never been so many applications of science and invention to the common arts of life as have been applied in the present generation, nor has any single one ever been so potent in modifying and changing all the conditions of society as the sinking of time and distance in the fraction of a cent a ton on a mile of railway.

In this country, where these great new forces have been more free to act than in any other, there are certain facts which must be admitted by every one competent to observe. Leaving wholly out of view the transfer of property already saved from one person to another in the gambling operations of the stock exchange, such incidents being of no material consequence except to those who engage in them, we may observe —

First. That the direction and use of capital are becoming more and more a matter of scientific training, as the margin of profit in every art comes to a less and less fraction of the product made or distributed. The merchant adventurer has gone the same way with the craftsman and his apprentice — he has disappeared with the removal of the mysteries of trade.

Second. Although great fortunes have become more conspicuous, their number is very small, and their aggregate amount is yet smaller in proportion to the amount and great number of moderate fortunes which are not conspicuous but which are steadily increasing.

Third. Adjacent to every city are suburbs or neighboring towns which are filled with comfortable dwellings of moderate size, which give evidence of comfort and welfare steadily increasing on the part of an increasing portion of those who perform the practical work of the country. These are the dwelling-places of their respective owners or occupants, who are not capitalists in any sense, but who have assured to themselves an abundant subsistence, a home, and a safe position in the community.

Fourth. While great bonanza farms are conspicuous, they are also few in number; the increase in small farms is very rapid; and perhaps the increase has been yet more rapid compared to what it had been before agricultural machinery, science, and invention had come nearer to the farm.

Fifth. By comparison with this rapid progress not only of those who are in a position

of wealth, but of the vast number who, although not making great savings, are living year by year more comfortably, better housed, better clothed, and better fed, the bad condition of the very poor, and the more uncertain position of the common laborer whose opportunity for work is intermittent, becomes more apparent and therefore demands urgent attention.

If such are the facts which are disclosed by the actual observation of the conditions of men, and confirmed by the deductions drawn from them in this and other cities, do we not find in the very gain in the purchasing power of wages a cause of an increasing disparity in the conditions of those who class themselves as "working people," in a limited sense? and may not this be one of the grave causes of discontent, even though all have made some progress? Is it not apparent that while the very poor are proportionately no more numerous, and the ratio of common laborers to others is no greater, yet within the lives of men who are not yet beyond middle age, great numbers among the workmen themselves have seen those who started on nearly the same plane, and who in 1860 could earn but little more than their fellows, yet in 1885 and '86, raised far above them in their condition, although still classed as fellow-workmen?

To him who has had the capacity, either mental, mechanical, or manual, to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by science and invention, has been given the greatest progress; while from him who has not the mental or manual aptitude to adjust himself to the new conditions, has been taken even the opportunity for common labor which he enjoyed before.

Do we not witness in the various organizations of labor, so called, an attempt to equalize this growing disparity? It is often claimed that "equal work is entitled to equal pay"; but the difference in the quality of the work may not be overlooked. The attempt is made to control the hours of labor by various artificial methods. In respect to minors, and possibly in respect to women so long as they do not vote, such laws may be necessary. Other attempts are made by establishing stated lists of prices, by limiting the quantity of work to that done by any one man, by limiting the number of apprentices, and by other similar methods, to equalize the material conditions of men. But all these efforts fail wholly or partly. An equal quantity of work measured only by the time devoted to it or by the actual amount of work required in it, never has and never will secure equal results. It is not in the nature of things. It is the efficiency of labor that tells, not the quantity or time. One man will waste more leather in a given

time by want of aptitude or skill in its use than another man will convert into good and useful boots and shoes. Profit may be defined as the margin which mind gains over muscle. This is as true of the higher gain in skillful work when done by the piece as in the use of capital already saved.

The result of all these artificial methods to control conditions which rest upon individual capacity, when even partly enforced, is to level down the earnings of the industrious and the capable to the plane of the unskillful or lazy.

When this truth dawns upon the mind of the discontented, then the trade organization or association soon changes its course and begins to promote the development of individual capacity; it becomes a common school in social science; its members soon find out what a really beneficent force may be developed by organizing labor.

I have endeavored to present the great price-making forces which have been evolving progress from poverty during the present generation, and I may again repeat what I have often had occasion to state. The necessary conclusions to which we are led are—

First. When organized capital is placed at the service of labor, it becomes more and more effective, while in amount it diminishes in ratio to product. It therefore secures to its own use a diminishing portion of, or profit from, an increasing product. This is the economic law, so called, of diminishing profits.

Second. Organized labor, when each member is left free to avail himself of every opportunity which capital, science, and invention place at his disposal, secures to itself an increasing share of an increasing product or its equivalent in money.

Third. As capital and labor become more under the control of common intelligence they cannot help becoming more closely allied; under these conditions high wages or large earnings in money, or in what money will buy, become the necessary result or reflex of the low cost of production.

Fourth. A low cost of production accompanied by high wages is most fully assured by the application of science and invention to all the arts of production and distribution. Pauper labor, so called, may be dreaded only by those who possess pauper intelligence. The competition which is really to be courted and emulated is that which is represented by the art schools of France, the weaving schools and the like of Germany, the trade schools and the industrial schools which have spread more rapidly in England in recent years than they have in this country. Skill and intelligence, free from the burden of standing armies and

of war taxes, may command the commerce of the world.

The present population of the globe is computed at about 1,400,000,000; of these only about 400,000,000 belong to what may be called the machine-using nations. 1,000,000,000 do their work by hand, or by the use of rude tools guided by the hand.

In a peaceful contest for commerce with these nations, who will win? Certainly that nation will *not* win which obstructs the import of the crude products which are all that these non-machine-using nations can give in exchange for what they need, by imposing heavy taxes upon such products when they enter the ports of our country.

But when all has been accomplished which can be done by law or by association, or by the repeal of obstructive acts, there will still remain centers of pauperism in our cities; they exist mainly among those of foreign birth who cannot adjust themselves to the new conditions to which they are subjected. There will also continue to be periods when common laborers will find it difficult to obtain work. How shall we meet these admitted faults? Is there any other way than by adapting the methods of common-school education more nearly to the necessities of life? If it is true that one cannot permanently help either men or women who cannot help themselves, is it not equally true that classes in society in considerable numbers cannot be raised from a state of dependence upon others, except by the development of each member of such class to a knowledge of some art by which he can sustain himself, even if it be only a training in the application of the hand itself to useful work?

Nine-tenths of the occupations of the people of this country in point of number still depend upon the individual capacity, the mental development, the mechanical aptitude, or the manual dexterity of each person. Only one in ten is occupied in a great factory where the conduct of the work depends upon the minute subdivision of labor.

Does not this fact bear witness to the necessity of promoting the development of the individual in order that common welfare may be attained by every man, woman, and child in the community?

What can the state do for its citizens in helping them to obtain subsistence, if the people who constitute the state are themselves incapable of sustaining their own families under present conditions?

Neither the state nor the nation possesses property. The state only controls the property of its citizens by right of eminent domain. It can take property under due process of law

for public use, with compensation to him who owns it. It can tax all property in order to maintain governments. It may tax all property in order to perform certain useful functions which, by common consent, the state can perform in its corporate capacity better than the citizens can in their individual capacity. But the state as state has no productive power, and it is upon the annual product that all depend alike.

In this country at the present time there is and can be no lack of most abundant product. We waste every year enough to sustain another nation half as numerous, if not equal in number. The mechanism of distribution is more than ample; yet there is want in the midst of plenty.

Progress from poverty is the common rule. "Progress and poverty" is the marked exception, conspicuous and dangerous. In one sense every man is his brother's keeper. If he neglects his duty and cares not for his neighbor, the tax-gatherer, at least, will find him out and will compel him to do at the greatest cost what perhaps he might have accomplished at the least cost, had he himself realized his own responsibility.

There is one thing no man can invent, and that is a form of society in which the rights, whether of the rich or of the poor, shall not be accompanied by corresponding duties. He who treats these economic problems without taking the moral and ethical side of life into consideration may rightly be called a representative of "a dismal science." But it by no means follows that we must seek to reconstruct humanity in our effort to form society. The subject of economic science is man as he now is, with all his faults, his selfishness, and his failings. It was said of old time that "surely the wrath of man shall praise thee." Might not the prophet of the present affirm with equal insight, "The power which makes for righteousness compels not only the enlightened self-interest of man, but his very selfishness, to work out the progress of humanity?"

The commerce of the world now turns from one side of the globe to the other on a margin of a cent on a bushel of grain, a dollar a ton of metal, a quarter of a cent a yard on a textile fabric, or the sixteenth of a cent a pound on sugar. The cube of coal, as I have before stated, which would pass through the rim of a quarter of a dollar, when used in connection with the compound engine will drive a ton of food and its proportion of the steamship two miles on its way from the producer to the consumer; by the invention of the triple compound, one-fourth even of this fuel has been saved.

The profit or loss of this great nation turns on the price of a daily glass of lager beer.

When this article is read, five cents a day, more or less, to each inhabitant of the country will represent \$1,095,000,000 worth of product, which may be either saved or wasted according to the measure of the intelligence of each person. The profit which might be represented by this sum of money may be diminished one-half by the ignorance of legislators who take no cognizance of the facts of life when framing the statutes by which they undertake to regulate and control an organism which yet makes its way steadily onward with greater or less effort, whatever may be the system of laws by which its progress is either helped or hindered.

These computations are submitted for what they are worth. They are probably as near to the facts as it would be in the power of any private student to bring them, whose opportunity for study or for treating these questions is very limited.

In the attempt to comprehend the laws of social science by reading and studying treatises upon political economy, the writer long since met the difficulty which would be apt to occur to a business man,—to wit, the necessity for a statement of accounts and a trial balance. In the attempt to make such a statement and to balance the accounts of one class with another, and of one branch of industry with another, he has himself come to certain conclusions which coincide very closely with the modern teaching of political science.

The science of life does not consist in *laissez faire*, or letting alone. There are many objects which may be better attained by the state, town, or city undertaking them than they could if left to individual or corporate enterprise. There are many others which it is often proposed to have the state assume, which are utterly beyond the functions of the state in its corporate capacity to manage.

Among the prime factors which make or mar material prosperity there are grave differences. The conclusion of the writer is, like that of all the economists whose works have any standing among men, that tampering with, or debasing the standard of value is the most malignant fraud which the government can perpetrate. The cost of substituting paper notes for true money under the stress of war added without question to the cost of the civil war as much as the whole sum of outstanding debt yet unpaid. The most beneficent factor in the lowering of prices and in raising wages has been the extension of the railway system and the reduction in the charge for the service. Vanderbilt was the typical railroad man of his day; he was also the great communist of his

time, because he reduced the cost of moving a barrel of flour a thousand miles to so small a sum that it can hardly be measured in a loaf of bread, at a margin of profit to himself and his associates which is now less than the value of the empty barrel at the end of the line. The heavy taxes which we are now paying are but a slight burden upon the people; so long as they can be applied to the payment of the public debt, they may be justified, however unscientifically and injudiciously the acts for collecting them may be framed.

Whatever may be the opinions or theories of each reader upon these various problems upon which every voter in a free country must pass whether he will or no, it is held that there can

be no true solution unless it is based upon facts. It has been the purpose of the writer in this series of CENTURY articles to give these facts rather than to present his own theories; to ask questions rather than to attempt to answer them.

It may now be suitable to submit a very few examples proving how the rule of diminishing prices, decreasing profits, and diminishing cost of labor has been consistent with the general rise in the rates of wages and in their purchasing power. This principle would of necessity be deduced from all the tables which have already been submitted; but a few specific examples may be a matter of curious interest, and will fully sustain it.

EXAMPLES OF REDUCTIONS IN PRICE—REDUCTION IN COST OF LABOR—RISE IN RATE OF WAGES AND INCREASE IN PURCHASING POWER OF WAGES.

STANDARD COTTON SHEETING.

Year.	Price per Yard.	Cost of Labor per Yard.	Earnings per Year.	Purchasing Power in Food, Cloth, and Fuel.
1860 ..	8.17 cts.	0.095 cts.	\$207.00	669
1865 ..	50.61 "	1.501 "	234.00	420
1870 ..	14.33 "	1.425 "	275.00	632
1875 ..	9.79 "	1.314 "	280.00	721
1880 ..	7.40 "	0.093 "	260.00	782
1885 ..	6.55 "	0.095 "	284.00	1014

SUIT OF FURNITURE FOR A BEDROOM.

1860 ..	\$35.00	\$12.00	\$456.00	1473
1865 ..	55.00	18.00	678.00	1217
1870 ..	33.00	11.00	687.00	1578
1875 ..	28.00	10.00	723.00	1868
1880 ..	20.00	8.00	723.00	2175

ONE DOZEN STEEL AXES, DAY WAGE, RATIONS FOOD ONLY PER DAY.

Year.	Price.	Labor Cost.	Day's Wage.	Rations Food Only.
1860 ..	\$11.00	\$2.28	\$1.70	6.25
1865 ..	20.50	3.12	2.27	5.39
1870 ..	14.50	2.93	2.35	6.41
1875 ..	11.50	2.46	2.17	6.00
1880 ..	8.50	2.04	2.26	8.76

In this example the prices of food in the same county have been computed as a standard.

A HORSE-RAKE.

Year.	Price.	Labor Cost.	Day's Wage.	Rations Food Only.
1865 ..	\$35.00	\$3.36	\$1.93	4.53
1870 ..	32.00	2.87	2.12	5.54
1875 ..	28.00	2.53	1.90	5.92
1880 ..	24.00	2.10	1.76	7.01

Compiled from Vol. XX. U. S. Census by Joseph D. Weeks; computed by Edward Atkinson, and verified by comparison with other authorities.

Could space be spared me, examples of the same kind could be added from almost every industry to which modern machinery has been applied, but these must suffice.

Edward Atkinson.

OPPOSING SHERMAN'S ADVANCE TO ATLANTA.*



CONFEDERATE BATTLE-FLAG, ADOPTED BY GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON IN 1861.—A RED FIELD WITH BLUE ST. ANDREW'S CROSS EDGED WITH WHITE, BEARING 13 WHITE STARS AS THERE WERE CONFEDERATE STATES.

PRESIDENT Davis transferred me from the Department of Mississippi to the command of the Army of Tennessee by a telegram received December 18th, 1863, in the camp of Ross's brigade of cavalry near Dalton. I assumed that com-

mand at Dalton on the 27th, and received there, on the 1st of January, a letter from the President dated December 23d, purporting to be "instructions."

In it he, in Richmond, informed me of the encouraging condition of the army, which "induced him to hope that I would soon be able to commence active operations against the enemy,"—the men being "tolerably" well clothed, with a large reserve of small arms, the morning reports exhibiting an effective total that exceeded in number "that actually engaged on the Confederate side in any battle of the war." Yet this army itself had lost in the recent campaign at least 25,000 men in action, while 17,000 had been transferred from it in Longstreet's corps, and two brigades had been sent to Mississippi; so that it was then weaker by 40,000 men than it was when "engaged on the Confederate side" in the battle of Chickamauga, in the September preceding.

In the inspections which were made as soon as practicable, the appearance of the army was very far from being "matter of much congratulation." Instead of a reserve of muskets there was a deficiency of six thousand and as great a one of blankets, while the number of bare feet was painful to see. The artillery horses were too feeble to draw the guns in fields, or on a march, and the mules were in similar condition; while the supplies of forage were then very irregular, and did not include hay. In consequence of this, it was necessary to send all of these animals not needed for camp service to the valley of the Etowah, where long forage could be found, to restore their health and strength.

The last return of the army was of December 20th, and exhibited an effective total of less than 36,000, of whom 6000 were without arms

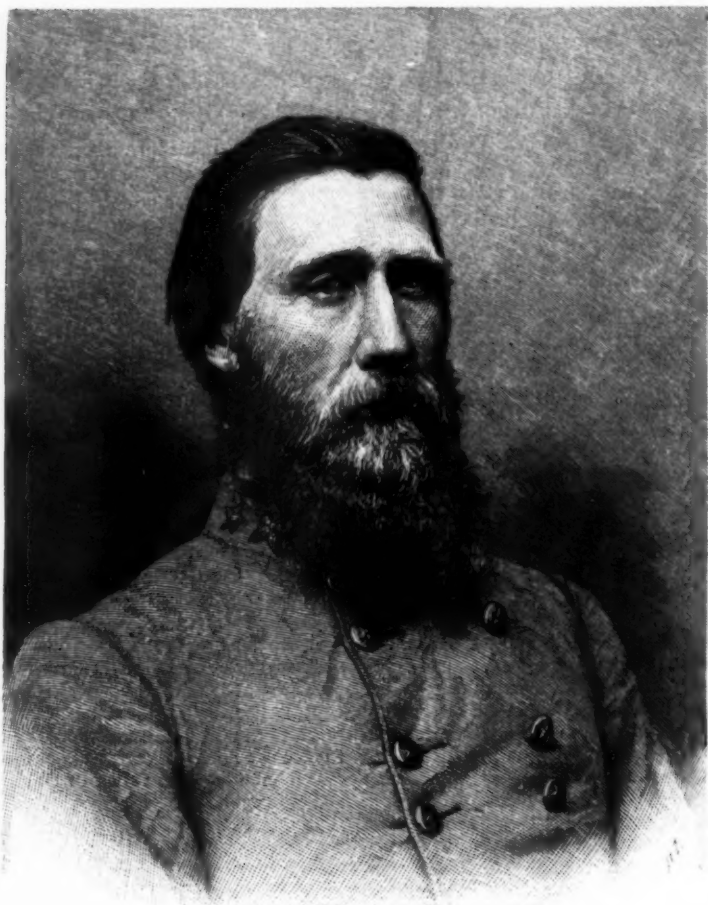
and as many without shoes. The President impressed upon me the importance of recovering Tennessee with an army in such numbers and condition. In pages 548-9 of his volume, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," he dwells upon his successful efforts to increase its numbers and means adequately. After the strange assertions and suggestions of December 23d, he did not resume the subject of military operations until, in a letter of February 27th to him through his staff-officer, General Bragg, I pointed out the necessity of great preparations to take the offensive, such as large additions to the number of troops, an ample supply of field transportation, subsistence stores, and forage, a bridge equipage, and fresh artillery horses. This letter was acknowledged on the 4th of March, but not really replied to until the 12th, when General Bragg wrote a plan of campaign which was delivered to me on the 18th by his secretary, Colonel Sale. It prescribed my invasion of Tennessee with an army of 75,000 men, including Longstreet's corps, then near Morristown, Tennessee. When necessary supplies and transportation were collected at Dalton, the additional troops, except Longstreet's, would be sent there; and this army and Longstreet's corps would march to meet at Kingston, on the Tennessee River, and thence into the valley of Duck River.

Being invited to give my views, I suggested that the enemy could defeat the plan, either by attacking one of our two bodies of troops on the march, with their united forces, or by advancing against Dalton before our forces there should be equipped for the field; for it was certain that they would be able to take the field before we could be ready. I proposed, therefore, that the additional troops should be sent to Dalton in time to give us the means to beat the Federal army there, and then pursue it into Tennessee, which would be a more favorable mode of invasion than the other.

General Bragg replied that my answer did not indicate acceptance of the plan proposed, and that troops could be drawn from other points only to advance. As the idea of advancing had been accepted by me, it was evidently his strategy that was the ultimatum.

I telegraphed again (and also sent a confidential officer to say) that I was anxious to take the offensive with adequate means, and to represent to the President the actual dis-

* For other articles, pictures, and map relating to the Atlanta campaign, see *THE CENTURY* for July.



GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD, C. S. A. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

parity of forces, but without result. The above is the substance of all said, written, or done on the subject of Mr. Davis's pages 548-9, before the armies were actually in contact, with odds of 10 to 4 against us.

The instruction, discipline, and spirit of the army were much improved between the 1st of January and the end of April, and its numbers were increased. The efforts for the latter object brought back to the ranks about five thousand of the men who had left them in the rout of Missionary Ridge. On the morning report of April 30th the totals were: 37,652 infantry, 2812 artillery with 112 guns, and 2392 cavalry. This is the report as corrected by Major Kinlock Falconer, assistant adjutant-general, from official records in his office.

General Sherman had assembled at that time an army of 98,797 men and 254 guns; but before the armies actually met, 3 divisions of cavalry under Generals Stoneman, Garrard, and McCook added 10,000 or 12,000 men to the number. The object prescribed to him by General Grant was "to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemies' country as far as he could, inflicting all the damage possible on their war resources."

The occupation of Dalton by General Bragg had been accidental. He had encamped there for a night in his retreat from Missionary Ridge, and had remained because it was ascertained next morning that the pursuit had ceased. Dalton is in a valley so broad as to give ample room

for the deployment of the largest American army. Rocky-face, which bounds it on the west, terminates as an obstacle, three miles north of the railroad gap, and the distance from Chattanooga to Dalton around that north end exceeds that through the railroad gap less than a mile; and a general with a large army, coming from Chattanooga to attack an inferior one near Dalton, would follow that route and find in the broad valley a very favorable field.

Mr. Davis descants on the advantages I had in mountains, ravines, and streams, and General Sherman claims that those features of the country were equal to the numerical difference between our forces. I would have gladly given all the mountains, ravines, rivers, and woods of Georgia for such a supply of artillery ammunition, proportionally, as he had. Thinking as he did, it is strange that he did not give himself a decided superiority of actual strength, by drawing troops from his three departments of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, where, according to Secretary Stanton's report of 1865, he had 119,000 men, fit for duty. The country in which the two armies operated is not rugged; there is nothing in its character that gave advantage to the Confederates. Between Dalton and Atlanta the only mountain in sight of the railroad is Rocky-face, which aided the Federals. The small military value of mountains is indicated by the fact, that in the Federal attack on June 27th our troops on Kennesaw suffered more than those on the plain.

Major-General Gilmer, chief engineer, in the previous winter wisely had made an admirable base for our army by intrenching Atlanta.

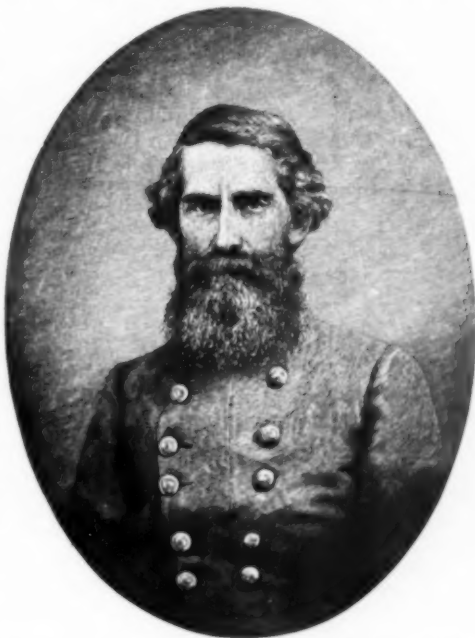
As a road leads from Chattanooga through Snake Creek Gap to the railroad bridge at Resaca, a light intrenchment to cover 3000 or 4000 men was made there; and to make quick communication between that point and Dalton, two rough country roads were so improved as to serve that purpose.

On the 1st of May I reported to the Administration that the enemy was about to advance, suggesting the transfer of at least a part of General Polk's troops to my command. Then, the cavalry with convalescent horses was ordered to the front,—Martin's division to observe the Oostenaula from Resaca to Rome, and Kelly's little brigade to join the cavalry on the Cleveland road.

On the 4th the Federal army, including the troops from Knoxville, was at Ringgold. Next day it skirmished until dark with our advanced

guard of cavalry. This was repeated on the 6th. On the 7th it moved forward, driving our cavalry from Tunnel Hill, and taking a position in the afternoon in front of the railroad gap, and parallel to Rocky-face (see map, next page)—the right a mile south of the gap, and the left near the Cleveland road.

Until that day I had regarded a battle in the broad valley in which Dalton stands as inevitable. The greatly superior strength of the Federal army made the chances of battle altogether in its favor. It had, also, places of refuge in case of defeat, in the intrenched pass of Ringgold, and in the fortress of Chattanooga; while we, if beaten, had none nearer than Atlanta, 100 miles off, with 3 rivers intervening. General Sherman's course indicating no intention of giving battle east of Rocky-face, we prepared to fight on either side of the ridge. For that object, A. P. Stewart's division was placed in the gap, Cheatham's on the crest of the hill, extending a mile north of Stewart's,



MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. T. WALKER, C. S. A., KILLED NEAR ATLANTA, JULY 22D, 1864. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

and Bate's on the west and extending a mile south of the gap. Stevenson's was formed across the valley east of the ridge, his left meeting Cheatham's right; Hindman in line with Stevenson and on his right; Cleburne behind Mill Creek and in front of Dalton. Walker's division was in reserve.

A horizontal scale bar labeled "SCALE OF MILES" with markings at 0, 5, 10, and 20.



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Cantey with his division arrived at Resaca that evening (7th) and was charged with the defense of the place. During the day our cavalry was driven from the ground west of Rocky-face through the gap. Grigsby's brigade was placed near Dug Gap,—the remainder in front of our right. About 4 o'clock P. M. of the 8th, Geary's division of Hooker's corps attacked two regiments of Reynolds's Arkansas brigade guarding Dug Gap. They were soon joined by Grigsby's brigade on foot. The increased sound of musketry indicated so sharp a conflict that Lieutenant-General Hardee was requested to send Granbury's Texan brigade to the help of our people, and to take command there himself. These accessions soon decided the contest, and the enemy was driven down the hill. A sharp engagement was occurring at the same time on the crest of the mountain, where our right and center joined, between Pettus's brigade holding that point and troops of the Fourth Corps attacking it. The assailants were repulsed, however. The vigor of this attack suggested the addition of Brown's brigade to Pettus's.

On the 9th a much larger force assailed the troops at the angle, and with great determination, but the Federal troops were defeated with a loss proportionate to their courage. Assaults as vigorous and resolute were made at the same time on Stewart and on Bate, and were handsomely repulsed. The Confederates, who fought under cover, had but trifling losses in these combats, but the Federal troops, fully exposed, must have lost heavily—the more because American soldiers are not to be driven back without severe losses. General Wheeler had a very handsome affair of cavalry near Varnell's Station, the same day, in which he captured 100 prisoners, including a colonel, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants, and a standard. General Sherman regarded these actions as amounting to a battle.

Information had been received of the arrival of the Army of the Tennessee in Snake Creek Gap, on the 8th. At night on the 9th General Cantey reported that he had been engaged with those troops until dark. Lieutenant-General Hood was dispatched to Resaca with three divisions immediately. The next morning he reported the enemy retreating, and was recalled, with orders to leave two divisions midway between the two places. Spirited fighting was renewed in and near the gap as well as on the northern front. The most vigorous of them was made late in the day, on Bate's division, and repulsed. At night information was received from our scouts near the south end of Rocky-face, that the Army of the Tennessee was intrenching in Snake Creek Gap, and next morning reports were received which indicated

a general movement of the Federal army to its right, and one report that General McPherson's troops were moving from Snake Creek Gap towards Resaca. General Polk, who had just reached that place with Loring's division, was charged with its defense.

General Wheeler was directed to move next morning with all the available cavalry around the north end of Rocky-face, to learn if a general movement of the enemy was in progress. He was to be supported by Hindman's division. In this reconnaissance, General Stoneman's division of cavalry was encountered and driven back. The information gained confirmed the reports of the day before.

Before 10 A. M. of the 13th, the Confederate army moved from Dalton and reached Resaca just as the Federal troops approaching from Snake Creek Gap were encountering Loring's division a mile from the station. Their approach was delayed long enough by Loring's opposition to give me time to select the ground to be occupied by our troops. And while they were taking this ground, the Federal army was forming in front of them. The left of Polk's corps occupied the west face of the intrenchment of Resaca. Hardee's corps, also facing to the west, formed the center. Hood's, its left division facing to the west and the two others to the north-west, was on the right, and, crossing the railroad, reached the Connesauga. The enemy skirmished briskly with the left half of our line all the afternoon.

On the 14th spirited fighting was maintained by the enemy on the whole front, a very vigorous attack being made on Hindman's division of Hood's corps, which was handsomely repulsed. In the meantime General Wheeler was directed to ascertain the position and formation of the Federal left. His report indicating that they were not unfavorable to an attack, Lieutenant-General Hood was directed to make one with Stewart's and Stevenson's divisions, strengthened by four brigades from the center and left. He was instructed to make a half change of front to the left to drive the enemy from the railroad, the object of the operation being to prevent them from using it. The attack was extremely well conducted and executed, and before dark (it was begun at 6 P. M.) the enemy was driven from his ground. This encouraged me to hope for a more important success; so General Hood was directed to renew the fight next morning. His troops were greatly elated by this announcement, made to them that evening.

On riding from the right to the left after nightfall, I was informed that the extreme left of our line of skirmishers, 40 or 50 men, had been driven from their ground,—an elevation near the river,—and received a report

from Major-General Martin that Federal troops were crossing the Oostenaula near Lay's Ferry on a pontoon bridge—two divisions having already crossed. In consequence of this, Walker's division was sent to Lay's Ferry immediately, and the order to General Hood was revoked; also, Lieutenant-Colonel S. W. Presstman, chief engineer, was directed to lay a pontoon bridge a mile above the railroad, and to have the necessary roadway made.

Sharp fighting commenced early on the 15th, and continued until night, with so much vigor that many of the assailants pressed up to our intrenchments. All these attacks were repelled, however. In General Sherman's language, the sounds of musketry and cannon rose all day to the dignity of a battle.

Soon after noon intelligence was received from Major-General Walker, that the report that the enemy had crossed the Oostenaula was untrue. Lieutenant-General Hood was therefore again ordered to assail the enemy with the troops he had commanded the day before. When he was about to move forward, positive intelligence was received from General Walker that the Federal right was actually crossing the Oostenaula. This made it necessary to abandon the thought of fighting north of the river, and the orders to Lieutenant General Hood were countermanded, but the order from corps headquarters was not sent to Stewart promptly, and consequently he made the attack unsustainable, and suffered before being recalled.

The occupation of Resaca being exceedingly hazardous, I determined to abandon the place. So the army was ordered to cross the Oostenaula about midnight,—Hardee's and Polk's corps by the railroad and trestle-bridges, and Hood's by that above, on the pontoons.

General Sherman claims to have surprised us by McPherson's appearance in Snake Creek Gap on the 9th, forgetting that we discovered his march on the 8th. He blames McPherson for not seizing the place. That officer tried the works and found them too strong to be seized. General Sherman says that if McPherson had placed his whole force astride the railroad, he could have there easily withstood the attack of all Johnston's army. Had he done so "all Johnston's army" would have been upon him at the dawn of the next day, the cannon giving General Sherman intelligence of the movement of that army. About twice his force in front and three thousand men in his immediate rear would have overwhelmed him, making a most auspicious beginning of the campaign, for the Confederates.

General Sherman has a very exaggerated idea of our field works. They were slighter than his own, because we had most inadequate

supplies of intrenching tools. Two events at Resaca were greatly magnified to him. He says that on the 13th McPherson's whole line took possession of a ridge overlooking the town, and that several attempts to drive him away were repulsed with bloody loss. The fact is, near night of the 14th, 40 or 50 skirmishers in front of our extreme left were driven from the slight elevation they occupied, but no attempt was made to retake it; and —"Hooker's corps had also some handsome fighting on the left, capturing a 4-gun intrenched battery." From our view, in the morning of the 15th, Major-General Stevenson advanced 4 guns some 80 yards and began to intrench them. General Hood had their fire opened at once. A ravine leading from the Federal line within easy musket-range enabled the Federal troops to drive away the gunners; but their attempt to take off the guns was frustrated by the Confederate musketry. So the pieces remained in place, and fell into the possession of Hooker's corps on the 16th, after we abandoned the position.

The Confederate army was compelled to abandon its position in front of Dalton by General Sherman's flank movement through Snake Creek Gap, and was forced from the second position by the movement towards Calhoun. Each of these movements would have made the destruction of the Confederate army inevitable in case of defeat. In the first case the flank march was protected completely by Rocky-face Ridge; in the second, as completely by the Oostenaula. A numerical superiority of more than 2 to 1 made those manœuvres free from risk. General Sherman thinks that the impracticable nature of the country which made the passage of the troops across the valley almost impossible, saved the Confederate army. The Confederate army remained in its position near Dalton until May 13th, because I knew the time that would be required for the march of 100,000 men through the long defile between their right flank near Mill Creek Gap and the outlet of Snake Creek Gap; and the shortness of the time in which 43,000 men could march by two good roads direct from Dalton to Resaca; and the further fact that our post at Resaca could hold out a longer time than our march to that point would require.

Mr. Davis and General Sherman exhibit a strange ignorance of the country between Dalton and Atlanta. Mr. Davis describes mountain ridges offering positions neither to be taken nor turned, and a natural fortress eighteen miles in extent, forgetting, apparently, that a fortress is strong only when it has a garrison strong enough for its extent; and both forget that, except Rocky-face, no mountain is visible from the

road between Dalton and Atlanta. That country is intersected by numerous practicable roads, and is not more rugged than that near Baltimore and Washington, or Atlanta and Macon. When the armies confronted each other, the advantages of ground were equal, and unimportant, both parties depending for protection on earthworks, not on ridges and ravines.

In leaving Resaca I hoped to find a favorable position near Calhoun, but there was none; and the army, after resting 18 or 20 hours near that place, early in the morning of the 17th moved on 7 or 8 miles to Adairsville, where we were joined by the cavalry of General Polk's command, a division of 3700 men under General W. H. Jackson. Our map represented the valley in which the railroad lies as narrow enough for our army formed across it to occupy the heights on each side with its flanks, and therefore I intended to await the enemy's attack there; but the breadth of the valley far exceeded the front of our army in order of battle. So another plan was devised. Two roads lead southward from Adairsville, — one directly through Cassville; the other follows the railroad through Kingston, turns to the left there, and rejoins the other at Cassville. The interval between them is widest opposite Kingston, where it is about seven miles by the farm roads. In the expectation that a part of the Federal army would follow each road, it was arranged that Polk's corps should engage the column on the direct road when it should arrive opposite Kingston, — Hood's, in position for the purpose, falling upon its left flank in the deployment. Next morning, when our cavalry on that road reported the right Federal column near Kingston, General Hood was instructed to move to and follow northwardly a country road a mile east of that from Adairsville, to be in position to fall upon the flank of the Federal column when it should be engaged with Polk. An order announcing that we were about to give battle was read to each regiment, and heard with exultation. After going some three miles, General Hood marched back about two, and formed his corps facing to our right and rear. Being asked for an explanation, he replied that an aide-de-camp had told him that the Federal army was approaching on that road. Our whole army knew that to be impossible. It had been viewing the enemy in the opposite direction every day for two weeks. General Hood did not report his extraordinary disobedience — as he must have done had he believed the story upon which he professed to have acted. The time lost frustrated the design, for success depended on timing the attack properly.

Mr. Davis conceals the facts to impute this failure to me, thus: "The battle, for causes which were the subject of dispute, did not

take place. . . . Instead of his attacking the divided columns of the enemy, the united Federal columns were preparing to attack him." There was no dispute as to facts.

An attack, except under very unfavorable circumstances, being impossible, the troops were formed in an excellent position along the ridge immediately south of Cassville, an elevated and open valley in front, and a deep one in rear of it. Its length was equal to the front of Hood's and Polk's and half of Hardee's corps. They were placed in that order from right to left.

As I rode along the line while the troops were forming, General Shoup, chief of artillery, pointed out to me a space of 150 or 200 yards, which he thought might be enfiladed by artillery on a hill a half mile beyond Hood's right and in front of the prolongation of our line, if the enemy should clear away the thick wood that covered it and establish batteries. He was desired to point out to the officer who might command there some narrow ravines very near, in which his men could be sheltered from such artillery fire, and to remind him that while artillery was playing upon his position no attack would be made upon it by infantry. The enemy got into position soon after our troops were formed and skirmished until dark, using their field-pieces freely. During the evening Lieutenant-Generals Polk and Hood, the latter being spokesman, asserted that a part of the line of each would be so enfiladed next morning by the Federal batteries established on the hill above mentioned, that they would be unable to hold their ground an hour; and therefore urged me to abandon the position at once. The matter was discussed perhaps an hour, in which time I became apprehensive that as the commanders of two-thirds of the army thought the position untenable, the opinion would be adopted by their troops, which would make it so. Therefore I yielded. Lieutenant-General Hardee, whose ground was the least strong, was full of confidence. Mr. Davis says ("Rise and Fall," page 533) that General Hood asserts, in his report and in a book, that the two corps were on ground commanded and enfiladed by the enemy's batteries. On the contrary, they were on a hill, and the enemy in a valley where their batteries were completely commanded by ours. They expressed the conviction that early the next morning batteries would open upon them from a hill *then thickly covered with wood and out of range of brass field-pieces.*

The army abandoned the ground before daybreak and crossed the Etowah after noon, and encamped near the railroad. Wheeler's cavalry was placed in observation above, and Jackson's below our main body.

No movement of the enemy was discovered until the 22d, when General Jackson reported their army moving towards Stilesboro', as if to cross the Etowah near that place, and crossing on the 23d. On the 24th Hardee's and Polk's corps encamped on the road from Stilesboro' to Atlanta south-east of Dallas, and Hood's four miles from New Hope Church, on the road from Allatoona. On the 25th the Federal army was a little east of Dallas, and Hood's corps was placed with its center at New Hope Church, Polk's on his left and Hardee's prolonging the line to the Atlanta road, which was held by its left. A little before 6 o'clock in the afternoon Stewart's division in front of New Hope Church was fiercely attacked by Hooker's corps, and the action continued two hours without lull or pause, when the assailants fell back. The canister shot of the 16 Confederate field-pieces and the musketry of 5000 infantry at short range must have inflicted heavy loss upon General Hooker's corps, as is proved by the name "Hell Hole," which, General Sherman says, was given the place by the Federal soldiers. Next day the Federal troops worked so vigorously, extending their intrenchments towards the railroad, that they skirmished very little. The Confederates labored strenuously to keep abreast of their work, but in vain, from greatly inferior numbers and an insignificant supply of intrenching tools. On the 27th, however, the fighting rose above the grade of skirmishing, especially in the afternoon, when at half-past 5 o'clock the Fourth Corps and a division of the Fourteenth attempted to turn our right, but the movement, after being impeded by the cavalry, was met by two regiments of our right division (Cleburne's) and the two brigades of his second line brought up on the right of the first. The Federal formation was so deep that its front did not equal that of our two brigades; consequently those troops were greatly exposed to our musketry — all but the leading troops being on a hillside facing us. They advanced until their first line was within 25 or 30 paces of ours, and fell back only after at least 700 men had fallen dead in their places. When the leading Federal troops paused in their advance, a color-bearer came on, and planted his colors 8 or 10 feet in front of his regiment, but was killed in the act. A soldier who sprang forward to hold up or bear off the colors was shot dead as he seized the staff. Two others who followed successively, fell like him, but a fourth bore back the noble emblem. Some time after nightfall, the Confederates captured above two hundred prisoners in the hollow before them.

General Sherman does not refer to this combat in his "Memoirs," although he dwells with some exultation upon a very small affair

of the next day at Dallas, in which the Confederates lost about 300 men killed and wounded, and in which he must have lost more than ten times as many.

In the afternoon of the 28th, Lieutenant-General Hood was instructed to draw his corps to the rear of our line in the early part of the night, march around our right flank, and form it facing the left flank of the Federal line and obliquely to it, and attack at dawn — Hardee and Polk to join in the battle successively as the success on the right of each might enable him to do so. We waited next morning for the signal, — the sound of Hood's musketry, — from the appointed time until 10 o'clock, when a message from that officer was brought by an aide-de-camp to the effect that he had found R. W. Johnson's division intrenching on the left of the Federal line and almost at right angles to it, and asked for instructions. The message proved that there could be no surprise, which was necessary to success, and that the enemy's intrenchments would be completed before we could attack. The corps was therefore recalled. It was ascertained afterwards that after marching eight or ten hours Hood's corps was then at least six miles from the Federal left, which was but a musket-shot from his starting-point.

The extension of the Federal intrenchments towards the railroad was continued industriously to cut us off from it or to cover their own approach to it. We tried to keep pace with them, but the labor did not prevent the desultory fighting, which was kept up while daylight lasted. In this the great inequality of force compelled us to employ dismounted cavalry. On the 4th or 5th of June the Federal army reached the railroad between Ackworth and Allatoona. The Confederate forces then moved to a position carefully marked out by Colonel Presstman, its left on Lost Mountain, and its right of cavalry beyond the railroad and somewhat covered by Noonday Creek, a line much too long for our strength.

On the 8th the Federal army seemed to be near Ackworth, and our position was contracted to cover the roads leading thence to Atlanta. This brought the left of Hardee's corps to Gilgal Church, Polk's right near the Marietta and Ackworth road and Hood's corps massed beyond that road. Pine Mountain, a detached hill, was held by a division. On the 11th of June the left of the Federal army was on the high ground beyond Noonday Creek, its center a third of a mile in front of Pine Mountain and its right beyond the Burnt Hickory and Marietta road.

In the morning of the 14th General Hardee and I rode to the summit of Pine Mountain to decide if the outpost there should be main-



CHARACTER OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF NEW HOPE CHURCH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

tained. General Polk accompanied us. After we had concluded our examination and the abandonment of the hill had been decided upon, a few shots were fired at us from a battery of Parrott guns a quarter of a mile in our front; the third of these passed through General Polk's chest, from left to right, killing him instantly. This event produced deep sorrow in the army, in every battle of which he had been distinguished. Major-General W. W. Loring succeeded to the command of the corps.

A division of Georgia militia under Major-General G. W. Smith, transferred to the Confederate service by Governor Brown, was charged with the defense of the bridges and ferries of the Chattahoochee, for the safety of Atlanta. On the 16th Hardee's corps was placed on the high ground east of Mud Creek, facing to the west. The right of the Federal army made a corresponding change of front by which it faced to the east. It was opposed in this manœuvre by Jackson's cavalry, as well as 2500 men can resist 30,000. The angle where Hardee's right joined Loring's left was soon found to be a very weak point, and on the 17th another position was chosen, including the crest of Kennesaw, which Colonel Presstman prepared for occupation by the 19th, when it was assumed by the army. In this position two divisions of Loring's corps occupied the crest of Kennesaw from end to end, the other division being on its right, and Hood's

corps on the right of it, Hardee's extending from Loring's left across the Lost Mountain and Marietta road. The enemy approached as usual, under cover of successive lines of intrenchments. In these positions of the two armies partial engagements were sharp and incessant until the 3d of July. On the 21st the extension of the Federal line to the south which had been protected by the swollen condition of Noses Creek, compelled the transfer of Hood's corps to our left, Wheeler's troops occupying the ground it had left. On the 22d General Hood reported that Hindman's and Stevenson's divisions of his corps, having been attacked, had driven back the Federal troops and had taken a line of breastworks, from which they had been driven by the artillery of the enemy's main position. Subsequent detailed accounts of this affair prove that after the capture of the advanced line of breastworks, General Hood directed his two divisions against the enemy's main line. The slow operation of a change of front under the fire of the artillery of this main line, subjected the Confederates to a loss of one thousand men—whereupon the attempt was abandoned, either by the general's orders or the discretion of the troops.

On the 24th Hardee's skirmishers were attacked in their rifle-pits by a Federal line of battle, and on the 25th a similar assault was made upon those of Stevenson's division. Both

were repulsed, with heavy losses to the assailants.

In the morning of the 27th, after a cannonade by all its artillery, the Federal army assailed the Confederate position, especially the center and right—the Army of the Cumberland advancing against the first, and that of the Tennessee against the other. Although suffering losses out of all proportion to those they inflicted, the Federal troops pressed up to the Confederate intrenchments in many places, maintaining the unequal conflict for two hours and a half, with the persevering courage of American soldiers. At 11:30 A. M. the attack had failed. In General Sherman's words:

"About 9 o'clock A. M. of the day appointed, June the 27th, the troops moved to the assault, and all along our lines for ten miles a furious fire of artillery and musketry was kept up. At all points the enemy met us with determined courage and in great force. . . . By 11:30 the assault was over, and had failed. We had not broken the Confederate line at either point, but our assaulting columns held their ground within a few yards of the rebel trenches and there covered themselves with parapet. McPherson lost about 300 men, and Thomas nearly 2000." [He reports 1580. See Report of Com. on Conduct of War—Supplement.]

Such statements of losses are incredible. The Northern troops fought very bravely, as usual. Many fell against our parapets, some were killed in our trenches. Most of this battle of 2½ hours was at very short range. It is not to be believed that Southern veterans struck but 3 per cent. of Thomas's troops in mass at short range, or 1½ per cent. of McPherson's—and if possible still less so that Northern soldiers, inured to battle, should have been defeated by losses so trifling as never to have discouraged the meanest soldiers on record. I have seen American soldiers (Northern men) win a field with losses ten times greater proportionally. But argument apart, there is a witness against the estimates of Northern losses in this campaign, in the 10,036 graves in the Military Cemetery at Marietta, of soldiers killed south of the Etowah. Moreover, the Federal dead nearest to Hardee's line lay there 2 days, during which they were frequently counted—at least 1000; and as there were 7 lines within some 300 yards, exposed 2½ hours to the musketry of 2 divisions and the canister shot of 32 field-pieces, there must have been many uncounted dead; the counted would alone indicate a loss of at least 6000.

As to the "assaulting columns holding their ground within a few yards of the rebel trenches and there covering themselves with parapet," it was utterly impossible. There would have been much more exposure in that than in mounting and crossing the little rebel "parapet"; but at one point 75 yards in front of Cheatham's line, a party of Federal soldiers,

finding themselves sheltered from his missiles by the form of the ground, made a "parapet" there which became connected with the main work.

As the extension of the Federal intrenched line to their right had brought it nearer to Atlanta than was our left, and had made our position otherwise very dangerous, two new positions for the army were chosen, one 9 or 10 miles south of Marietta, and the other on the high ground near the Chattahoochee. Colonel Presstman was desired to prepare the first for occupation, and Brigadier-General Shoup, commander of the artillery, was instructed to strengthen the other with a line of redoubts devised by himself.

The troops took the first position in the morning of the 3d, and as General Sherman was strengthening his right greatly, they were transferred to the second in the morning of the 5th. The cavalry of our left had been supported in the previous few days by a division of State troops commanded by Major-General G. W. Smith.

As General Sherman says, "it was really a continuous battle lasting from June 10th to July 3d." The army occupied positions about Marietta 26 days, in which the want of artillery ammunition was especially felt; for, in all those days we were exposed to an almost incessant fire of artillery as well as musketry—the former being the more harassing, because it could not be returned; for our supply of artillery ammunition was so small that we were compelled to reserve it for battles and serious assaults.

In the new position, each corps had two pontoon bridges laid. Above the railroad bridge the Chattahoochee had numerous good fords. General Sherman, therefore, directed his troops to that part of the river, 10 or 15 miles above our camp. On the 8th of July two of his corps had crossed the Chattahoochee and intrenched themselves. Therefore the Confederate army also crossed the river on the 9th.

About the middle of June Captain Grant of the engineers was instructed to strengthen the fortifications of Atlanta materially, on the side towards Peach Tree Creek, by the addition of redoubts and by converting barbette into embrasure batteries. I also obtained a promise of seven sea-coast rifles from General Maury, to be mounted on that front. Colonel Presstman was instructed to join Captain Grant with his subordinates, in this work of strengthening the defenses of Atlanta, especially between the Augusta and Marietta roads, as the enemy was approaching that side. For the same reason a position on the high ground looking down into the valley of Peach Tree Creek was selected for the army, from which

it might engage the enemy if he exposed himself in the passage of the stream. The position of each division was marked and pointed out to its staff-officers.

We learned on the 17th that the whole Federal army had crossed the Chattahoochee; and late in the evening, while Colonel Prestman was receiving from me instructions for the next day, I received the following telegram of that date:

"Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of general under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that, as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood."

"S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector-General."

Orders transferring the command of the army* to General Hood were written and published immediately, and next morning I replied to the telegram of the Secretary of War:

"Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed—command of the Army and Department of Tennessee has been transferred to General Hood. As to the alleged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's compared with that of Northern Virginia. Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance much more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg; and penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competence."

General Hood came to my quarters early in the morning of the 18th, and remained there until nightfall. Intelligence was soon received that the Federal army was marching towards Atlanta, and at his urgent request I gave all necessary orders during the day. The most important one placed the troops in the position already chosen, which covered the roads by which the enemy was approaching. After transferring the command to General Hood I described to him the course of action I had arranged in my mind. If the enemy should give us a good opportunity in the passage of Peach Tree Creek, I expected to attack him. If successful, we should obtain important results, for the enemy's retreat would be on two sides of a triangle and our march on one. If we should not succeed, our intrenchments would give us a safe refuge, where we could hold back the enemy until the promised State troops should join us; then, placing them on the nearest defenses of the place (where there were, or ought to be, seven sea-coast rifles, sent us from Mobile by General Maury), I would attack the Federals in flank with the

three Confederate corps. If we were successful, they would be driven against the Chattahoochee below the railroad, where there are no fords, or away from their supplies, as we might fall on their left or right flank. If unsuccessful, we could take refuge in Atlanta, which we could hold indefinitely; for it was too strong to be taken by assault, and too extensive to be invested. This would win the campaign, the object of which the country supposed Atlanta to be.

At Dalton, the great numerical superiority of the enemy made the chances of battle much against us, and even if beaten they had a safe refuge behind the fortified pass of Ringgold and in the fortress of Chattanooga. Our refuge, in case of defeat, was in Atlanta, 100 miles off, with 3 rivers intervening. Therefore victory for us could not have been decisive, while defeat would have been utterly disastrous. Between Dalton and the Chattahoochee we could have given battle only by attacking the enemy intrenched, or so near intrenchments that the only result of success to us would have been his falling back into them, while defeat would have been our ruin.

In the course pursued our troops, always fighting under cover, had very trifling losses compared with those they inflicted, so that the enemy's numerical superiority was reduced daily and rapidly; and we could reasonably have expected to cope with them on equal ground by the time the Chattahoochee was passed. Defeat on the south side of that river would have been their destruction. We, if beaten, had a place of refuge in Atlanta—too strong to be assaulted, and too extensive to be invested. I had also hoped that by the breaking of the railroad in its rear the Federal army might be compelled to attack us in a position of our own choosing, or forced into a retreat easily converted into a rout. After we crossed the Etowah, five detachments of cavalry were successively sent with instructions to destroy as much as they could of the railroad between Chattanooga and the Etowah. All failed, because they were too weak. Captain James B. Harvey, an officer of great courage and sagacity, was detached on this service on the 11th of June and remained near the railroad several weeks frequently interrupting, but not strong enough to prevent, its use.

Early in the campaign the impressions of the strength of the cavalry in Mississippi and East Louisiana given me by Lieutenant-General Polk, just from the command of that department, gave me reason to hope that an adequate force commanded by the most com-

* I have two reports of the strength of the army besides that of April 30th, already given: 1. Of July 1st, 39,746 infantry, 3855 artillery, and 10,484 cavalry; total, 54,085. 2. Of July 10th, 36,901 infantry, 3755 artillery and 10,270 cavalry; total, 50,926.—J. E. J.

petent officer in America for such service (General Forrest) could be sent from it for the purpose. I therefore made the suggestion to the President directly, June 13th and July 16th, and through General Bragg on the 3d, 12th, 16th, and 26th of June. I did so in the confidence that this cavalry would serve the Confederacy far better by insuring the defeat of a great invasion than by repelling a mere raid.

In his telegram of the 17th, Mr. Davis gave his reasons for removing me, but in pages 556 to 561 of the "Rise and Fall" he gives many others, most of which depend on misrepresentations of the strength of the positions I occupied. They were not stronger than General Lee's; indeed, my course was as like his as the dissimilarity of the two Federal commanders permitted. As his had increased his great fame, it is not probable that the people who admired his course condemned another similar one. As to Georgia, the State most interested, its two most prominent and influential citizens, Governor Joseph E. Brown (now Senator) and General Howell Cobb, remonstrated against my removal.

The assertions in Mr. B. H. Hill's letter quoted by Mr. Davis do not agree with those in his oration delivered in Atlanta in 1875. He said in it: "I know that he (Mr. Davis) consulted General Lee fully, earnestly, and anxiously before this perhaps unfortunate removal." That assertion is contradicted by one whose testimony is above question — for in

Southern estimation he has no superior as gentleman, soldier, and civilian — General Hampton. General Lee had a conversation with him on the subject, of which he wrote to me:

"On that occasion he expressed great regret that you had been removed, and said that he had done all in his power to prevent it. The Secretary of War had recently been at his headquarters near Petersburg to consult as to this matter, and General Lee assured me that he had urged Mr. Seddon not to remove you from command, and had said to him that if you could not command the army we had no one who could. He was earnest in expressing not only his regret at your removal, but his entire confidence in yourself."

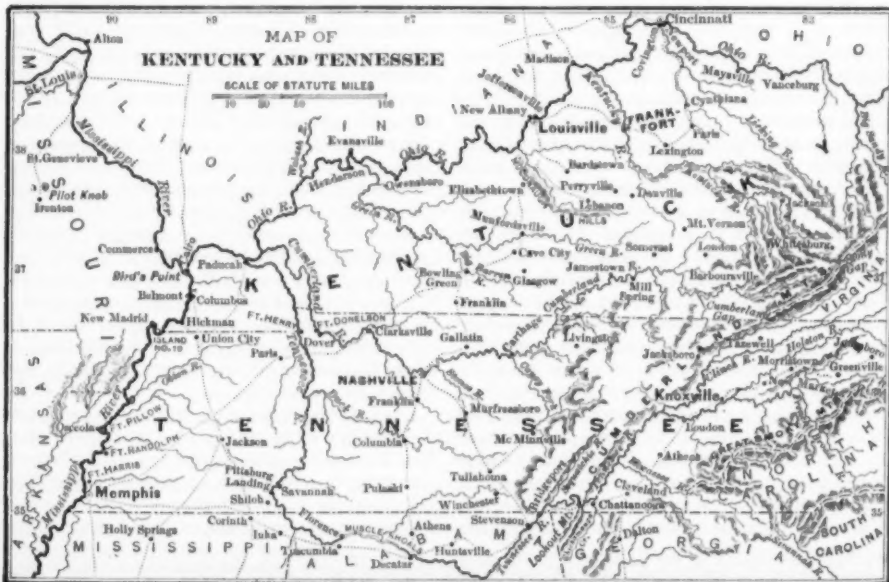
Everything seen about Atlanta proved that it was to be defended. We had been strengthening it a month, and had made it, under the circumstances, impregnable. We had defended Marietta, which had not a tenth of its strength, 26 days. General Sherman appreciated its strength, for he made no attack, although he was before it about six weeks.

I was a party to no such conversations as those given by Mr. Hill. No soldier above idocy could express the opinions he ascribes to me.

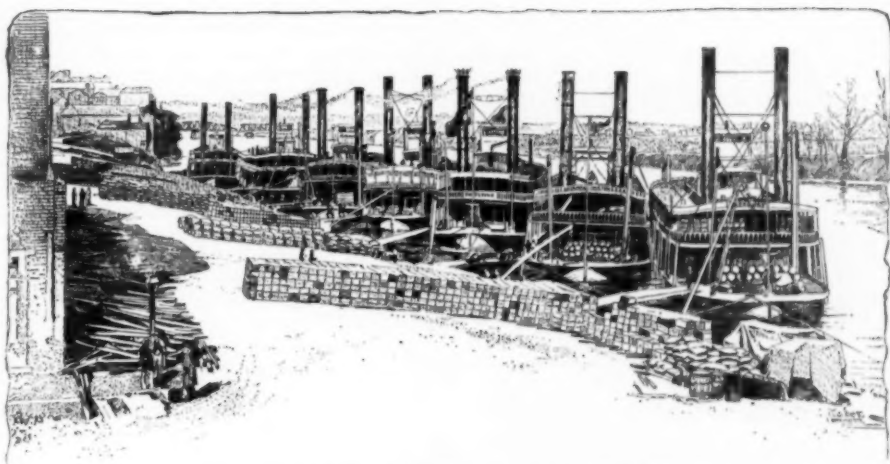
Mr. Davis condemned me for not fighting. General Sherman's testimony and that of the Military Cemetery at Marietta refute the charge.

I assert that had one of the other lieutenant-generals of the army (Hardee or Stewart) succeeded me, Atlanta would have been held by the Army of Tennessee.

J. E. Johnston.



MAP OF WOOD'S INVASION OF TENNESSEE.



THE LEVEE AT NASHVILLE, LOOKING DOWN THE CUMBERLAND. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

HOOD'S INVASION OF TENNESSEE.

ON September 28th, 1864, less than four weeks from the day the Union forces occupied Atlanta, General Sherman, who found his still unconquered enemy, General Hood, threatening his communications in Georgia, and that formidable



BRIDGE OVER THE CUMBERLAND AT NASHVILLE.

able raider, General Forrest, playing the mischief in Tennessee, sent to the latter State two divisions — General Newton's of the Fourth Corps, and General J. D. Morgan's of the Fourteenth — to aid in destroying, if possible, that intrepid dragoon. To make assurance doubly sure, the next day he ordered General George H. Thomas, his most capable and experienced lieutenant, and the commander of more than three-fifths of his grand army, "back to Stevenson and Decherd . . . to look to Tennessee."

No order would have been more unwelcome to General Thomas. It removed him from the command of his own thoroughly organized and harmonious army, 60,000 veterans, whom he knew and trusted, and who knew and loved him, and relegated him to the position of supervisor of communications. It also sent him to the rear, just when great preparations were making for an advance. But, as often happens,

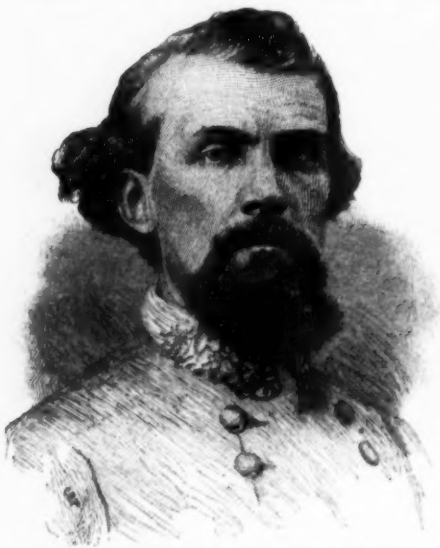
what seemed an adverse fate opened the door to great, unforeseen opportunity. The task of expelling Forrest and reopening the broken communications was speedily completed; and on the 17th of October General Thomas wrote to General Sherman: "I hope to join you very soon." The latter, however, had other views, and the hoped-for junction was never made. On the 19th he wrote to General Thomas:

"I will send back to Tennessee the Fourth Corps, all dismounted cavalry, all sick and wounded, and all incumbrances whatever, except what I can haul in our wagons. . . . I want you to remain in Tennessee and take command of all my [military] division not actually present with me. Hood's army may be set down at forty thousand (40,000) of all arms, fit for duty. . . . If you can defend the line of the Tennessee in my absence of three (3) months it is all I ask."

With such orders, and under such circumstances, General Thomas was left to play his part in the new campaign.

General Hood, after a series of daring adventures, which baffled all Sherman's calculations ("he can turn and twist like a fox," said Sherman, "and wear out my army in pursuit"), concentrated his entire force, except Forrest's cavalry, at Gadsden, Alabama, on the 22d of October; while General Sherman established his headquarters at Gaylesville, — a "position," as he wrote to General Halleck, "very good to watch the enemy." In spite of this "watch," Hood suddenly appeared on the 26th at Decatur, on the Tennessee River, 75 miles northwest of Gadsden. This move was a complete surprise, and evidently "meant business."

The Fourth Corps, numbering about 12,000 men, commanded by Major-General D. S. Stanley, was at once ordered from Gaylesville, to report to General Thomas. Its leading division reached Pulaski, Tenn., a small town on



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST, C. S. A.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the railroad, about 40 miles north of Decatur, on the 1st of November, where it was joined four days later by the other two.

Making a slight though somewhat lengthened demonstration against Decatur, General Hood pushed on to Tusculum, 45 miles west. Here he expected to find — what he had weeks before ordered — ample supplies, and the railroad in operation to Corinth. But he was doomed to disappointment. Instead of being in condition to make the rapid and triumphant march with which he had inflamed the ardor of his troops, he was detained three weeks, a delay fatal to his far-reaching hopes. Placing one corps on the north side of the river at Florence, he worked and waited for supplies and for Forrest, who had been playing havoc in West Tennessee, and was under orders to join him.

Convinced now of Hood's serious intentions, General Sherman also ordered the Twenty-third Corps, ten thousand men, under command of Major-General J. M. Schofield, to report to General Thomas. Reaching Pulaski, with one division on the 14th of November, General Schofield, though inferior in rank to Stanley, assumed command by virtue of being a department commander. The whole force gathered there was less than 18,000 men; while in

front were some 5000 cavalry, consisting of a brigade of about 1500, under General Croxton, and a division of some 3500, under General Edward Hatch, the latter being fortunately intercepted while on his way to join Sherman.

The Confederate army in three corps (S. P. Lee's, A. P. Stewart's, and B. F. Cheatham's) began its northward march on the 19th of November, in the midst of weather of great severity. It rained and snowed and hailed and froze, and the roads were almost impassable. Forrest had come up, with about 6000 cavalry, and led the advance with indomitable energy. Hatch and Croxton made such resistance as they could; but on the 22d, the head of Hood's column was at Lawrenceburg, some 16 miles due west of Pulaski, and on a road running direct to Columbia, where the railroad and turnpike to Nashville cross Duck River, and where there were less than 800 men to guard the bridges. The situation at Pulaski, with an enemy nearly three times as large fairly on the flank, was anything but cheering. Warned by the reports from General Hatch, and by the orders of General Thomas, who, on the 20th, had directed General Schofield to prepare to fall back to Columbia, the two divisions of General J. D. Cox and General Wagner (the latter Newton's old division) were ordered to march to Lynnville — about half-way to Columbia — on the 22d. On the 23d, the other two divisions, under General Stanley, were to follow with the wagon trains. It was not a moment too soon. On the morning of the 24th, General Cox, who had pushed on to within nine miles of Columbia, was roused by sounds of conflict away to the west. Taking a cross-road, leading south of Columbia, he reached the Mount Pleasant pike just in time to interpose his infantry between Forrest's cavalry and a hapless brigade, under command of Colonel Capron, which was being handled most unceremoniously. In another hour, Forrest would have been in possession of the crossings of Duck River; and the only line of communication with Nashville would have been in the hands of the enemy. General Stanley, who had left Pulaski in the afternoon of the 23d, reached Lynnville after dark. Rousing his command at 1 o'clock in the morning, by 9 o'clock the head of his column connected with Cox in front of Columbia — having marched 30 miles since 2 o'clock of the preceding afternoon. These timely movements saved the army from utter destruction.

When General Sherman had finally determined on his march to the sea, he requested General Rosecrans, in Missouri, to send to General Thomas two divisions, under General A. J. Smith, which had been loaned to General Banks for the Red River expedition, and were

now repelling the incursion of Price into Missouri. As they were not immediately forthcoming, General Grant had ordered General Rawlins, his chief-of-staff, to St. Louis, to direct, in person, their speedy embarkation. Thence, on the 7th, two weeks before Hood began his advance from Florence, General Rawlins wrote to General Thomas that Smith's command, aggregating nearly 14,000, would begin to leave that place as early as the 10th. No news was ever more anxiously awaited or more eagerly welcomed than this. But the promise could not be fulfilled. Smith had to march entirely across the State of Missouri; and instead of leaving St. Louis on the 10th, he did not reach that place until the 24th. Had he come at the proposed time, it was General Thomas's intention to place him at Eastport, on the Tennessee River, so as to threaten Hood's flank and rear if he advanced. With such disposition, the battles of Franklin and Nashville would have been relegated to the category of "events which never come to pass." But, when Smith reached St. Louis, Hood was threatening Columbia; and it was an open question whether he would not reach Nashville before the reinforcements from Missouri.

As fast as the Union troops arrived at Columbia, in their hurried retreat from Pulaski, works were thrown up, covering the approaches from the south, and the trains were sent across



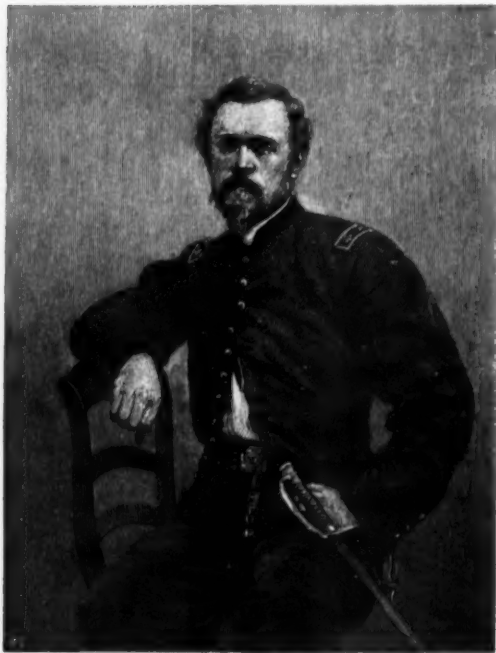
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL B. F. CHEATHAM, C. S. A.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the river. But the line was found to be longer than the small force could hold; and the river could easily be crossed, above or below the town. Orders were given to withdraw to the north side on the night of the 26th, but a heavy storm prevented. The next night the crossing was made, the railroad bridge was burned, and the pontoon boats were scuttled. It was an all-night job, the last of the pickets crossing at 5 in the morning. It was now the fifth day since the retreat from Pulaski began, and the little army had been exposed day and night to all sorts of weather except sunshine, and had been almost continually on the move. From deserters it was learned that Hood's infantry numbered 40,000 and his cavalry, under Forrest, 10,000 or 12,000. But the Union army was slowly increasing by concentration and the arrival of recruits. It now numbered at Columbia about 23,000 infantry and some 5000 cavalry — of whom only 3500 were mounted. General J. H. Wilson, who had been ordered by General Grant to report to General Sherman, and of whom General Grant wrote, "I believe he will add fifty per cent. to the effectiveness of your cavalry," had taken command of all General Thomas's cavalry, which was trying to hold the fords east and west of Columbia.

In spite of every opposition, Forrest suc-



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ceeded in placing one of his divisions on the north side of Duck River before noon of the 28th, and forced back the Union cavalry on roads leading toward Spring Hill and Franklin. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 29th General Wilson became convinced that the enemy's infantry would begin crossing at daylight, and advised General Schofield to fall back to Franklin. At 3:30 the same morning General Thomas sent him similar orders. Daylight revealed the correctness of Wilson's information. Cheatham's corps, headed by Cleburne's division,—a division unsurpassed for courage, energy, and endurance by any other in the Confederate army,—before sunrise was making its way over Duck River at Davis's Ford, about five miles east of Columbia. The weather had cleared, and it was a bright autumn morning, the air full of invigorating life. General Hood in person accompanied the advance.

When General Schofield was informed that the Confederate infantry were crossing, he sent a brigade under Colonel P. Sidney Post, on a reconnaissance along the river bank, to learn what was going on. He also ordered General Stanley to march with two divisions, Wagner's and Kimball's, to Spring Hill, taking the trains and all the reserve artillery. In less than half an hour after receiving the order,

Stanley was on the way. On reaching the point where Rutherford Creek crosses the Franklin Pike, Kimball's division was halted, by order of General Schofield, and faced to the east to cover the crossing against a possible attack from that quarter. In this position Kimball remained all day. Stanley, with the other division, pushed on to Spring Hill. Just before noon, as the head of his column was approaching that place, he met "a cavalry soldier who seemed to be badly scared," who reported that Buford's division of Forrest's cavalry was approaching from the east. The troops were at once double-quickened into the town, and the leading brigade, deploying as it advanced, drove off the enemy just as they were expecting, unmolested, to occupy the place. As the other brigades came up, they also were deployed, forming nearly a semicircle,—Opdycke's brigade stretching in a thin line from the railroad station north of the village to a point some distance east, and Lane's from Opdycke's right to the pike below. Bradley was sent to the front to occupy a knoll some three-fourths of a mile east, commanding all the

approaches from that direction. Most of the artillery was placed on a rise south of the town. The trains were parked within the semicircle.

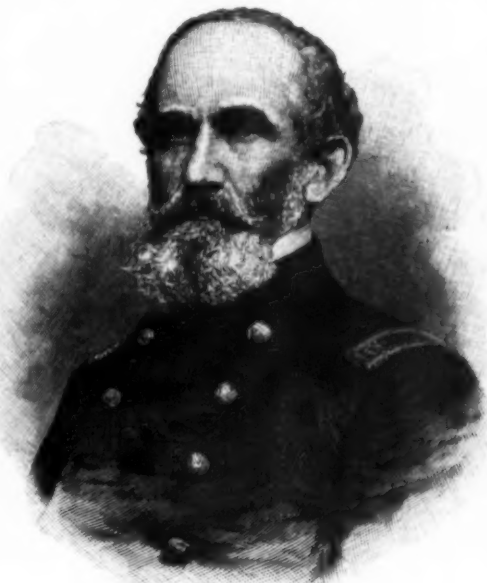


MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB D. COX. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

From Spring Hill roads radiate to all points, the turnpike between Columbia and Franklin being there intersected by turnpikes from Rally Hill and Mount Carmel, as well as by numerous dirt roads leading to the neighboring towns. Possession of that point would not only shut out the Union army from the road to Nashville, but it would effectually bar the way in every direction. Stanley's arrival was not a moment too soon for the safety of the army under Schofield, and his prompt dispositions and steady courage, as well as his vigorous hold of all the ground he occupied, gave his little command all the moral fruits of a victory.

Hardly had the three brigades, numbering, all told, less than 4000 men, reached the positions assigned them, when Bradley was assailed by a force which the men declared fought too well to be dismounted cavalry. At the same time, at Thompson's Station, three miles north, an attack was made on a small wagon train heading for Franklin; and a dash was made by a detachment of the Confederate cavalry on the Spring Hill station, northwest of the town. It seemed as if the little band, attacked from all points, was threatened with destruction. Bradley's brigade was twice assaulted, but held its own, though with considerable loss, and only a single regiment could be spared to reinforce him. The third assault was more successful, and he was driven back to the edge of the village, Bradley himself receiving a disabling wound while rallying his men. In attempting to follow up this temporary advantage, the enemy, in crossing a wide corn-field, was opened upon with spherical case-shot from eight guns, posted on the knoll, and soon scattered in considerable confusion. These attacks undoubtedly came from Cleburne's division, and were made under the eye of the corps commander, General Cheatham, and the army commander, General Hood. That they were not successful, especially as the other two divisions of the same corps, Brown's and Bate's, were close at hand, and Stewart's corps not far off, seems unaccountable. Except this one small division deployed in a long thin line to cover the wagons, there were no Union troops within striking distance; the cavalry were about Mount Carmel, five miles east, fully occupied in keeping Forrest away from Franklin and the Harpeth River crossings. The nearest aid was Kimball's division, seven miles south, at Ruthersford Creek. The other three divisions of infantry which made up Schofield's force—Wood's, Cox's, and Ruger's (in part)—were

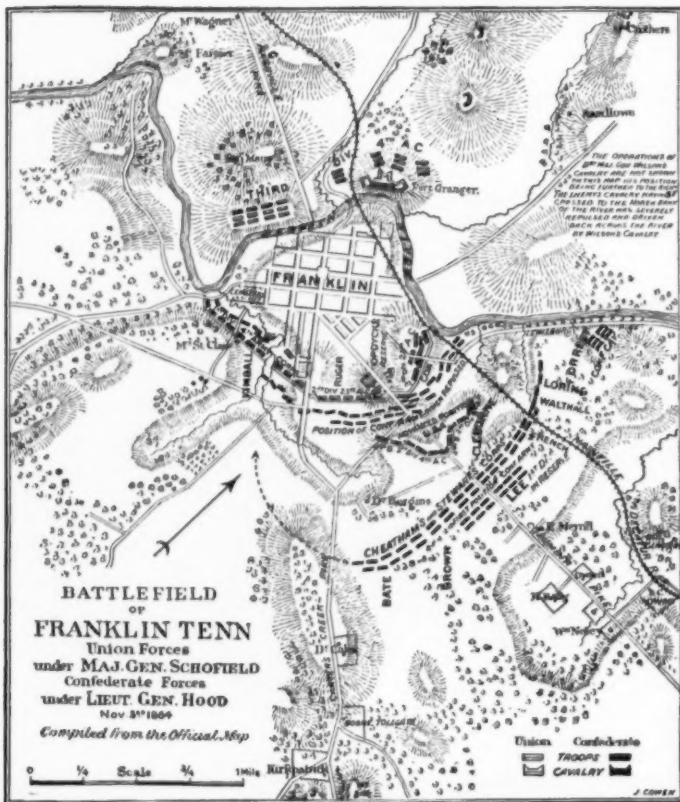
still at Duck River. Thus night closed down upon the solitary division, on whose boldness of action devolved the safety of the whole force which Sherman had spared from his march to the sea to breast the tide of Hood's invasion.



MAJOR-GENERAL A. J. SMITH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

When night came, the danger rather increased than diminished. A single Confederate brigade, like Adams's or Cockrell's or Maney's,—veterans since Shiloh,—planted square across the pike, either south or north of Spring Hill, would have effectually prevented Schofield's retreat, and daylight would have found his whole force cut off from every avenue of escape by more than twice its numbers, to assault whom would be madness, and to avoid whom would be impossible.

Why Cleburne and Brown failed to drive away Stanley's one division before dark; why Bate failed to possess himself of the pike south of the town; why Stewart failed to lead his troops to the pike at the north; why Forrest, with his audacious temper and his enterprising cavalry, did not fully hold Thompson's Station or the crossing of the West Harpeth, half-way to Franklin: these are to this day disputed questions among the Confederate commanders; and it is not proposed here to discuss them. The afternoon and night of November 29th, 1864, may well be set down in the calendar of lost opportunities. The heroic valor of those same troops the next day, and their frightful losses, as they attempted to



retrieve their mistake, show what might have been.

By 8 o'clock at night—two hours only after sunset, of a moonless night—at least two corps of Hood's army were in line of battle facing the turnpike, and not half a mile away. The long line of Confederate camp-fires burned brightly, and their men could be seen, standing around them, or sauntering about in groups. Now and then a few would come almost to the pike and fire at a passing Union squad, but without provoking a reply. General Schofield, who had remained at Duck River all day, reached Spring Hill about 7 P. M., with Ruger's division and Whitaker's brigade. Leaving the latter to cover a cross-road a mile or two below the town, he started with Ruger about 9 P. M. to force a passage at Thompson's Station, supposed to be in the hands of the enemy. At 11 P. M. General Cox arrived with his division, and soon after Schofield returned to Spring Hill with the welcome news that the way was open. From Thompson's Station he sent his engineer officer, Captain Wm. J. Twining, to

be at Nashville in three days—that is, Thursday. The expectation, therefore, of finding him at Franklin, was like a drowning man's catching at a straw.

Just before midnight Cox started from Spring Hill for Franklin, and was ordered to pick up Ruger at Thompson's Station. At 1 A. M. he was on the road, and the train, over five miles long, was drawn out. At the very outset, it had to cross a bridge in single file. So difficult was this whole movement, that it was 5 o'clock in the morning before the wagons were fairly under way. As the head of the train passed Thompson's Station, it was attacked by the Confederate cavalry, and for a while there was great consternation. Wood's division, which had followed Cox from Duck River, was marched along the east of the pike, to protect the train, and the enemy were speedily driven off. It was near daybreak when the last wagon left Spring Hill. Kimball's division followed Wood's, and at 4 o'clock Wagner drew in his lines, his skirmishers remaining till it was fairly daylight. The rear-guard

Franklin, to telegraph the situation to General Thomas, with whom all communication had been cut off since early morning. Captain Twining's dispatch shows most clearly the critical condition of affairs. "The general says he will not be able to get farther than Thompson's Station to-night. . . . He regards his situation as extremely perilous. . . . Thinking the troops under A. J. Smith's command had reached Franklin, General Schofield directed me to have them pushed down to Spring Hill by daylight tomorrow." This was Tuesday. The day before, General Thomas had telegraphed to General Schofield that Smith had not yet arrived, but would

was commanded by Colonel Emerson Opdycke, who was prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice the last man to secure the safety of the main body. So efficiently did his admirable brigade do its work, that, though surrounded by a cloud of the enemy's cavalry, which made frequent dashes at its lines, not a straggler nor a wagon was left behind. The ground was strewn with knapsacks, cut from the shoulders of a lot of raw recruits, weighed down with their unaccustomed burden.

The head of the column, under General Cox, reached the outskirts of Franklin about the same hour that the rear-guard was leaving Spring Hill. Here the tired, sleepy, hungry men, who had fought and marched, day and night, for nearly a week, threw up a line of earthworks on a slight eminence which guards the southern approach to the town, even before they made their coffee. Then they gladly dropped anywhere, for the much-needed "forty winks." Slowly the rest of the weary column, regiment after regiment of worn-out men, filed into the works, and continued the line, till a complete bridge-head, from the river bank above to the river bank below, encircled the town. By noon of the 30th, all the troops had come up, and the wagons were crossing the river, which was already fordable, notwithstanding the recent heavy rainfalls. The rear-guard was still out, having an occasional bout with the enemy.

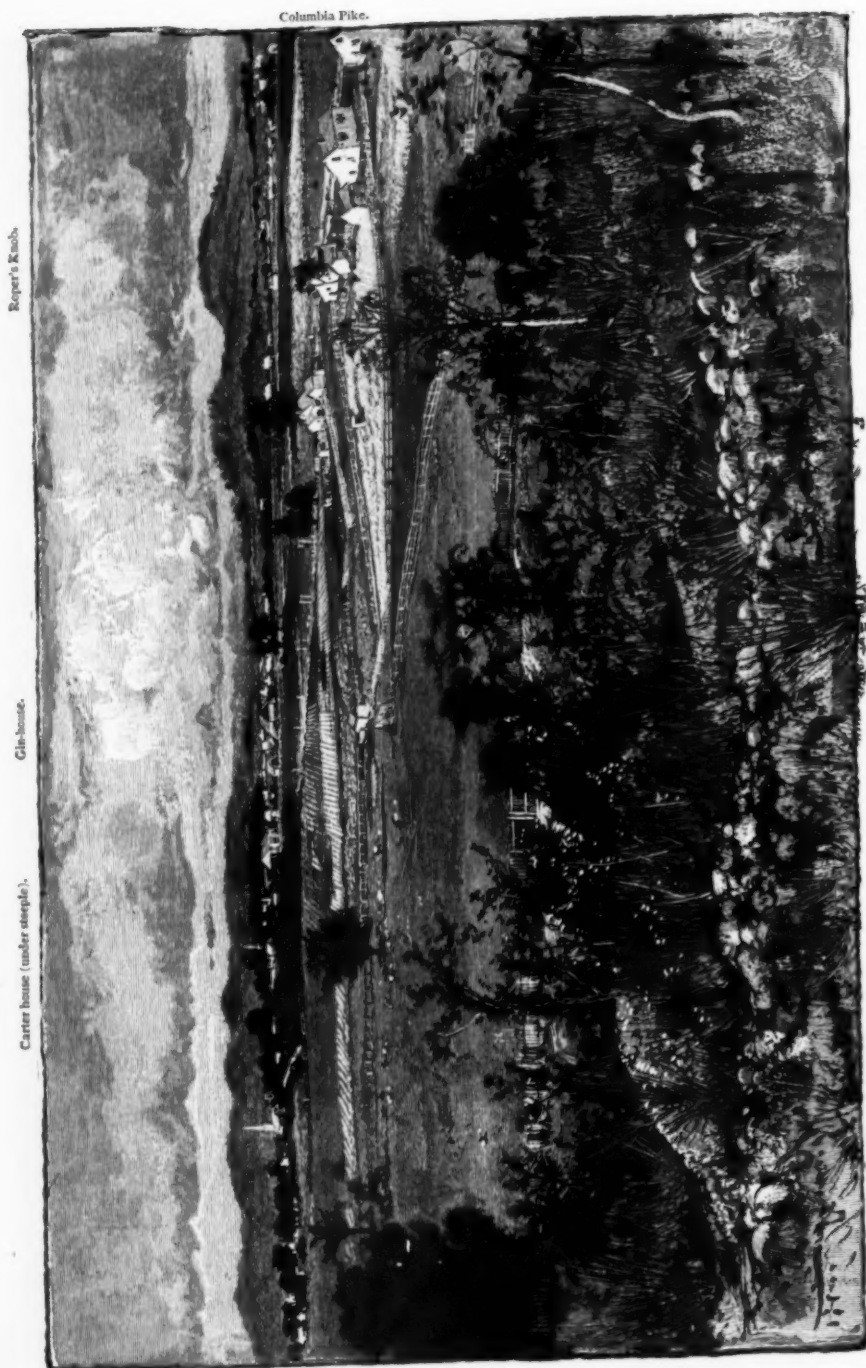
The Columbia Pike bisected the works, which at that point were built just in front of the Carter house, a one-story brick dwelling west of the pike, and a large gin-house on the east side. Between the gin-house and the river, the works were partly protected in front by a hedge of osage orange, and on the knoll, near the railroad cut close to the

bank, were two batteries belonging to the Fourth Corps. Near the Carter house was a considerable thicket of locust trees. Except these obstructions, the whole ground in front was entirely unobstructed and fenceless, and, from the works, every part of it was in plain sight. General Cox's division of three brigades, commanded that day, in order from left to right, by Colonels Stiles and Casement and General Reilly, occupied the ground between the Columbia Pike and the river above the town. The front line consisted of 8 regiments, 3 in the works and 1 in reserve for each of the brigades of Stiles and Casement, while Reilly's brigade nearest the pike had but 2 regiments in the works, and 2 in a second line, with still another behind that. West of the pike, reaching to a ravine through which passes a road branching from the Carter's Creek Pike, was Ruger's division of two brigades — the third, under General Cooper, not having come up from Johnsonville. Strickland's brigade, of 4 regiments, had 2 in the works and 2 in reserve. Two of these regiments, the 72d Illinois and 44th Missouri, belonged to A. J. Smith's corps, and had reported to General Schofield only the day before. A third, which was in reserve, the 183d Ohio, was a large and entirely new regiment, having been mustered into service only three weeks before, and joining the army for the first time on the 28th. Moore's brigade, of 6 regiments, had 4 in the works and 2 in reserve. Beyond Ruger, reaching from the ravine to the river below, was Kimball's division of the Fourth Corps, — all veterans, — consisting of three brigades com-



VIEW OF THE WINSTEAD HILLS WHERE HOOD FORMED HIS LINE OF BATTLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The right, of Wagner's Union brigade, in the advanced position (see map, previous page), was posted behind the stone wall in the foreground. The Columbia Pike is shown passing over the hills on the left of the picture.



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE, LOOKING NORTH FROM GENERAL CHEATHAM'S HEADQUARTERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. T. SHULL.)

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manded by Generals William Grose and Walter C. Whitaker and Colonel Kirby. All the troops in the works were ordered to report to General Cox, to whom was assigned the command of the defenses. General Wood's division of the Fourth Corps had gone over the river with the trains; and two brigades of Wagner's division, which had so valiantly stood their ground at Spring Hill and covered the rear since, were halted on a slope about half a mile to the front. Opdycke had brought his brigade within the works, and held them massed, near the pike, behind the Carter house. Besides the guns on the knoll, near the railroad cut, there were 6 pieces

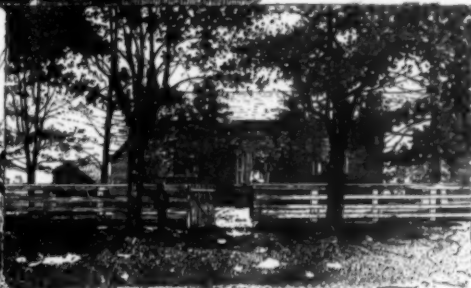
dark fringe of chestnuts along the river bank, far across the Columbia Pike, the colors gayly fluttering and the muskets gleaming brightly, and advancing steadily, in perfect order, dressed on the center, straight for the works. Meantime, General Schofield had retired to the fort, on a high bluff on the other side of the river, some two miles away, by the road, and had taken General Stanley with him.

From the fort, the whole field of operations was plainly visible. Notwithstanding all these demonstrations, the two brigades of Wagner were left on the knoll where they had been halted, and, with scarcely an apology for works to protect

THE CARTER HOUSE, FROM THE SIDE TOWARD THE TOWN.



THE CARTER HOUSE, FROM THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

FRONT VIEW OF THE CARTER HOUSE.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1884.)

in Reilly's works; 4 on Strickland's left; 2 on Moore's left, and 4 on Grose's left—in all, 26 guns in that part of the works, facing south, and 12 more in reserve, on or near the Columbia Pike.

As the bright autumn day, hazy with the golden light of an Indian summer atmosphere, wore away, the troops who had worked so hard looked hopefully forward to a prospect of ending it in peace and rest, preparatory either to a night march to Nashville, or to a reinforcement by Smith's corps and General Thomas. But about two o'clock, some suspicious movements on the hills a mile or two away—the waving of signal flags and the deployment of the enemy in line of battle—caused General Wagner to send his adjutant-general, from the advanced position where his two brigades had halted, to his commanding general, with the information that Hood seemed to be preparing for attack. In a very short time the whole Confederate line could be seen, stretching in battle array, from the

them, had waited until it was too late to retreat without danger of degenerating into a rout.

On came the enemy, as steady and resistless as a tidal wave. A couple of guns, in the advance line, gave them a shot and galloped back to the works. A volley from a thin skirmish line was sent into their ranks, but without causing any delay to the massive array. A moment more, and with that wild "rebel yell" which, once heard, is never forgotten, the great human wave swept along, and seemed to engulf the little force which had so sturdily awaited it.

The first shock came, of course, upon the two misplaced brigades of Wagner's division, which, through some one's blunder, had remained in their false position until too late to retire without disaster. They had no tools to throw up works; and when struck by the resistless sweep of Cleburne's and Brown's divisions, they had only to make their way, as best they could, back to the works. In that wild rush, in which friend and foe were intermingled, and the piercing "rebel yell" rose

high above the "Yankee cheer," nearly seven hundred were made prisoners. But, worst of all for the Union side, the men of Reilly's and Strickland's brigades dared not fire, lest they should shoot down their own comrades, and the guns, loaded with grape and canister, stood silent in the embrasures. With loud shouts of "Let us go into the works with them," the triumphant Confederates, now more like a wild, howling mob than an organized army, swept on to the very works, with hardly a check from any quarter. So fierce was the rush that a number of the fleeing soldiers — officers and men — dropped exhausted into the ditch, and lay there while the terrific contest raged over their heads, till, under cover of darkness, they could crawl safely inside the intrenchments.

On Strickland's left, close to the Columbia Pike, was posted one of the new infantry regiments. The tremendous onset, the wild yells, the whole infernal din of the strife, were too much for such an undisciplined body. As they saw their comrades from the advance line rushing to the rear, they too turned and fled. The contagion spread, and in a few minutes a disorderly stream was pouring down the pike past the Carter house toward the town. The guns were abandoned and the works for a considerable space deserted — only to be occupied a moment later by Cleburne's and Brown's men, who swarmed into the gap. At this critical juncture, Colonel Emerson Opdycke, who, un-ordered, had brought his command within the works, seeing the fearful peril, ordered forward his well-disciplined brigade, which, deploying

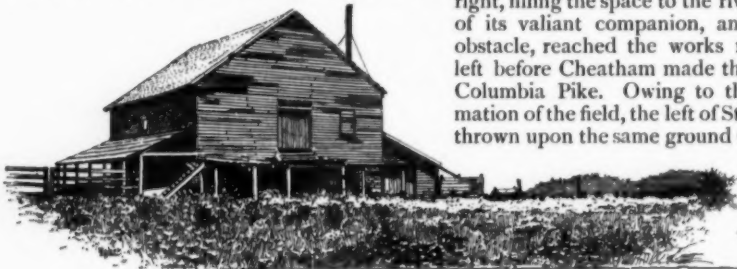


BRIDGE AT FRANKLIN OVER THE HARPETH RIVER —
LOOKING UP-STREAM.

The left of the picture is the north bank of the stream; Franklin is upon the south bank. Fort Granger, where General Schofield had his headquarters, occupied the site of the buildings on the north bank.

as it advanced, was soon involved in as fierce a hand-to-hand fight as ever soldiers engaged in. The regiments which formed Reilly's second line had remained steadfast, and also rallied to the work. A large part of Conrad's and Lane's men, as they came in, though wholly disorganized, turned about and gave the enemy a hot reception. Opdycke's horse was shot under him, and he fought on foot at the head of his brigade. General Cox was everywhere present, encouraging and cheering on his men. General Stanley, who, from the fort where he had gone with General Schofield, had seen the opening clash, galloped to the front as soon as possible and did all that a brave man could until he was painfully wounded. Some of Opdycke's men manned the abandoned guns in Reilly's works; others filled the gap in Strickland's line. These timely movements first checked and then repulsed the assaulting foe, and soon the entire line of works was re-occupied, the enemy suddenly giving up the prize which was so nearly won. Stewart's corps, which was on Cheatham's right, filling the space to the river, kept abreast of its valiant companion, and, meeting no obstacle, reached the works near the Union left before Cheatham made the breach at the Columbia Pike. Owing to the peculiar formation of the field, the left of Stewart's line was thrown upon the same ground with the right of

Cheatham's; the two commands there became much



FRONT VIEW OF THE GIN-HOUSE.

The line of the Union works ran in front of, and only a few feet distant from, the Gin-house; in 1886 a faint depression along the edge of the field still indicated the position. Near the tree seen in the lower picture there is a round, deep hollow which also afforded protection to the Union soldiers. The lower picture was taken from the same point on the pike, looking a little to the right, as the view of "The Carter House, from the Confederate side," on page 605.



VIEW OF THE GIN-HOUSE, FROM THE PIKE.

intermingled. This accounts for so many of General Stewart's officers and men being killed in front of Reilly's and Casement's regiments.

Where there was nothing to hinder the Union fire, the muskets of Stiles's and Casement's brigades made fearful havoc; while the batteries at the railroad cut plowed furrows through the ranks of the advancing foe. Time after time they came up to the very works, but they never crossed them except as prisoners. More than one color-bearer was shot down on the parapet. It is impossible to exaggerate the fierce energy with which the Confederate soldiers, that short November afternoon, threw themselves against the works, fighting with what seemed the very madness of despair. There was not a breath of wind, and the dense smoke settled down upon the field, so that, after the first assault, it was impossible to see at any distance. Through this blinding medium, assault after assault was made, several of the Union officers declaring in their reports that their lines received as many as thirteen distinct attacks. Between the gin-house and the Columbia Pike the fighting was fiercest, and the Confederate losses the greatest. Here fell most of the Confederate generals, who, that fateful afternoon, madly gave up their lives—Adams and Quarles, of Stewart's corps—Adams's horse astride the works, and himself pitched headlong into the Union lines. Cockrell, of the same corps, was severely wounded. In Cheatham's corps, Cleburne and Granberry were killed near the pike. On the west of the pike Strahl and Gist were killed, and Brown was severely wounded. General G. W. Gordon was captured by Opdycke's brigade, inside the works. The heaviest loss in all the Union regiments was in the 44th Missouri, the advance-guard of Smith's long-expected reinforcement, which had been sent to Columbia on the 27th, and was here stationed on the right of the raw regiment, which broke and ran at the first onset of the enemy. Quickly changing front, it held its ground, but with a loss of 34 killed, 37 wounded, and 92 missing, many of the latter being wounded. In the 72d Illinois, its companion, every field-officer was wounded, and the entire color-guard, of 1 sergeant and 8 corporals, was shot down. Its losses were 10 killed, 66 wounded, and 75 missing.

While this infantry battle was going on, Forrest had crossed the river with his cavalry

some distance east of the town, with the evident purpose of getting at Schofield's wagons. But he reckoned without his host. Hatch and Croxton, by General Wilson's direction, fell upon him with such vigor that he returned to the south side, and gave our forces no further



BRIGADIER-GENERAL EMERSON OPDYCKE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

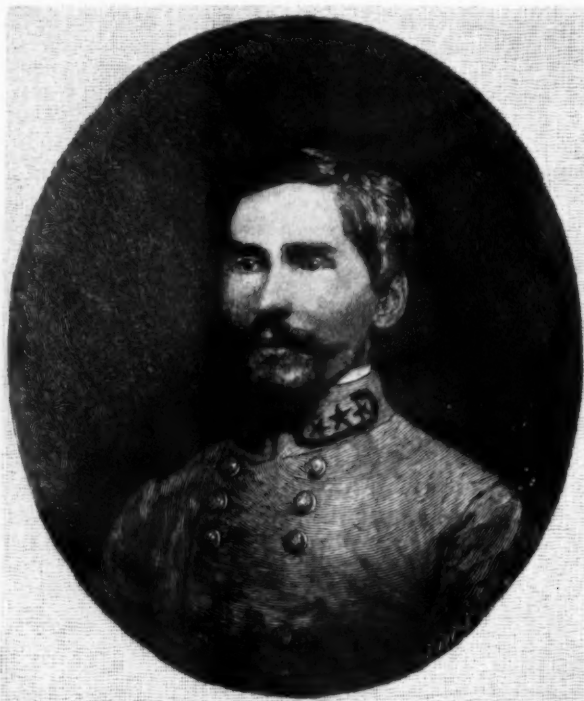
trouble. At nightfall the victory was complete on every part of the Union lines. But desultory firing was kept up till long after dark here and there on the Confederate side, though with little result.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as the Confederate lines were forming for their great assault, General Schofield, in reply to a telegram from General Thomas, asking him if he could "hold Hood at Franklin for three days longer," replied, "I do not think I can. . . . It appears to me I ought to take position at Brentwood at once." Accordingly General Thomas, at 3:30, directed him to retire to Brentwood, which he did that night, bringing away all the wagons and other property in safety. Among the spoils of war were 33 Confederate colors, captured by our men from the enemy. The morning found the entire infantry force safe within the friendly shelter of the works at Nashville, where they also welcomed the veterans of A. J. Smith, who had just arrived from Missouri. Soon after, a body of about five thousand men came in from Chattanooga, chiefly sluggards of General Sherman's army, too late for their proper commands. These were organized into a provisional division under General J. B. Steedman,

and were posted between the Murfreesboro' Pike and the river. Cooper's brigade also came in after a narrow escape from capture, as well as several regiments of colored troops from the railroad between Nashville and Johnsonville. Their arrival completed the force on

story is too painful to dwell upon, even after the lapse of 23 years. From the 2d of December until the battle was fought on the 15th, the general-in-chief did not cease, day or night, to send him from the headquarters at City Point, Va., most urgent and often most uncalled-for

orders in regard to his operations, culminating in an order on the 9th relieving him, and directing him to turn over his command and to report himself to General Schofield, who was assigned to his place; an order unprecedented in military annals, but which, if unrevoked, the great captain would have obeyed with loyal single-heartedness. This order, though made out at the Adjutant-General's office in Washington, was not sent to General Thomas, and he did not know of its existence until told of it some years later by General Halleck, at San Francisco. He felt, however, that something of the kind was impending. General Halleck dispatched to him, on the morning of the 9th: "Lieutenant-General Grant expresses much dissatisfaction at your delay in attacking the enemy." His reply shows how entirely he understood the situation: "I feel conscious I have done everything in my power, and that the troops could



MAJOR-GENERAL PATRICK R. CLEBURNE, C. S. A., KILLED AT FRANKLIN, NOVEMBER 30, 1864. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

which General Thomas was to rely for the task he now placed before himself—the destruction of Hood's army. It was an ill-assorted and heterogeneous mass; not yet welded into an army, and lacking a great proportion of the outfit with which to undertake an aggressive campaign. Horses, wagons, mules, pontoons, everything needed to mobilize an army, had to be obtained. At that time they did not exist at Nashville.

The next day Hood's columns appeared before the town, and took up their positions on a line of hills nearly parallel to those occupied by the Union army, and speedily threw up works, and prepared to defend their ground.

Probably no commander ever underwent two weeks of greater anxiety and distress of mind than General Thomas during the interval between Hood's arrival and his precipitate departure from the vicinity of Nashville. The

not have been gotten ready before this. *If General Grant should order me to be relieved, I will submit without a murmur.*" As he was writing this,—2 o'clock in the afternoon of December 9th,—a terrible storm of freezing rain had been pouring down since daylight, and it kept on pouring and freezing all that day and a part of the next. That night General Grant notified him that the order relieving him—which he had divined—was suspended. But he did not know who had been designated as his successor, nor the humiliating nature of the order. With this threat hanging over him; with the utter impossibility, in that weather, of making any movement; with the prospect that the labors of his whole life were about to end in disappointment, if not disaster,—he never, for an instant, abated his energy or his work of preparation. Not an hour, day or night, was he idle.

Nobody — not even his most trusted staff-officers — knew the contents of the telegrams that came to him. But it was very evident that some-



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL S. D. LEE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

thing greatly troubled him. While the rain was falling and the fields and roads were ice-bound, he would sometimes sit by the window for an hour or more, not speaking a word, gazing steadily out upon the forbidding prospect, as if he were trying to will the storm away. It was curious and interesting to see how, in this gloomy interval, his time was occupied by matters not strictly military. Now, it was a visit from a delegation of the city government, in regard to some municipal regulation; again, somebody whose one horse had been seized and put into the cavalry; then, a committee of

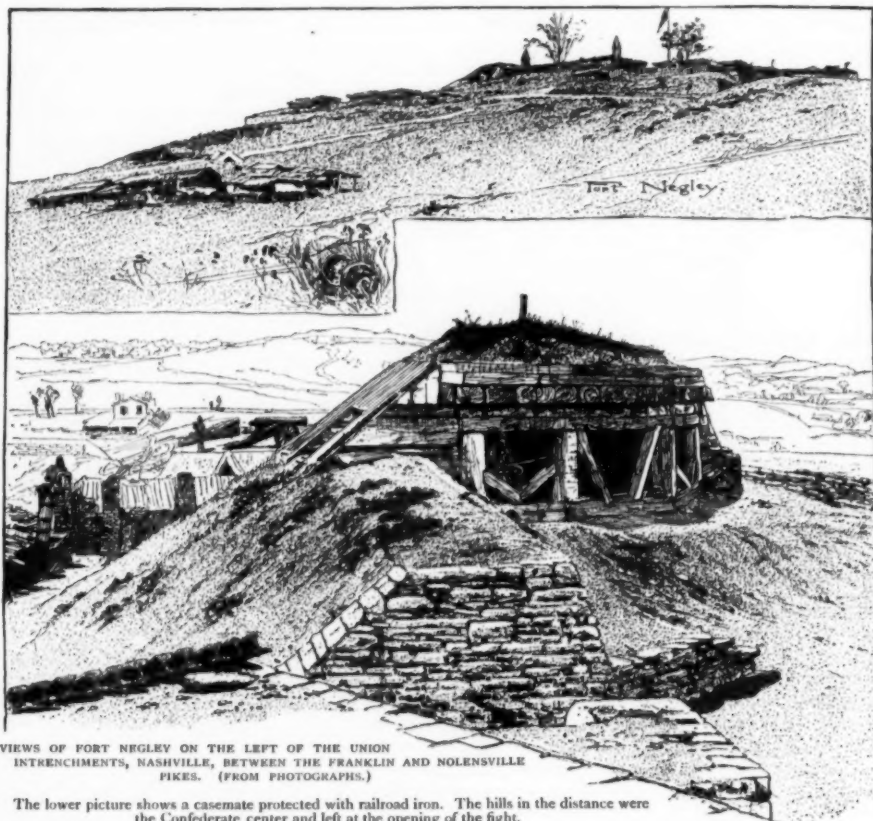
citizens, begging that wood might be furnished, to keep some poor families from freezing; and, of evenings, Governor Johnson — then Vice-President elect — would unfold to him, with much iteration, his fierce views concerning secession, rebels, and reconstruction. To all he gave a patient and kindly hearing, and he often astonished Governor Johnson by his knowledge of constitutional and international law. But, underneath all, it was plain to see that General Grant's dissatisfaction keenly affected him, and that only by the proof which a successful battle would furnish could he hope to regain the confidence of the general-in-chief.

So when, at 8 o'clock on the evening of December 14th, after having laid his plans before his corps commanders, and dismissed them, he dictated to General Halleck the telegram: "The ice having melted away to-day, the enemy will be attacked to-morrow morning," he drew a deep sigh of relief, and for the first time for a week showed again something of his natural buoyancy and cheerfulness. He moved about more briskly; he put in order all the little last things that remained to be done; he signed his name where it was needed in the letter-book, and then, giving orders to his staff-officers to be ready at 5 o'clock the next morning, went gladly to bed.

The ice had not melted a day too soon; for, while he was writing the telegram to General Halleck, General Logan was speeding his way to Nashville, with orders from General Grant which would have placed him in command of all the Union forces there assembled. General Thomas, fortunately, did not then learn this second proof of General Grant's lack of confidence; and General Logan, on reaching Louisville, found that



COLONEL JOHN OVERTON'S HOUSE, GENERAL HOOD'S HEADQUARTERS BEFORE NASHVILLE.



VIEWS OF FORT NEGLEY ON THE LEFT OF THE UNION INTRENCHMENTS, NASHVILLE, BETWEEN THE FRANKLIN AND NOLENSVILLE PIKES. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The lower picture shows a casemate protected with railroad iron. The hills in the distance were the Confederate center and left at the opening of the fight.

the work intended for him was already done—and he came no farther. At the very time that these orders were made out, at Washington, in obedience to General Grant's directions, a large part of the cavalry was unmounted; two divisions were absent securing horses and proper outfit; wagons were unfinished and mules lacking or unbroken; pontoons unmade and pontoniers untrained; the ground was covered with a glare of ice which made all the fields and hillsides impassable for horses and scarcely passable for foot-men. The natives declared that the Yankees brought their weather as well as their army with them. Every corps commander in the army protested that a movement under such conditions would be little short of madness, and certain to result in disaster.

A very considerable reorganization of the army also took place during this enforced delay. General Stanley, still suffering from his wound, went North, and General T. J. Wood, who had been with it from the beginning, suc-

ceeded to the command of the Fourth Corps. General Ruger, who had commanded a division in the Twenty-third Corps, was also disabled by sickness, and was succeeded by General D. N. Couch, formerly a corps commander in the Army of the Potomac, and who had recently been assigned to duty in the Department of the Cumberland. General Wagner was retired from command of his division, and was succeeded by General W. L. Elliott, who had been chief of cavalry on General Thomas's staff in the Atlanta campaign. General Kenner Garrard, who had commanded a cavalry division during the Atlanta campaign, was assigned to an infantry division in Smith's corps. In all these cases, except in that of General Wood succeeding to the command of the Fourth Corps, the newly assigned officers were entire strangers to the troops over whom they were placed.

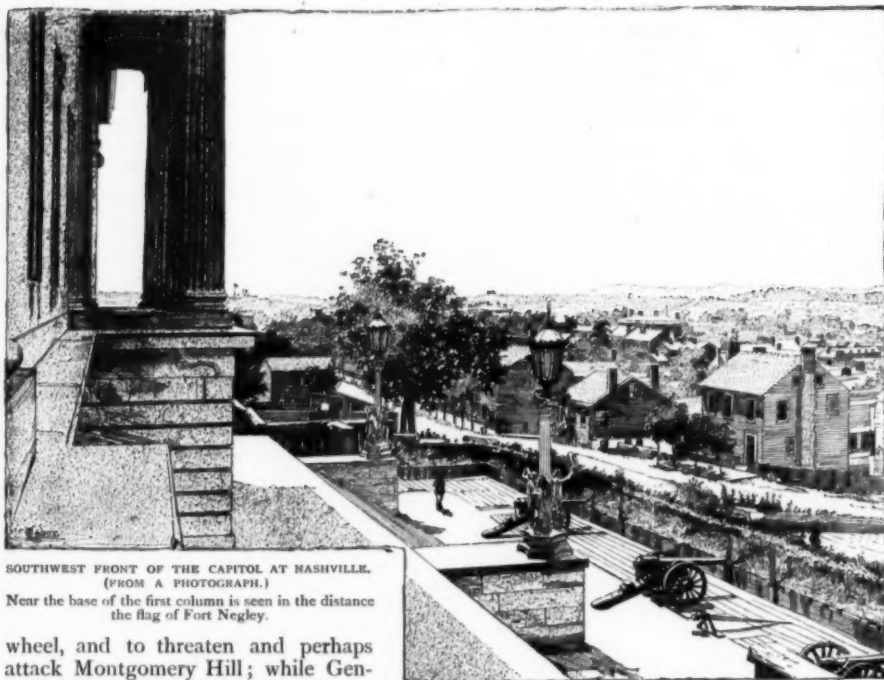
On the afternoon of the 14th of December General Thomas summoned his corps commanders, and, delivering to each a written

order containing a detailed plan of the battle, went with them carefully and thoroughly over the whole ground, answering all questions and explaining all doubts. Never had a commander a more loyal corps of subordinates or a more devoted army. The feeling in the ranks was one of absolute and enthusiastic confidence in their general. Some had served with him since his opening triumph at Mill Springs; some had never seen his face till two weeks before. But there was that in his bearing, as well as in the proud security of his old soldiers,

which inspired the new-comers with as absolute a sense of reliance upon him as was felt by the oldest of his veterans.

The plan, in general terms, was for General Steedman, on the extreme left, to move out early in the morning, threatening the rebel right, while the cavalry, which had been placed on the extreme right, and A. J. Smith's corps were to make a grand left wheel with the entire right wing, assaulting and, if possible, overlapping the left of Hood's position. The Fourth Corps was to form the pivot for this





SOUTHWEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AT NASHVILLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Near the base of the first column is seen in the distance the flag of Fort Negley.

wheel, and to threaten and perhaps attack Montgomery Hill; while General Schofield was to be held in reserve, near the left center, for such use as the exigency might develop.

It was not daylight, on the morning of the 15th of December, when the army began to move. In most of the camps, reveille had been sounded at 4 o'clock, and by 6 everything was ready. It turned out a warm, sunny, winter morning. A dense fog at first hung over the valleys and completely hid all movements; but by 9 o'clock this had cleared away. General Steedman, on the extreme left, was the first to draw out of the defenses, and to assail the enemy, at their works between the Nolensville and Murfreesboro' pikes. It was not intended as a real attack, though it had that effect. Two of Steedman's brigades, chiefly colored troops, kept two divisions of Cheatham's corps constantly busy, while his third was held in reserve; thus one Confederate corps was disposed of. Lee's corps, next on Cheatham's left, after sending two brigades to the assistance of Stewart, on the right, was held in place by the threatening position of the garrison troops, and did not fire a shot during the day. Indeed, both Cheatham's and Lee's corps were held, as in a vise, between Steedman and the Fourth Corps. Lee's Corps was unable to move or to fight. Steedman maintained the ground he occupied till the next morning, with no very heavy loss.

When, about 9 o'clock the sun began to burn away the fog, the sight from General Thomas's position was inspiring. A little to the left, on Montgomery Hill, the salient of the Confederate lines, and not more than six hundred yards distant from Wood's salient, on Lawrens Hill, could be seen the advance line of works, behind which an unknown force of the enemy lay in wait. Beyond, and along the Hillsboro' Pike were stretches of stone wall, with here and there a detached earthwork, through whose embrasures peeped the threatening artillery. To the right, along the valley of Richland Creek, the dark line of Wilson's advancing cavalry could be seen slowly making its difficult way across the wet, swampy, stumpy ground. Close in front, and at the foot of the hill, its right joining Wilson's left, was A. J. Smith's corps, full of cheer and enterprise, and glad to be once more in the open field. Then came the Fourth Corps, whose left, bending back toward the north, was hidden behind Lawrens Hill. Already the skirmishers were engaged, the Confederates slowly falling back before the determined and steady pressure of Smith and Wood.

By the time that Wilson's and Smith's lines were fully extended and brought up to within striking distance of the Confederate works, along the Hillsboro' Pike, it was noon. Post's

brigade of Wood's old division (now commanded by General Sam Beatty), which lay at the foot of Montgomery Hill, full of dash and enterprise, had since morning been regarding the works at the summit with covetous eyes. At Post's suggestion, it was determined to see which party wanted them most. Accordingly, a charge was ordered — and in a moment the brigade was swarming up the hillside, straight for the enemy's advanced work. For almost the first time since the grand assault on Missionary Ridge, a year before, here was an open field where everything could be seen. From General Thomas's headquarters everybody looked on with breathless suspense, as the blue line, broken and irregular, but with steady persistence, made its way up the steep hillside against a fierce storm of musketry and artillery. Most of the shots, however, passed over the men's heads. It was a struggle to keep up with the colors, and, as they neared the top, only the strongest were at the front. Without a moment's pause, the color-bearers and those who had kept up with them, Post himself at the head, leaped the parapet. As the colors waved from the summit, the whole line swept forward and was over the works in a twinkling, gathering in prisoners and guns. Indeed, so large was the mass of prisoners that a few minutes later were seen heading toward our own lines, that it was feared by a number of officers at General Thomas's headquarters that the assault had failed and that the prisoners were Confederate reserves who had rallied and retaken the works. But the fear was only momentary; for the wild outburst of cheers which rang across the valley told the story of complete success.

Meanwhile, farther to the right, as the opposing lines neared each other, the sound of battle grew louder and louder, and the smoke thicker and thicker, until the whole valley was filled with the haze. It was now past noon, and, at every point, the two armies were so near together that an assault was inevitable. Hatch's division of Wilson's cavalry, at the extreme right of the continuous line, was confronted by one of the detached works which Hood had intended to be "impregnable"; and the right of McArthur's division of A. J. Smith's infantry was also within striking distance of it. Coon's cavalry brigade was dismounted and ordered to assault the work, while Hill's infantry brigade received similar orders. The two commanders moved forward at the same time, and entered the work together, Colonel Hill falling dead at the head of his command. In a moment the whole Confederate force in that quarter was routed, and fled to the rear, while the captured guns were turned on them.

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With the view of extending the operations of Wilson's cavalry still farther to the right, and if possible gaining the rear of the enemy's left, the two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps, which had been in reserve near Lawrens Hill, were ordered to Smith's right, while orders were sent to Wilson to gain, if possible, a lodgment on the Granny White Pike. These orders were promptly obeyed, and Cooper's brigade on reaching its new position got into a handsome fight, in which its losses were more than the losses of the rest of the Twenty-third corps during the two days' battle.

But though the enemy's left was thus rudely driven from its fancied security, the salient at the center, being an angle formed by the line along Hillsboro' Pike and that stretching toward the east, was still firmly held. Post's successful assault had merely driven out or captured the advance forces. The main line remained intact. As soon as word came of the successful assault on the right, General Thomas sent orders to General Wood, commanding the Fourth Corps, to prepare to attack the salient. The staff-officer by whom this order was sent did not at first find General Wood; but seeing the two division commanders whose troops would be called upon for the work, gave them the instructions. As he was riding along the line, he met one of the brigade commanders — an officer with a reputation for exceptional courage and gallantry — who, in reply to the direction to prepare for the expected assault, said, "You don't mean that we've got to go in here and attack the works on that hill?" "Those are the orders," was the answer. Looking earnestly across the open valley, and at the steep hill beyond, from which the enemy's guns were throwing shot and shell with uncomfortable frequency and nearness, he said, "Why, it would be suicide, sir; perfect suicide." "Nevertheless, those are the orders," said the officer; and he rode on to complete his work. Before he could rejoin General Thomas, the assault was made, and the enemy driven out with a loss of guns, colors, and prisoners, and the whole line was forced to abandon the works along the Hillsboro' Pike, and fall back to the Granny White Pike. The retreating line was followed by the entire Fourth Corps, as well as by the cavalry and Smith's troops; but night soon fell, and the whole army went into bivouac in the open fields wherever they chanced to be.

At dark, Hood, who at 12 o'clock had held an unbroken, fortified line from the Murfreesboro' to the Hillsboro' Pike, with an advanced post on Montgomery Hill, and five strong redoubts along the Hillsboro' Pike, barely maintained his hold of a line from the Murfreesboro'

Pike to the Granny White Pike, near which, on two large hills the left of his army had taken refuge, when driven out of their redoubts by Smith and Wilson. These hills were more than two miles to the rear of his morning position.



THE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

Strong works, set with cannon, inclosed the foundations of the Capitol. Cisterns within the building held a bountiful supply of water. Owing to its capacity and the massiveness of the lower stories, the Capitol was regarded as a citadel, in which a few thousand men could maintain themselves against an army.

It was to that point that Bate, who had started from Hood's right when the assault was first delivered on the redoubts, now made his way amidst, as he says, "streams of stragglers, and artillerists, and horses, without guns or caissons — the sure indications of defeat."

General Hood, not daunted by the reverses which had befallen him, at once set to work to prepare for the next day's struggle. As soon as it was dusk, Cheatham's whole corps was moved from his right to his left; Stewart's was retired some two miles and became the center; Lee's also was withdrawn, and became the right. The new line extended along the base of a range of hills, two miles south of that occupied during the day, and was only about half as long as that from which he had been driven. During the night, they threw up works along their entire front, and the hills on their flanks were strongly fortified. The flanks were also further secured by return works, which prevented them from being left "in the air." Altogether, the position was naturally far more formidable than that just abandoned.

At early dawn the divisions of the Fourth Corps moved forward, driving out the opposing skirmishers. The men entered upon the work with such ardor that the advance soon quickened into a run, and the run almost into a charge. They took up their positions in

front of the enemy's new line, at one point coming within 250 yards of the salient at Overton Hill. Here they were halted, and threw up works, while the artillery on both sides kept up a steady and accurate fire. Steedman also moved forward and about noon joined his right to Wood's left, thus completing the alignment.

On his way to the front General Thomas heard the cannonading, and, as was his custom, rode straight for the spot where the action seemed heaviest. As he was passing a large, old-fashioned house, his attention was attracted by the noise of a window closing with a slam as emphatic as that which the poet Hood has celebrated in rhyme. Turning to see the cause of this wooden exclamation, he was greeted by a look from a young lady, whose expression at the moment was the reverse of angelic. With an amused smile, the general rode on, and soon forgot the incident in the excitement of battle. But this trifling event had a sequel. The young lady, in process of time,

became the affectionate and faithful wife of an officer then serving in General Thomas's army, — though he did not happen to be a witness of this episode.

The ground between the two armies for the greater part of the way from the Franklin to the Granny White Pike is low, open, crossed by frequent streams running in every direction, and most of the fields were either newly plowed or old cornfields, and so, heavy, wet, and muddy from the recent storms. Overton's Hill, Hood's right, is a well-rounded slope, the top of which was amply fortified, while hills held by the left of his line just west of the Granny White Pike are so steep that it is difficult to climb them, and their summits were crowned with formidable barricades, in front of which were *abattis* and masses of fallen trees. Between these extremities the works in many places consisted of stone walls covered with earth, with head logs on the top. To their rear were ample woods, sufficiently open to enable troops to move through them, but thick enough to afford good shelter. Artillery was also posted at every available spot, and good use was made of it.

The morning was consumed in the movements referred to. Wilson's cavalry, by a wide *détour*, had passed beyond the extreme Confederate left, and secured a lodgment on

the Granny White Pike. But one avenue of escape was now open for Hood—the Franklin Pike. General Thomas hoped that a vigorous assault by Schofield's corps against Hood's left would break the line there, and thus enable the cavalry, relieved from the necessity of operating against the rebel flank, to gallop down the Granny White Pike to its junction with the Franklin, some six or eight miles below, and plant itself square across the only remaining line of retreat. If this scheme could be carried out, nothing but capture or surrender awaited Hood's whole army.

Meantime, on the national left, Colonel Post, who had so gallantly carried Montgomery Hill the morning before, had made a careful reconnaissance of Overton Hill, the strong position on Hood's right. As the result of his observation, he reported to General Wood, his corps commander, that an assault would cost dear, but he believed could be made successfully; at any rate he was ready to try it. The order was accordingly given, and everything prepared. The brigade was to be supported on either side by fresh troops to be held in readiness to rush for the works the moment Post should gain the parapet. The bugles had not finished sounding the charge, when Post's brigade, preceded by a strong line of skirmishers, moved forward, in perfect silence, with orders to halt for nothing, but to gain the works at a run. The men dashed on, Post leading, with all speed through a shower of shot and shell. A few of the skirmishers reached the parapet; the main

mortal. This slight hesitation and the disabling of Post were fatal to the success of the assault. The leader and animating spirit gone, the line slowly drifted back to its original position, losing in those few minutes nearly 300 men; while the supporting brigade on its left lost 250.

Steedman had promised to coöperate in this assault, and accordingly Thompson's brigade of colored troops was ordered to make a demonstration at the moment Post's advance began. These troops had never before been in action and were now to test their mettle. There had been no time for a reconnaissance, when this order was given, else it is likely a way would have been found to turn the enemy's extreme right flank. The colored brigade moved forward against the works east of the Franklin Pike and nearly parallel to it. As they advanced, they became excited, and what was intended merely as a demonstration was unintentionally converted into an actual assault. Thompson, finding his men rushing forward at the double-quick, gallantly led them to the very slope of the intrenchments. But, in their advance across the open field, the continuity of his line was broken by a large fallen tree. As the men separated to pass it, the enemy opened an enfilading fire on the exposed flanks of the gap thus created, with telling effect. In consequence, at the very moment when a firm and compact order was most needed, the line came up ragged and broken. Meantime Post's assault was repulsed, and the fire which had been concentrated on him was turned against Thompson. Nothing

was left, therefore, but to withdraw as soon as possible to the original position. This was done without panic or confusion, after a loss of 467 men from the three regiments composing the brigade.

When it was seen that a heavy assault on his right, at Overton Hill, was threatening, Hood ordered Cleburne's old division to be sent over to the exposed point, from the extreme left, in front of Schofield. About the same time, General Couch, commanding one of the divisions of the Twenty-third Corps, told General Schofield that he believed he could carry the hill in his front, but doubted if he could hold it without assistance. The ground in front of General Cox, on Couch's right, also

offered grand opportunities for a successful assault. Meantime, the cavalry, on Cox's right, had made its way beyond the extreme left flank of the enemy, and was moving northward over the wooded hills direct to the rear of the extreme rebel left.



VIEW OF A PART OF THE UNION LINES AT NASHVILLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

line came within twenty steps of the works, when, by a concentrated fire of musketry and artillery from every available point of the enemy's line, the advance was momentarily checked, and, in another instant, Post was brought down by a wound, at first reported as

General Thomas, who had been making a reconnaissance, had no sooner reached Schofield's front than General McArthur, who commanded one of Smith's divisions, impatient at the long waiting, and not wanting to spend the second night on the rocky hill he was occupying, told Smith that he could carry the high hill in front of Couch, the same which Couch himself had told Schofield he could carry, and would undertake it unless forbidden. Smith silently acquiesced, and McArthur set to work. Withdrawing McMillen's (his right) brigade from the trenches, he marched it by the flank in front of General Couch's position, and with orders to the men to fix bayonets, not to fire a shot and neither to halt nor to cheer, until they had gained the enemy's works, the charge was sounded. The gallant brigade, which had served and fought in every portion of the South-west, moved swiftly down the slope, across the narrow valley, and began scrambling up the steep hillside, on the top of which was the redoubt, held by Bate's division, and manned also with Whitworth guns. The bravest onlookers held their breath, as these gallant men steadily and silently approached the summit, amid the crash of musketry and the boom of the artillery. In almost the time it has taken to tell the story, they gained the works, their flags were wildly waving from the parapet and the unmistakable cheer, "the voice of the American people," as General Thomas called it, rent the air. It was an exultant moment; but this was only a part of the heroic work of that afternoon. While McMillen's brigade was preparing for this wonderful charge, Hatch's division of cavalry, dismounted, had also pushed its way through the woods, and had gained the top of two hills which commanded the rear of the enemy's works. Here, with incredible labor, they had dragged, by hand, two pieces of artillery, and, just as McMillen began his charge, opened on the hill where Bate was, up the opposite slope of which the infantry were scrambling. At the same time, Coon's brigade of Hatch's division with resounding cheers, charged upon the enemy and poured such volleys of musketry from their repeating rifles as I have never heard equaled. Thus beset on both sides, Bate's people broke out of the works, and ran down the hill toward their right and rear, as fast as their legs could carry them. It was more like a scene in a spectacular drama than a real incident in war. The hillside in front still green, dotted with the boys in blue swarming up the slope; the dark background of high hills beyond; the lowering clouds; the waving flags; the smoke slowly rising through the leafless tree-tops and drifting across the valleys; the won-

derful outburst of musketry; the ecstatic cheers; the multitude racing for life down into the valley below,—so exciting was it all, that the lookers-on instinctively clapped their hands, as at a brilliant and successful transformation scene, as indeed it was. For, in those few minutes, an army was changed into a mob, and the whole structure of the rebellion in the South-west, with all its possibilities, was utterly overthrown. As soon as the other divisions farther to the left saw and heard the doings on their right, they did not wait for orders. Everywhere, by a common impulse, they charged the works in their front, and carried them in a twinkling. General Edward Johnson and nearly all his division and his artillery were captured. Over the very ground where, but a little while before, Post's assault had been repulsed, the same troops now charged with resistless force, capturing 14 guns and 1000 prisoners. Steedman's colored brigades also rallied, and brought in their share of prisoners and other spoils of war. Everywhere the success was complete.

Foremost among the rejoicing victors was General Steedman, under whose command were the colored troops. Steedman had been a life-long Democrat and was one of the delegates, in 1860, to the Charleston convention, at which ultimately Breckinridge was nominated for President. As he rode over the field, immediately after the rout of the enemy, he asked, with a grim smile, as he pointed to the fleeing hosts, "I wonder what my Democratic friends over there would think of me if they knew I was fighting them with 'nigger' troops?"

It is needless to tell the story of the pursuit, which only ended, ten days later, at the Tennessee River. About a month before, General Hood had triumphantly begun his northward movement. Now, in his disastrous retreat, he was leaving behind him, as prisoners or deserters, a larger number of men than General Thomas had been able to place at Pulaski to hinder his advance—to say nothing of his terrific losses in killed at Franklin. The loss to the Union army, in all its fighting,—from the Tennessee River to Nashville and back again,—was less than six thousand killed, wounded, and missing. At so small a cost, counting the chances of war, the whole North-west was saved from an invasion that, if Hood had succeeded, would have more than neutralized all Sherman's successes in Georgia and the Carolinas: saved by the steadfast labors, the untiring energy, the rapid combinations, the skillful evolutions, the heroic courage and the tremendous force of one man, whose name will yet rank among the great captains of all time.

Henry Stone.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Donaldson's Fortunate Mistake.

PRIOR to the battle of Nashville, Major-General James L. Donaldson (who won honors in the Mexican war, and who died in the spring of 1886) was quartermaster under General Thomas. He once told me the following incident.

Having occasion to purchase mules for the army, he ordered a person in whom he had confidence to visit the contiguous Northern States, inadvertently saying to him, "Buy as many as you can"—not supposing he would be able to secure more than a few thousand at the most. Some weeks afterward, just before the attack upon Hood's army, General Donaldson, on meeting his agent, inquired how many mules he had been able to secure. To the amazement of the general, he was informed that *twenty thousand* or more had been obtained. Upon which the astonished general exclaimed, "I am a ruined man! I shall be court-martialed and driven from the army for not limiting you in the purchase. You have procured many times more than I had any idea or intention of purchasing; but the fault is mine, not yours. I ought to have been particular in my orders." In an extremely disheartened state he went to his home, believing that such a thoughtless act on his part could not be overlooked by the commanding general.

He had scarcely reached his house before a messenger came from General Thomas with an order for General Donaldson to come immediately to headquarters. This seemed to be the sealing of his fate, and in a state of trepidation bordering on frenzy he appeared before General Thomas, whom he found in a mood, apparently, of great depression. Soon after Donaldson had entered his presence General Thomas said, "Donaldson, how many mules have you?" With some perturbation he replied, "Upwards of twenty-five thousand." "Twenty-five thousand, did you say?" repeated the general. "Is it possible that you have this number?" Donaldson, accept my most heartfelt thanks; *you have saved this army!* I can now have transportation, and can fight Hood, and will do so at once."

R. H. Eddy.

General Grant on the Terms at Vicksburg.

THE following letter, dated New York, November 30, 1864, not hitherto printed, was addressed to General Marcus J. Wright, Agent of the War Department for the collection of Confederate Records, by whose permission it is here printed from the original manuscript:

DEAR GENERAL: Herewith I send you General Pemberton's account of the surrender of Vicksburg. As the written matter is "Copy," and supposing you have what it has been copied from, I do not return it, though I will if you inform me that you want it.

A gentleman from Philadelphia sent me the same matter I return herewith, last summer. I probably left the paper at Long Branch, but do not know certainly. All there is of importance in the matter of the

surrender of Vicksburg is contained in the correspondence between General Pemberton and myself. The fact is, General Pemberton, being a Northern man commanding a Southern army, was not at the same liberty to surrender an army that a man of Southern birth would be. In adversity or defeat he became an object of suspicion, and felt it. Bowen was a Southern man all over, and knew the garrison of Vicksburg had to surrender or be captured, and knew it was best to stop further effusion of blood by surrendering. He did all he could to bring about that result.

Pemberton is mistaken in several points. It was Bowen that proposed that he and A. J. Smith should talk over the matter of the surrender and submit their views. Neither Pemberton nor I objected; but we were not willing to commit ourselves to accepting such terms as they might propose. In a short time those officers returned. Bowen acted as spokesman. What he said was substantially this: the Confederate Army was to be permitted to march out with the honors of war, carrying with them their arms, colors, and field batteries. The National troops were then to march in and occupy the city, and retain the siege guns, small arms not in the hands of the men, all public property remaining. Of course I rejected the terms at once. I did agree, however, before we separated, to write Pemberton what terms I would give. The correspondence is public and speaks for itself. I held no council of war. Hostilities having ceased, officers and men soon became acquainted with the reason why. Curiosity led officers of rank—most all the general officers—to visit my headquarters with the hope of getting some news. I talked with them very freely about the meeting between General Pemberton and myself, our correspondence, etc. But in no sense was it a council of war. I was very glad to give the garrison of Vicksburg the terms I did. There was a cartel in existence at that time which required either party to exchange or parole all prisoners either at Vicksburg or at a point on the James river within ten days after captures or as soon thereafter as practicable. This would have used all the transportation we had for a month. *The men had behaved so well that I did not want to humiliate them. I believed that consideration for their feelings would make them less dangerous foes during the continuance of hostilities, and better citizens after the war was over.*

I am very much obliged to you, General, for your courtesy in sending me these papers. Very truly yours,

U. S. Grant.

The Cause of a Silent Battle.

IN the interesting articles upon the Civil War which have appeared in THE CENTURY, reference has been made (page 764, March, and page 150, May, 1885) to the supposed effect of the wind in preventing, as in the case of the heavy cannonading between the *Merrimac* and *Congress*, the transference of sound-waves a distance of not over three and one-half miles over water; and

at another time, during the bombardments of the Confederate works at Port Royal, a distance of not more than two miles. "The day was pleasant," says the observer, "and the wind did not appear unusually strong." Yet "people living in St. Augustine, Florida, told me afterward that the Port Royal cannonade was heard at that place, 150 miles from the fight."

It occurs to me that the effect of the wind is greatly exaggerated in these instances. How an ordinary breeze could "carry all sounds of the conflict away from people standing within plain sight of it" and yet carry the same sound 150 miles in the opposite direction, is rather too strongly opposed to scientific fact to remain on record undisputed.

In all of these cases, is it not probable that the varying density of the air had much more to do with this strange acoustic opacity than the wind?

These statements call to mind the prevalent belief that fog, snow, hail, and rain, indeed any conditions of the atmosphere that render it optically opaque, render it also acoustically opaque; which up to the time of Mr. Tyndall's experiments in the English Channel, off Dover, had scarcely been questioned. His tests made in 1873-74 proved conclusively, as is now well known, that on clear days the air may be composed of differently heated masses, saturated in different degrees with aqueous vapors, which produce exactly the deadening effects described above.

I submit as a case in point a similar effect, and its explanation as furnished by Mr. R. G. H. Kean to Professor Tyndall, and considered by the latter of sufficient value to find a place in his published works:

"On the afternoon of June 28, 1862, I rode, in company with General G. W. Randolph, then Secretary of War of the Confederate States, to Price's house, about nine miles from Richmond, the evening before General Lee had begun his attack on McClellan's army, by crossing the Chickahominy about four miles above Price's, and driving in McClellan's right wing.

"The battle of Gaines's Mill was fought the afternoon to which I refer. The valley of the Chickahominy is about one and a half miles wide from hill-top to hill-top. Price's is on one hill-top, that nearest to Richmond; Gaines's farm, just opposite, is on the other, reaching back in a plateau to Cold Harbor.

"Looking across the valley I saw a good deal of the battle, Lee's right resting in the valley, the Federal left wing the same. My line of vision was nearly in the line of the lines of battle. I saw the advance of the Confederates, their repulse two or three times, and in the gray of the evening the final retreat of the Federal forces. I distinctly saw the musket-fire of both lines, the smoke, individual discharges, the flash of the guns. I saw batteries of artillery on both sides come into action and fire rapidly. Several field-batteries on each side were plainly in sight. Many more were hid by the timber which bounded the range of vision.

"Yet looking for nearly two hours, from about five to seven P. M. on a midsummer afternoon, at a battle in which at least fifty thousand men were actually engaged, and doubtless at least one hundred pieces of field-artillery, through an atmosphere optically as limpid as possible, *not a single sound of the battle* was audible to General Randolph and myself. I remarked it to him at the time as astonishing.

"Between me and the battle was the deep, broad valley of the Chickahominy, partly a swamp shaded from the declining sun by the hills and forest in the west (my side). Part of the valley on each side of the swamp was cleared: some in cultivation, some not. Here were conditions capable of providing several belts of air, varying in the amount of watery vapor (and probably in temperature), arranged like laminae at right angles to the acoustic waves as they came from the battle-field to me."

John B. De Motte.

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, INDIANA.

A Reply to Colonel Mosby by General Robertson.

In the May number of THE CENTURY Colonel John S. Mosby has seen proper to make mention of my command in the cavalry of the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia during the Gettysburg campaign; and as a means of defending General J. E. B. Stuart from an imaginary attack has misrepresented a portion of General Stuart's cavalry. Colonel Mosby knows very little of Stuart's character if he supposes that so true a soldier would have silently passed over such disobedience of orders as Colonel Mosby imputes to me. The fact that Colonel Mosby has "lately discovered documents in the archives" at Washington, which are to "set at rest" something that has not been set in motion, will not excuse him for attempting in 1887 to prove by argument that Stuart in 1863 did not know whether I had obeyed his orders in the Gettysburg campaign.

The orders left with me by General Stuart, dated June 24th, were exactly obeyed by me, to his entire satisfaction as well as to that of General R. E. Lee. These orders embraced the duty of holding Ashby's and Snicker's gaps, to prevent Hooker from interrupting the march of Lee's army; and "in case of a move by the enemy on Warrenton," to counteract it if possible. I was also ordered when I withdrew from the gaps to "withdraw to the west side of the Shenandoah," to cross the Potomac where Lee crossed, and to "follow the army, keeping on its right and rear."

The only road by which the orders (which particularly specified the avoidance of "turnpikes" on account of the difficulty and delay of shoeing horses) could be complied with, carried my command to Martinsburg; at which place, and *not in the gaps of the mountains*, as Colonel Mosby insinuates, a courier from General Lee met me. My command was hurried from there to Chambersburg and thence by forced march, on the night of July 2d, to Cashtown, where it arrived at about 10 A. M. on July 3d. Ascertaining at Cashtown that General Pleasonton was moving from Emmetsburg directly on the baggage and ammunition trains of General Lee's army, which were exposed to his attack without defense of any kind, I pressed forward with my command and intercepted the advance of General Pleasonton, under the command of Major Samuel H. Starr. A severe and gallant fight was made at Fairfield, in which Major Starr of the 6th United States Regular Cavalry was wounded and captured with a large portion of his staff, while his regiment was severely damaged. Adjutant John Allan and three others of the 6th Virginia Cavalry were killed, 19 were wounded, and 5 were reported missing.

That fight at Fairfield, on the last day of the fighting at Gettysburg, refutes the imputation intended by Colonel Mosby to be conveyed in his remark that my command "did not reach the battle-field."

From that fight at Fairfield I was ordered by General R. E. Lee to cover his wagon trains, and in obeying the same, my command was engaged in repeated skirmishes, particularly at Funkstown and Hagerstown, after which it returned to Virginia,—the last command that recrossed the Potomac.

If there existed the least ground for Colonel Mosby's statements, there would be found among the reports of general officers some reference to the imputed dereliction of duty on my part. As no such reference is made, and no imputation of disobedience of orders intimated, it may be assumed that neither Stuart nor Lee had any reason to complain of my command.

B. H. Robertson.

THE SONGS OF THE WAR.



NATIONAL hymn is one of the things which cannot be made to order. No man has ever yet sat him down and taken up his pen and said, "I will write a national hymn," and composed either words or music which the nation was willing to take for its own. The making of the song of a people is a happy accident, not to be accomplished by taking thought. It must be the result of fiery feeling long confined, and suddenly finding vent in burning words or moving strains. Sometimes the heat and the pressure of emotion have been fierce enough and intense enough to call forth at once both words and music, and to weld them together indissolubly once and for all. Almost always the maker of the song does not suspect the abiding value of his work; he has wrought unconsciously, moved by a power within; he has written for immediate relief to himself, and with no thought of fame or the future; he has builded better than he knew. The great national lyric is the result of the conjunction of the hour and the man. Monarchs cannot command it, and even poets are often powerless to achieve it. No one of the great national hymns has been written by a great poet. But for his one immortal lyric, neither the author of the "Marseillaise" nor the author of the "Wacht am Rhein" would have his line in the biographical dictionaries. But when a song has once taken root in the hearts of a people, time itself is powerless against it. The flat and feeble "Partant pour la Syrie," which a filial fiat made the hymn of imperial France, had to give way to the strong and virile notes of the "Marseillaise," when there was need to arouse the martial spirit of the French in 1870. The noble measures of "God Save the King," as simple and dignified a national hymn as any country can boast, lift up the hearts of the English people; and the brisk tune of the "British Grenadiers" has swept away many a man into the ranks of the recruiting regiment. The English are rich in war tunes; and the pathetic "Girl I left behind me" encourages and sustains both those who go to the front and those who remain at home. Here in the United States we have no "Marseillaise," no "God Save the King," no "Wacht am Rhein"; we have but "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-spangled Banner." More than one enterprising poet,

and more than one aspiring musician, has volunteered to take the contract to supply the deficiency; as yet no one has succeeded. "Yankee Doodle" we got during the Revolution, and the "Star-spangled Banner" was the gift of the war of 1812; from the Civil War we have received at least two war songs which, as war songs simply, are finer than either of these,— "John Brown's Body" and "Marching through Georgia."

Of the purely lyrical outburst which the war called forth, but little trace is now to be detected in literature except by special students.* In most cases neither words nor music have had vitality enough to survive a quarter of a century. Really, indeed, two things only survive, one Southern and the other Northern, one a war-cry in verse, the other a martial tune: one is the lyric "My Maryland," and the other is the marching song "John Brown's Body." The origin and development of the latter, the rude chant to which a million of the soldiers of the Union kept time, is uncertain and involved in dispute. The history of the former may be declared exactly; and by the courtesy of those who did the deed—for the making of a war song is of a truth a deed at arms—I am enabled to state fully the circumstances under which it was written, set to music, and first sung before the soldiers of the South.

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel!
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

* Note that reference is here made to the songs, not to the general poetry of the war.

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My mother-State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and woe,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beautiful limbs with steel,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

James R. Randall

Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland!
 Come with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland!
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland!
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland!
 She meets her sisters on the plain,
Sic Semper! 'Tis the proud refrain
 That baffles minions back again,
 Maryland!
 Arise, in majesty again,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland!
 Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland!
 Come to thine own heroic throng,
 Stalking with liberty along,
 And chaunt thy dauntless slogan-song,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland!
 For thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland!
 But lo! there surges forth a shriek;
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland!
 Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland!
 Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
 Maryland!
 The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
 Maryland!
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb!
 Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
 She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
 She'll come!
 Maryland! My Maryland!

(Perhaps there is no need now for even a line of good-natured deprecation of some of the terms used in this song, overwrought and inaccurate as they are. As but few, North or South, have ever seen the entire poem, it is printed here in full from the author's manuscript. Its lines show plainly enough that they owe their being to a white-heat of emotion. It is valuable, therefore, historically, as a record of the feelings of the hour in the South, although not of the facts of the hour either in Baltimore or at the North.)

"My Maryland!" was written by Mr. James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, and now residing in Augusta, Georgia. The poet was a professor of English literature and the

classics in Poydras College at Pointe Coupée, on the Fausse Rivière, in Louisiana, about seven miles from the Mississippi; and there in April, 1861, he read in the New Orleans "Delta" the news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore.

"This account excited me greatly," Mr. Randall writes in answer to my request for information; "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I rose, lit a candle, and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.' I remember that the idea appeared to first take shape as music in the brain — some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect. I was stirred to a desire for some way linking my name with that of my native State, if not 'with my land's language.' But I never expected to do this with one single, supreme effort, and no one was more surprised than I was at the widespread and instantaneous popularity of the lyric I had been so strangely stimulated to write." Mr. Randall read the poem the next morning to the college boys, and at their suggestion sent it to the "Delta," in which it was first printed, and from which it was copied into nearly every Southern journal. "I did not concern myself much about it," Mr. Randall adds, "but very soon, from all parts of the country, there was borne to me, in my remote place of residence, evidence that I had made a great hit, and that, whatever might be the fate of the Confederacy, the song would survive it."

Published in the last days of April, 1861, when every eye was fixed on the border States, the stirring stanzas of the Tyrtæan bard appeared in the very nick of time. There is often a feeling afloat in the minds of men, undefined and vague for want of one to give it form, and held in solution, as it were, until a chance word dropped in the ear of a poet suddenly crystallizes this feeling into song, in which all may see clearly and sharply reflected what in their own thought was shapeless and hazy. It was Mr. Randall's good fortune to be the instrument through which the South spoke. By a natural reaction his burning lines helped "to fire the Southern heart." To do their work well, his words needed to be wedded to music. Unlike the authors of the

"Star-spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise," the author of "My Maryland" had not written it to fit a tune already familiar. It was left for a lady of Baltimore to lend the lyric the musical wings it needed to enable it to reach every camp-fire of the Southern armies. To the courtesy of this lady, then Miss Hetty Cary, and now the wife of Professor H. Newell Martin, of Johns Hopkins University, I am indebted for a picturesque description of the marriage of the words to the music, and of the first singing of the song before the Southern troops.

The house of Mrs. Martin's father was the headquarters for the Southern sympathizers of Baltimore. Correspondence, money, clothing, supplies of all kinds went thence through the lines to the young men of the city who had joined the Confederate army.

"The enthusiasm of the girls who worked and of the 'boys' who watched for their chance to slip through the lines to Dixie's land found vent and inspiration in such patriotic songs as could be made or adapted to suit our needs. The glee club was to hold its meeting in our parlors one evening early in June, and my sister, Miss Jennie Cary, being the only musical member of the family, had charge of the programme on the occasion. With a school-girl's eagerness to score a success, she resolved to secure some new and ardent expression of feelings that by this time were wrought up to the point of explosion. In vain she searched through her stock of songs and airs — nothing seemed intense enough to suit her. Aroused by her tone of despair, I came to the rescue with the suggestion that she should adapt the words of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' which had been constantly on my lips since the appearance of the lyric a few days before in the South. I produced the paper and began declaiming the verses. 'Lauriger Horatius!' she exclaimed, and in a flash the immortal song found voice in the stirring air so perfectly adapted to it. That night, when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas, the refrain rolled forth from every throat present without pause or preparation; and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as to endanger seriously the liberties of the party."

"Lauriger Horatius" has long been a favorite college song, and it had been introduced into the Cary household by Mr. Burton N. Harrison, then a Yale student. The air to which it is sung is used also for a lovely German lyric, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," which Longfellow has translated "O Hemlock Tree." The transmigration of tunes is too large and fertile a subject for me

to do more here than refer to it. The taking of the air of a jovial college song to use as the setting of a fiery war-lyric may seem strange and curious, but only to those who are not familiar with the adventures and transformations a tune is often made to undergo.

Hopkinson's "Hail Columbia!" for example, was written to the tune of the "President's March," just as Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written to "John Brown's Body." The "Wearing of the Green," of the Irishman, is sung to the same air as the "Benny Havens, O!" of the West-Pointer. The "Star-spangled Banner" has to make shift with the second-hand music of "Anacreon in Heaven"; while our other national air, "Yankee Doodle," uses over the notes of an old English nursery rhyme, "Lucy Locket," once a personal lampoon in the days of the "Beggars' Opera," and now surviving in the "Baby's Opera" of Mr. Walter Crane. "My Country, 'tis of Thee," is set to the truly British tune of "God Save the King," the origin of which is doubtful, as it is claimed by the French and the Germans as well as the English. In the hour of battle a war-tune is subject to the right of capture, and, like the cannon taken from the enemy, it is turned against its maker.

To return to "My Maryland": a few weeks after the welding of the words and the music, Mrs. Martin with her brother and sister went through the lines, conveying several trunks full of military clothing, and wearing concealed about her person a flag bearing the arms of Maryland, a gift from the ladies of Baltimore to the Maryland troops in the Confederate army. In consequence of reports which were borne back to the Union authorities, the ladies were forbidden to return. "We were living," so Mrs. Martin writes me, "in Virginia in exile, when, shortly after the battle of Manassas, General Beauregard, hearing of our labors and sufferings in behalf of the Marylanders who had already done such gallant service in his command, invited us to visit them at his headquarters near Fairfax Court House, sending a pass and an escort for us, and the friends by whom we should be accompanied. Our party encamped the first night in tents prepared for us at Manassas, with my kinsman, Captain Sterrell, who was in charge of the fortifications there. We were serenaded by the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, aided by all the fine voices within reach. Captain Sterrell expressed our thanks, and asked if there were any service we might render in return. 'Let us hear a woman's voice,' was the cry which arose in response. And, standing in the tent-door, under cover of the darkness, my sister sang

'My Maryland!' This, I believe, was the birth of the song in the army. The refrain was speedily caught up and tossed back to us from hundreds of rebel throats. As the last notes died away, there surged forth from the gathering throng a wild shout—'We will break her chains! She *shall* be free! She *shall* be free! Three cheers and a tiger for Maryland!' And they were given with a will. There was not a dry eye in the tent, and, we were told the next day, not a cap with a rim on it in camp. Nothing could have kept Mr. Randall's verses from living and growing into a power. To us fell the happy chance of first giving them voice. In a few weeks 'My Maryland!' had found its way to the heart of our whole people, and become a great national song."

I wish I could call as charming and as striking a witness to set forth the origin of "John Brown's Body." The genesis of both words and music is obscure and involved. The raw facts of historical criticism—names, places, dates—are deficient. The martial hymn has been called a spontaneous generation of the uprising of the North—a self-made song, which sang itself into being of its own accord. Some have treated it as a sudden evolution from the inner consciousness of the early soldiers all aglow with free-soil enthusiasm; and these speak of it as springing, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-armed and mature. Others have more happily likened it to Topsy, in that it never was born, it grew; and this latter theory has the support of the facts as far as they can be disentangled from a maze of fiction and legend. A tentative and conjectural reconstruction of the story of the song is all I dare venture upon; and I stand corrected in anticipation.

In 1856 Mr. William Steffe, of Philadelphia, was requested by a fire-company of Charleston, South Carolina, to write an air to a series of verses, the chorus of which began,

"Say, bummers, will you meet us?"

After the air had served its purpose, a new set of words was fitted to it, and it went on its way as a camp-meeting hymn,

"Say, brothers, will you meet us?"

In the four years between the composing of the tune and the outbreak of the war, the camp-meeting hymn had time to become popular throughout the North. Probably—although I have not been able to verify the supposition—"Say, brothers, will you meet us?" (like "Dixie," from which it was soon to part company) served as an air for Lincoln and Hamlin campaign songs in the canvass of 1860. Certainly the tune was familiar enough

in New England by the time Lincoln was inaugurated.

John Brown had been hanged in December, 1859. The feeling which that execution called forth in Massachusetts found relief in a meeting at Faneuil Hall. A recent writer has recorded his recollection of that evening, and of the crowd of boys and youths parading the streets of Boston and singing to a familiar air a monotonous lament of which the burden was

"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew
John Brown's dead!"

A little more than a year later came the news of the shot against the flag at Sumter. Some memory of this street song seems to have survived, and to have combined chemically with the tune of "Say, brothers, will you meet us?" the time of which was modified to a march; and in this way "John Brown's Body" came into being. It was the song of the hour. There was a special taunt to the South in the use of the name of the martyr of abolition, while to the North that name was as a slogan. As the poet—a prophet again, for once—had written when John Brown was yet alive, though condemned to death:

"But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the
flag,
Filled with blood of old Brown's offspring, was
first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from old Brown's life-veins, like the
red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful fury, hissing through
your slave-worn lands!
And old Brown,
Osawatomic Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've
nailed his coffin down!"*

If one may rely fully on Major Bosbyshell, to whose interesting paper in the "Grand Army Scout" I am indebted for much valuable suggestion, the song was put together by a quartet of men in the Second Battalion ("Tigers"), a Massachusetts command quartered at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, in April, 1861,—just at the time when "My Maryland" was getting itself sung at the South. This quartet, with many others of the "Tigers," enlisted in the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Fletcher Webster. Beyond all question it was the Webster regiment which first adopted "John Brown's Body" as a marching song. The soldiers of this regiment sang it as they marched down Broadway in New York, July 24th, 1861, on their way from Boston to the front. They sang it incessantly until August, 1862, when Colonel Webster died, and when the tune had

been taken up by the nation at large, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers were marching forward to the fight with the name of John Brown on their lips.

There was a majestic simplicity in the rhythm like the beating of mighty hammers. In the beginning the words were bare to the verge of barrenness. There was no lack of poets to fill them out. Henry Howard Brownell, the singer of the "Bay Fight" and the "River Fight," skillfully utilized the accepted lines, which he enriched with a deeper meaning. Then Mrs. Howe wrote her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," perhaps the most resonant and elevated of the poems of American patriotism.† Of late the air has been taken again by Mr. William Morris, poet and socialist, decorator and reformer, as the one to which shall be sung his eloquent and stirring "March of the Workers."

Curiously enough, the history of "Dixie" is not at all unlike the history of "John Brown's Body." "Dixie" was composed in 1859, by Mr. Dan D. Emmett, as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels, then performing at Mechanics' Hall in New York. Mr. Emmett had traveled with circuses, and had heard the performers refer to the States south of Mason and Dixon's line as "Dixie's land," wishing themselves there as soon as the Northern climate began to be too severe for those who live in tents like the Arabs. It was on this expression of Northern circus performers,

"I wish I was in Dixie,"

that Mr. Emmett constructed his song. The "walk-around" hit the taste of the New York play-going public, and it was adopted at once by various bands of wandering minstrels, who sang and danced it in all parts of the Union. In the fall of 1860 Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in John Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas," and in New Orleans it took root. Without any authority from the composer, a New Orleans publisher had the air harmonized and arranged, and he issued it with words embodying the strong Southern feeling of the chief city of Louisiana. As from Boston "John Brown's Body" spread through the North, so from New Orleans "Dixie" spread through the South; and as Northern poets strove to find fit words for the one, so Southern poets wrote fiery lines to fill the measures of the other. Of the sets of verses written to "Dixie," the best, perhaps, is that by General Albert Pike, of Arkansas, who happens, by a fortuitous chance, to have been a native of Vermont. With Republican words "Dixie" had been used as a campaign song

* Stedman in "John Brown of Osawatomic."

† See page 629.

Battle-hymn of the Republic.

Minie eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord:

He is trampling through the overseas where the
graves of war are stowed;

He hath bound the fatigued lightning of his
terrible swift sword.

This truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred
winking camps;

They have builded Him an altar on the
evening dews and damps;

I have read His righteous sentences by the dim and
flaring lamps.

This day is marching on!

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel

'As ye tread with my contumacious, or with you any
grace shall deal,

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;

He is lifting up the hearts of men before his
judgement-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju-
bilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on!

On the beauty of the hills Christ was born
across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,

While God is marching on!

Julia Ward Howe.

in 1860; and it was perhaps some vague remembrance of this which prompted Lincoln to have the air played by a band in Washington in 1865, a short time after the surrender at Appomattox, remarking that as we had captured the rebel army we had captured also the rebel tune.

From New Orleans also came another of the songs of the South, the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Mr. Randall writes me that "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" were the most popular of Southern songs. Like "Dixie," the "Bonnie Blue Flag" came from the theater. The tune is an old Hibernian melody, the "Irish Jaunting Car." The words were written by an Irish comedian, Harry McCarthy, and the song was first sung by his sister, Miss Marion McCarthy, at the Varieties Theater, in 1861. It was published by Mr. A. E. Blackmar, who writes to a friend of mine that General Butler "made it very profitable by fining every man, woman, or child who sang, whistled, or played it on any instrument, \$25," besides arresting the publisher, destroying the sheet music, and fining him \$500.

In Louisiana, of course, there was also the "Marseillaise." "The Creoles of New Orleans," Mr. Cable writes me, "followed close by the Anglo-Americans of their town, took up the 'Marseillaise' with great enthusiasm, as they have always done whenever a war spirit was up. They did it when the British invaded Louisiana in 1814. It was good enough as it stood; they made no new adaptations of it, but sang it in French and English (I speak of 1861), 'dry so,' as the Southern rustics say. 'Dixie' started with the first mutter of war thunder. . . . I think the same is true of 'Lorena.' This doleful old ditty started at the start, and never stopped till the last musket was stacked and the last camp-fire cold. It was, by all odds, the song nearest the Confederate soldier's heart. It was the 'Annie Laurie' of the Confederate trenches."

Nowadays it is not a little difficult to detect in the rather mushy sentimentality of the words of "Lorena," or in the lugubrious wail of its music, any qualities which might account for the affection it was held in. But the vagaries of popular taste are inscrutable. Dr. Palmer's vigorous lyric, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," written within sound of the cannonading at Antietam, was so little sung that Mr. Randall thought it had not been set to music. I have, however, succeeded in discovering two airs to which it was sung,—one published by Mr. Blackmar, and the other the familiar "Duda, duda, day."

The Northern equivalent of "Lorena" is to be sought among the songs which made a

lyric address to "Mother," and of which "Just before the Battle, Mother," may be taken as a type. "Mother, I've Come Home to Die," was sung with feeling and with humor by many a gallant fellow who is now gathered at the bivouac of the dead. Mr. George F. Root, of Chicago, was both the author and composer of "Just before the Battle, Mother," as he was also of the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; the Boys are Marching." It is difficult to say which one of these three songs was the most popular; there was a touch of realistic pathos in "Just before the Battle, Mother," which brought the simple and unpretending words home to the hearts of the men who had girded on the sword and shouldered the musket. Yet captivity was not seldom more bitter to bear than death itself, and this gave point to the lament of the soldier who sat in his "prison-cell" and heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of the marching boys. Probably, however, the first favorite with the soldiers in the field, and certainly the song of Mr. Root's which has the best chance of surviving, is the "Battle Cry of Freedom." It was often ordered to be sung as the men marched into action. More than once its strains arose on the battlefield and made obedience more easy to the lyric command to rally round the flag. With the pleasant humor which never deserts the American, even in the hard tussle of war, the gentle lines of "Mary had a Little Lamb" were fitted snugly to the tune; and many a regiment shortened a weary march or went gayly into action, singing,

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Now the song is sure of immortality, for it has become a part of those elective studies which are the chief gains of the college curriculum. At the hands of the American college boys, "Rally round the Flag" can get a renewed lease of life for twenty-one years more—or forever. A boy is your true conservative; he is the genuine guardian of ancient rites and customs, old rhymes and songs; he has the fullest reverence for age—if so be it is not incarnated in a "Prof." or a "Prex." Lowell, in declaring the antiquity of the New World, says that "we have also in America things amazingly old, as our boys, for example." And the taking of the "Battle Cry of Freedom" by the colleges is only the fair exchange which is no robbery; for, as we have seen, it was from the college that the air of "Lauriger Horatius" was taken to speed the

J

The printed poem entitled
"Three Hundred Thousand Men,"
 which had been copied into many
 of our guidons, ^{books} & early of recently, as
 the production of W. C. Bryant.
 It is not from his pen but from that
 of James S. Libbourn of this city.

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

heated stanzas of "My Maryland." Another college song,—if the digression may be pardoned,—the "Upidee-Upida," to which we so wickedly sing the quatrains of Longfellow's "Excelsior," I have heard rising sonorously from the throats of a stalwart regiment of German *Landwehr* in the summer of 1870, as they were on their way to the French frontier—and to Paris.

Although they came at the beginning of the war, "John Brown's Body" and the "Battle Cry of Freedom" have been sung scarcely more often than "Marching through Georgia," which could not have come into being until near the end of the fight. Now that the war has been over for twenty years and more, and the veteran has no military duty more harassing than fighting his battles o'er, "Marching through Georgia" has become the song dearest to his heart. The swinging rhythm of the tune and the homely directness of the words gave the song an instant popularity, increased by the fact that it commemorated the most striking episode of the war, the march to the sea. "Marching through Georgia" was written and composed by the late Henry C. Work. In his history of "Music in America," Professor Ritter refers to Stephen C. Foster, the composer of "Old Folks at Home," as one who "said naively and gently what he had to

say, without false pretension or bombastic phrases"; and this praise may be applied also to Work, who had not a little of the folk-flavor which gives quality to Foster. Like Foster, Work was fond of reflecting the rude negro rhythms; and some of his best songs seem like actual echoes from the cotton-field and levee. "Wake, Nicodemus," "Kingdom Coming," and "Babylon is Fallen" have this savor of the soil,—sophisticated, it may be, and yet pungent and captivating. I have heard it suggested that "Marching through Georgia" was founded on a negro air, and also that it is a reminiscence of a bit of the "Rataplan" of the "Huguenots." It is possible that there is a little truth at the bottom of both of these stories. The "Huguenots" was frequently performed at the New Orleans Opera House before the war, and many a slave must have heard his young mistress singing and playing selections from Meyerbeer's music; and it may be that Work, in turn, overheard some negro's rambling recollection of the "Rataplan." This is idle conjecture, however; the tune of "Marching through Georgia" is fresh and spirited; and it bids fair—with "John Brown's Body"—to be the chief musical legacy of the war. Work was also the author and composer of two other songs which had their day, "Drafted into the Army" and

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Three hundred thousand more.

We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear,
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descrie;
And now the wind has instant tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag, in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour,
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing grain starts shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's sordid grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

Autograph

J. W. Brown

"Brave Boys are They." The latter has had the honor of being sung of late by Mr. Cable, who heard first at a Southern camp-fire from the lips of a comrade the chorus of Northern origin, equally apt in its application in those troublous times to the homes on either side of Mason and Dixon's line:

"Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call;
And yet—and yet we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

It was in the dark days of 1862, just after Lincoln had issued the proclamation asking for three hundred thousand volunteers to fill up the stricken ranks of the army and to carry out the cry which urged it "On to Richmond," that Mr. John S. Gibbons wrote

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,"

a lyric which contributed not a little to the bringing about of the uprising it declared. The author of this ringing call to arms was a Hicksite Quaker,— "with a reasonable leaning, however, toward wrath in cases of emergency," as his son-in-law, Mr. James H. Morse, neatly puts it, in a recent letter to me. He joined the abolition movement in 1830, when he was barely twenty years old. Three years later he married a daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, the Quaker philanthropist. For a short time he was one of the editors of the "Anti-Slavery Standard," and, like many of the Quakers of his school, he was always ardent in the cause of negro freedom. At the outbreak of the war, Mrs. Gibbons and her eldest daughter went to the front, and they served in the hospitals until the end. While they were away the riots of '63 occurred, and their house in New York was sacked, Mr. Gibbons and the two younger daughters taking refuge with relatives in the house next door but one, and thence over the roofs to Eighth Avenue, where Mr. Joseph H. Choate had a carriage in waiting for them. The house was singled out for this attention because it had been illuminated when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued,—on which occasion it had been daubed and defiled with coal tar.

At the request of Mr. Morse, Mr. Gibbons has put on paper an account of the circumstances under which he wrote "We are coming, Father Abraham," and from this I am privileged to quote. It must be premised that Mr. Gibbons, although he had written verse—as who has not?—was best known as a writer on financial topics: he has published two books about banking, and he was for a while the financial editor of the "Evening Post." In

1862, after Lincoln had issued his call for volunteers, Mr. Gibbons used to take long walks alone, often talking to himself. "I began to con over a song," he writes. "The words seemed to fall into ranks and files, and to come with a measured step. Directly would come along a company of soldiers with fife and drum, and that helped the matter amazingly. I began to keep step myself—three hundred thousand more.—It was very natural to answer the President's call—we are coming—and to prefix the term *father*. Then the line would follow

'We are coming, Father Abraham,'

and nothing was more natural than the number of soldiers wanted.

'Three hundred thousand more.'

'We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.'

"Where from? *Shore* is the rhyme wanted." Just then Mr. Gibbons met "a Western regiment—from Minnesota, it was—and the line came at once in full,

'From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore.'

"Two lines in full . . . Then followed—how naturally!

'We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,

'With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.'

"And so it went on, word by word, line by line, until the whole song was made." When it was written, only one slight verbal alteration was made, and then it was printed in the "Evening Post" of July 16th, 1862. It is interesting to note that it was in the "Evening Post" of May 29th, 1819, nearly half a century before, that another famous patriotic poem had first been published—Drake's "American Flag." Mr. Gibbons's song appeared anonymously, and its authorship was ascribed at once to Bryant, who was then the editor of the "Evening Post." At a large meeting in Boston, held the evening after it had appeared, it was read by Josiah Quincy as "the latest poem written by Mr. Wm. C. Bryant."

One of the Hutchinson family set it to music, and they sang it with great effect. A common friend told Jesse Hutchinson that the song was not by Bryant but by Mr. Gibbons. "What—our old friend Gibbons?" he asked in reply. It is said that when assured that his old friend Gibbons was the real author of the song, Jesse Hutchinson hesitated thoughtfully for a moment and then said, "Well, we'll keep the name of Bryant as we've got it. He's better known than Gibbons." The stirring song was

set to music by several other composers, most of whom probably supposed that it was Bryant's. I find in a stray newspaper cutting an account of Lincoln's coming down to the Red Room of the White House one morning in the summer of 1864, to listen with bowed head and patient pensive eyes while one of a party of visitors sang

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

A rattling good war song which has kept its hold on the ears of the people is "When Johnny comes Marching Home," written in 1863 by "Louis Lambert." Behind this pseudonym was hidden Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the projector of the Boston "Peace Jubilee," and the composer afterward of a more ambitious national hymn, which has hitherto failed to attain the popularity of its unpretending predecessor with the rousing refrain. It is related that after the performance of "Glory to God on High," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, on the first day of the Jubilee, an old soldier of the Webster regiment took occasion to shake hands with Mr. Gilmore and to proffer his congratulations on the success of the undertaking, adding that for his part what he had liked best was the piece called the "Twelfth Massachusetts."

At the Boston Peace Jubilee, and again at the Centennial Exhibition, there was opportunity for the adequate and serious treatment

of the war tunes which have survived the welter and turmoil of the actual strife; but the occasion was not improved. Little more has been done than a chance arrangement of airs in the clap-trap manner of Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles." The "Centennial March" which Richard Wagner wrote for us was the work of a master, no doubt, but it was perfunctory, and hopelessly inferior to his resplendent "Kaiser March." The German composer had not touch of the American people, and as he did not know what was in our hearts, we had no right to hope that he should give it expression. The time is now ripe for the musician who shall richly and amply develop, with sustained and sonorous dignity, the few simple airs which represent and recall to the people of these United States the emotions, the doubts, the dangers, the joys, the sorrows, the harassing anxieties, and the final triumph of the four long years of bitter strife. The composer who will take "John Brown's Body" and "Marching through Georgia," and such other of our war tunes as may be found worthy, and who shall do unto them as the still living Hungarian and Scandinavian composers have done to the folk-songs of their native land, need not hesitate from poverty of material or from fear of the lack of a responsive audience. The first American composer who shall turn these war tunes into mighty music to commemorate the events which called them forth, will of a certainty have his reward.

Brander Matthews.

NOTE ON THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

[At the request of the Editor, Mrs. Howe has prepared the subjoined account of the circumstances attending the origin of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."]

In December, 1861, the first year of our Civil War, I made a journey to Washington in company with Dr. Howe, Governor and Mrs. John A. Andrew, and other friends. I remember well the aspect of things within what might then have been termed "the debatable land." As our train sped on through the darkness, we saw in vivid contrast the fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The troops lay encamped around the city, their cantonments extending to a considerable distance. At the hotel, officers and their orderlies were conspicuous, and army ambulances were constantly arriving and departing. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot-soldiers, the noise of drum, fife, and bugle, were heard continually. The two great powers were holding each other in check, and the very air seemed tense with expectancy. Bull Run had shown the North that any victory it might hope to achieve would be neither swift nor easy. The Southern leaders, on the other hand, had already learned something of the determined temper and persistent resolve of those with whom they had to cope.

The one absorbing thought in Washington was the army, and the time of visitors like ourselves was

mostly employed in visits to the camps and hospitals. Such preaching as we heard was either to the soldiers or about them and the issues of the war. Such prayers as were made were uttered in stress and agony of spirit, for the war itself was a dread sorrow to us.

It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops, at a distance of several miles from the city. The manoeuvres were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and instead of the spectacle promised us, we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded.

Our return to the city was impeded by the homeward marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow and to beguile the time, we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some one remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said that I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain, in the intervals crying to us: "Good for you."

I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning, and soon found myself trying to

weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. (I was always careful to decipher these lines within twenty-four hours, as I had found them perfectly illegible after a longer period.) On the occasion now spoken of, I completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

A day or two later, I repeated my verses to Mr. Clarke, who was much pleased with them. Soon after my return to Boston, I carried the lines to James T. Fields, at that time Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." The title, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine, and did not at first receive any especial mention. We were all too much absorbed in watching the progress of the war to give much heed to a copy of verses more or less. I think it may have been a year later that my lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington soon after

his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort, described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by a reference to the magazine. The battle hymn was often sung in the course of the war, and under a great variety of circumstances. Among other anecdotes, I have heard of its having once led a "forlorn hope" through a desperate encounter to a successful issue.

The wild echoes of the fearful struggle have long since died away, and with them all memories of unkindness between ourselves and our Southern brethren. But those who once loved my hymn still sing it. In many a distant Northern town where I have stood to speak, the song has been sung by the choir of some one of the churches before or after my lecture. I could hardly believe my ears when, at an entertainment at Baton Rouge which I shared with other officers of the New Orleans Exposition, the band broke bravely into the John Brown tune. It was scarcely less surprising for me to hear my verses sung at the exposition by the colored people who had invited me to speak to them in their own department. A printed copy of the words and music was once sent me from Constantinople, by whom, I never knew. But when I visited Roberts College, in the neighborhood of that city, the good professors and their ladies at parting asked me to listen well to what I might hear on my way down the steep declivity. I did so, and heard, in sweet, full cadence, the lines which scarcely seem mine, so much are they the breath of that heroic time, and of the feeling with which it was filled.

Julia Ward Howe.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Urgent Measure of National Defense.

ASIDE from the construction of ships and fortifications, to which there is reason to believe that the next Congress will give serious attention, the most pressing question of national defense relates to the naval *personnel*. Not that our officers and blue-jackets are of inferior quality: far from it. Given the materials necessary for training in modern war, and our naval force, as far as it goes, will challenge comparison with any of its rivals. The difficulty is not that it is inefficient, but that it is insufficient. It is a mere nucleus, a navy on a peace footing. Alike in the Revolution, when our enemy had a powerful navy, and in the Civil War, when he had no navy at all, the Government felt from the outset to the close the urgent want of a large body of trained man-o'-war's-men. Men were gradually enlisted, but the absence of a previous enrollment made it difficult and expensive to get them, and the absence of a previous training deferred the period of their efficiency until long after they were got.

In accordance with that sound maxim of American policy which forbids the maintenance of a large stand-

ing force, our regular army will probably never exceed twenty or thirty thousand men, and our regular navy ten or twelve thousand. But the army makes up for its small size by an ample reserve, composed of a well-organized, well-equipped, and well-trained militia. If a war should break out to-morrow, it would be easy to put into the field, in the course of a fortnight, from fifty to one hundred thousand men, officered, armed, and, to some extent, trained for war. They would be raw troops, no doubt, but they would still be troops: all the preliminary work—the enrollment, by which the Government could lay hands on them immediately, the arrangement in working organizations, the elementary training—would have been provided for beforehand, and when the crisis came, would be an accomplished fact.

The navy, on the other hand, upon which the country must place its first reliance for defence, whose forces are always scattered, and whose statutory number, of seven thousand five hundred seamen, falls short of actual peace requirements, is absolutely without a provision for enlargement. In our population of sixty millions there is not a single individual known to the

Navy Department by name, residence, or occupation,—and much less is there any organization,—upon whom or upon which it could call in an emergency to perform duty in ships of war. Plenty of men there doubtless are who would be glad to offer their services, and who might in the course of time be enlisted, assigned to duties, and made available for purposes of training; but the enlistment and assignment of any large number would take two months at least, and the training would require a month or two more. During the four months thus consumed, a properly prepared enemy would have destroyed all our construction-yards and naval stations, to say nothing of our commerce and our commercial cities.

To remedy this glaring defect, a plan must be prepared which shall receive the substantial approval of the mercantile and maritime community on the one hand, and of the Government on the other; for these are the two forces whose coöperation is necessary to insure success. Its two underlying features are the enrollment of volunteers from the merchant service, the fishing fleet, and the yacht squadrons, as officers, petty officers, and seamen of the United States Naval Reserve; and secondly, their training from time to time, for short periods—three weeks or a month at the most—in regularly commissioned ships of war, organized, if possible, as a squadron of evolutions. The volunteers should receive compensation while actually in service, and, the period of training finished, they should be free to return to their vocations, retaining their connection with the service by a permanent registration. The details of the plan require careful deliberation, but they present no serious difficulties, and call for no great outlay. Registers opened at the commercial seaports should be inscribed with the names of those desiring to associate themselves with the naval reserve. The Navy Department should devote to the work some of the modern ships of which its home squadron will shortly be composed, with selected officers in sufficient numbers to provide for the instruction of the volunteers. The latter, wearing the uniform of the service, and subject to its regulations, would perform their tour of duty at periods that would cause the least possible interruption of their ordinary occupations.

The plan would not make sailors out of landmen, but that would not be its object. The volunteers, being seafaring men, already know half their business, and they would be given an opportunity to learn the other half,—the handling of weapons, the routine and discipline of a ship of war, and the intelligent use of its manifold mechanical appliances. The adoption of such a plan would enable the Government, at the first sign of war, to fit out at once all the ships laid up at its yards, instead of marking time while its squadrons returned from distant stations, or, worse still, while Congress deliberated upon the best method of mobilizing a force that was not yet organized, trained, or even recruited. Certainly no measure of national defence is more reasonable or practical than this, and there is none that calls more urgently for immediate action.

The Niagara Reservation.

FEW public measures, based upon considerations other than those of economic benefit, have met with such wide-spread and hearty approval as has greeted

the establishment of the Niagara Reservation. No question involving simply the public's chances of future pleasure can have a greater interest than the question, What now is to be done with this property which the people of the State of New-York hold in trust for the people of all the world?

Entrance-fees have already been abolished, and many eyesores and incumbrances in the shape of mills and fences and vulgar places of amusement have already been removed. But it will easily be understood that a great deal of further work—and of a constructive as well as of a destructive character—will be required if the Reservation is to show that its owners appreciate its value and the responsibility which its possession lays upon them. We are sorry to say that there is no immediate prospect of this work being undertaken. That is, no money has yet been appropriated by the Legislature to begin it. But the Board which has the Reservation in charge has accepted the plan of improvement suggested by the landscape artists to whose consideration the matter was submitted;* and we think it only needs that the outlines of this plan should be laid before the public to excite a strong wish that it shall as soon as possible be put in execution. Seldom, we think, has a task of the kind been approached in a spirit which so unites common sense with artistic feeling, and so carefully holds the balance true between what is due to the property itself and what is due to the persons who will visit it.

The problem was by no means an easy one to master. Its very first theoretic stages were, indeed, simple enough. Of course, as Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux begin by saying, it is desirable "that whatever is done shall tell toward a general result that shall be lastingly satisfactory, nothing being wasted on matters of temporary expediency"; and of course this means that preparation must be made for the presence of even greater crowds of visitors than have been in the habit of assembling in the past. Again, it is obvious that "the greatest good of the greatest number" is the one aim to be kept in view. The rights of local property-owners have already been made to yield to it; and to it must be subordinated also the privileges of individual tourists in so far as they seem likely to conflict with general enjoyment.

Up to this point no great difficulty presented itself. But then to decide what really is the greatest good in such a case, and, this having been settled, so to elaborate a plan of improvement that it might be thoroughly well secured, but that individual privileges might be interfered with no more than strict necessity compelled, and in such a manner as to excite the least possible feeling of constraint in the most selfish of tourists—these were matters which demanded the exercise of patient thought, clear judgment, wise foresight, and that practical knowledge which could only have grown from long experience with similar problems.

As revealed in their lucid, full, and logical statement,

* "General Plan for the Improvement of the Niagara Reservation." New York: Martin B. Brown, 49 & 51 Park Place, 1887. (A pamphlet containing the report addressed to the Hon. William Dorsheimer, President of the Board of Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara, by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, Landscape-architects; and a large map of the property as it will appear if remodeled in accordance.)

Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux's primary idea is that the greatest good which they can secure to their clients is the enjoyment of natural scenery in as pure and undiluted an aspect as the decent, safe, and comfortable accommodation of great throngs of visitors will permit. That is to say, people will in future be expected to come to Niagara to look at Niagara, not to picnic or to play, and not to gaze at mountebanks, or peep-shows, or "galleries of art," or collections of natural curiosities. And they will be shown it as nearly as possible as nature made it, neither desecrated nor, in the cant sense, "improved," and under the beams of the sun and moon, but never again of colored calcium-lights. Its beauty and its wonderfulness are to be given the freest chance to speak to our emotions, while the petty and discordant tones of humanity's creations are as much as possible to be suppressed. And, with keen artistic taste, this rule is so extended as to war against all artificial accentuation of natural charms, all deliberate emphasizing of natural impressions. Every opportunity will be given the visitor to see all there is to see, but no effort will be made to enhance astonishment, to excite amazement, or to stimulate mere curiosity.

Surely these decisions are wise. So, also, is the cogent decision that, as "the more artificial features fill the eye the less will be the effect of natural features," no object or arrangement "of an artificial character should be allowed a place on the property, no matter how valuable it might be under other circumstances, and no matter at how little cost it may be had, the presence of which can be avoided consistently with the provision of necessary conditions for making the enjoyment of the natural scenery available." Those objects and arrangements which, in the pursuance of this end, cannot be avoided will be only too numerous, and will be only too conspicuous despite the care that will be taken to make them unobtrusive in both form and color. Roads and walks must be constructed in greater numbers than they exist to-day, if all other portions of the surface are to be guarded as carefully as they should be—much more carefully, that is, than they have been in the past. Standing and turning places for carriages must be laid out. Abundant seats and various bridges and stairways are of course a necessity. Shelters must be built containing ample accommodations for the guardians of the place and for the comfort of the greatest possible crowds of visitors. Especially when the narrowness of the long belt which forms the Reservation is considered, do we feel how wise, therefore, is the judgment which would exclude all other objects save those which nature intended the ground to bear; not only all appliances for "amusement," but all works of art, all exotic ornamental trees and shrubs, all "decorative" flower-beds,—everything that could further interfere with the natural aspect of the place or (quite as important a point) could attract the eye to details when it should be contemplating broad general effects.

Another thing which this precept obliges (and which the comfort of the great body of visitors also necessitates) is that there shall be no places of entertainment, or of more than temporary shelter except at the very entrance of the Reservation, and that stringent care shall be taken to prevent the monopolizing of attractive spots by picnic parties and the littering of the ground with sandwich-papers, soda-water bottles, and

tomato-cans. Vast numbers of people—sometimes as many as ten thousand a day—come every summer for a brief look at the Falls, who neither would nor could come were they obliged to refresh and rest themselves at the village hotels. For these, and their babies and baskets, ample and even luxurious accommodation will be provided in a large (but low) reception-building at the entrance to the Reservation in the Upper Grove, and in adjacent half-open pavilions. But beyond these buildings no carrying of food will be permitted, and nowhere else will it be supplied. The hardship resulting from this rule will be very small, for the distance from the site of the old eating-house on Goat Island to the new reception-rooms or to the village hotels is scarcely greater than a ten minutes' walk will cover. In truth, it will be no hardship but a positive benefit to the average unthinking tourist if he is thus persuaded to rest and refresh himself before he does his sight-seeing.

The good sense shown by another decision is perhaps less immediately obvious, but is quite as evident when the reasons for it are studied in the report and by the aid of the map. Involving as they do calculations with regard to the numbers who are likely to visit the Reservation in future years, statements as to the insecurity of certain portions of the water-front, descriptions of the lay of the ground in various directions, and a balancing of the relative claims of accommodation and of natural beauty, these reasons are far too long and complicated to be quoted here. But they clearly show, we repeat, the wisdom of the decision that the carriage-drives and halting-places, both on the mainland and on Goat Island, shall be kept a little away from the shore, and that the best points of view shall be approachable only on foot. Nor is the hardship which this decision may seem to involve much more than an apparent one. To make some thirty paces on foot is but a small exertion for the able-bodied, and wheeled chairs are to be supplied for the use of invalids. The greatest good of the greatest number will be promoted by this arrangement almost more than by any other that is proposed.

One or two additional intentions may be noted. All hazardous points along the brink will be rendered as safe as possible, and carefully guarded against overcrowding. All plantings will be made with native trees in desirable variety, more regard being paid to permanent than to speedily effective results; and they will be so arranged as to screen off the village from the Reservation, while allowing constant views or glimpses of the water from all the roads and paths. The shore line above the falls will be restored to naturalness of aspect and protected against the encroachment of the water in inconspicuous ways. The present staircase to the Cave of the Winds will be retained for immediate use; but as the recession of the cliff will eventually necessitate its removal, it is advised that at some future day a shaft and tunnel containing an elevator should be built, the entrance to be placed some fifty feet from the edge of the bank. Further to reduce the inconveniences and expenses which hitherto have afflicted the tourist, a cheap omnibus-service will be established, and modest guide-posts will direct pedestrians.

This then, in its main outlines, is the scheme for the execution of which we hope the next Legislature will

be asked to vote sufficient funds. Of course not everything which it suggests need be done at once; but with regard to some things there is the greatest necessity for immediate action. It is especially desirable, for instance, that the new drives on Goat Island should be at once constructed, for those which exist are so insufficient that visitors are seriously inconvenienced, and many intervening stretches of ground are month by month more seriously injured by trampling feet. But the truth is that there is scarcely a yard of the entire Reservation which does not need treatment of some sort—either for alteration or for conservation; and as all the work requires much time for its completion, none of it can be begun too soon.

Even after it is, so to say, completed, much additional time must elapse before its full results will be apparent, for a landscape-artist must wait years for his labors to finish themselves after he has finished upon the soil the plan he had sketched on paper. The main thing, therefore, is, to begin. But when once we have begun, the main thing will be to remember through all coming years that the property must not only be made, but kept, what its wisely chosen name implies,—*a piece of nature defended as strictly as possible against all*

intrusion of artificiality. As such it will have no more room for certain kinds of beauty to display themselves than for any kind of ugliness. To try to prettify it with fountains and statues, and exotic shrubs and brilliant flower-beds, would be as unwise, as inartistic, and as vulgar almost, as to try to add to its attractions by merry-go-rounds and menageries, and illuminations, and ice-cream stalls. One feels sure that the Reservation will never again wear that disgraceful resemblance to a country fair-ground which it has worn so long. But we wish one could feel just as sure that it will never be made into a park or a garden or a pleasure-ground of any kind, even the most sumptuously "aristocratic."

We wish too that it were entirely certain, that if the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee is indeed to be signalized by the forming of a Government Reservation on the Canada shore, this too will be planned and managed in accordance with this general idea. The views from the Canada bank are much more extensive and imposing than those from our own. There is all the greater reason, therefore, why their effect should not be lessened by "ornamental" park-like foregrounds, or forced into unworthy rivalry with the attractions of places of amusement and bodily refreshment.

OPEN LETTERS.

Education of the Blind.

NO. I. AS CHILDREN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the attention given to this subject during the past two or three decades by able and philanthropic persons, and the excellent work in certain directions and within certain limits now done in many of our State institutions, the matter is still but very imperfectly understood, even by those who make it a speciality, and scarcely at all by the general public. Yet it is one of almost universal interest. There are, comparatively speaking, but few families in this or any other country which are not sooner or later, directly or indirectly, called upon to exercise their thoughts and sympathies in behalf of some afflicted member, friend, or acquaintance, for whom, in their ignorance of possibilities and precedents, they entertain the most exaggerated compassion, the most needlessly doleful and hopeless ideas.

The experience and observation of many years enable me to speak with definite, vivid, personal knowledge upon this theme; and though I have by no means the intention, nor perhaps the ability, to formulate a complete system of study and training for those deprived of sight, I may possibly, by a few practical suggestions, throw a little light into some darkened existences, render less appalling the roar of life's battle to some about entering it under fearful disadvantages, or show a gleam of hope to the heavy heart of some discouraged mother, who sees her child, in all the glad bright promise of the future which her fond maternal pride has pictured in advance, entombed alive in midnight blackness, blighted with the curse of useless, joyless dependence—for such its fate appears to her. If I can succeed in giving aid or comfort to any of these, my labor will be repaid tenfold.

The chief difficulty in the past, and perhaps an unavoidable one in the way of more satisfactory results in the education of the blind as a class, has been that most of the theorizing and experimenting, as well as the practical work in this direction, has been done by seeing persons, who are never wholly able to divest their minds of certain prejudices and misapprehensions with regard to those under their charge, nor to enter fully into their real condition and actual needs. Many of them have been intelligent and earnestly devoted to their task, and a few have really hit upon some very rational projects and ingenious contrivances to ameliorate the condition and add to the comfort of their pupils and protégés; but the majority have been led astray by erroneous conceptions of the state with which they had to deal, which rendered their best-meant endeavors fruitless; while no small number have been fantastic dreamers or pig-headed hobbyists, erratic cranks of every description, who have either used this form of philanthropy as an easy means of gaining a livelihood, or have regarded the unfortunates under their charge as only important in the light of suitable and legitimate subjects for every variety of experiment, psychological and physical, from fanatical, monomaniac piety, to hydropathy.

Some of the theories put in practice, in defiance of common sense, by men whom the state supports and the public applauds, would be boundlessly ludicrous, if their results were not pitifully sad. For instance, the superintendent of a large and richly endowed institution for the blind at Naples maintains that all sightless persons should be kept in utter ignorance of sight; that in justice and mercy they should never be allowed to know what they miss,—that is, should never be permitted to meet, either in their specially prepared

literature or conversation, any reference whatever to light, color, or any purely visible phenomena; in short, should never be told of anything which they cannot themselves hear, taste, or touch; should live in vast cloister-like asylums, supported by charity, strangers to every experience of actual life—pictures, scenery, sight itself, to them unknown, even by name. Following this theory out to its logical conclusion, it is difficult to comprehend how any brain outside a madhouse could conceive it, still less harbor it for a moment; yet upward of three hundred wretches are to-day being *educated*, as it is termed, in accordance with this theory.

Another superintendent of a similar establishment in Germany told the writer, not long since, that "prayer and Christian resignation" were the only things of value which the blind could learn or practice; that for them, as for the lepers of old, life in this world was over, and it was their duty and privilege to fit themselves early for the next; that any effort to change their condition materially, besides being entirely fruitless, would be equivalent to rebellion against the restrictions of their divinely appointed sphere. In his establishment, therefore, the chief and only important exercise of the pupils was to kneel regularly every half-hour at the stroke of a bell and mutter through a lot of senseless prayers, learned by rote, to render them more contented with their lot and resigned to its necessary limitations, as was claimed by their judicious instructor, who, like many others, was entirely satisfied with divine restrictions for other people.

In America the conditions, prospects, and educational opportunities of this numerically important class are of course incalculably superior to those in Europe. There the outlook, even to the casual observer, is hopeless and heart-rending; here it presents many elements of encouragement. Our sound national common sense helps us to take the lead in this, as in most practical matters; but we have still very much to test and demonstrate.

An important source of misunderstanding and consequent mismanagement in dealing with the blind, especially as children, is the exaggerated sympathy and commiseration felt and expressed toward them by parents, teachers, and others. Those to whom total darkness is synonymous with mental depression, vague terror, and utter physical helplessness, naturally suppose that never to see the light at all must mean positive, poignant, perpetual misery. To them it would, for a time at least; and they cannot realize how completely circumstances alter cases. The blind child knows nothing of this feeling, and never would, if it were not dinned into his ears by the stupid, over-officious kindness of those about him. He is accustomed to his condition, has pretty much forgotten or has never known any other, and lives his life contentedly enough within its necessary limitations, unconscious of any lack, save when reminded of it by some practical difficulty to be overcome, or, far oftener and more painfully, by the injudicious remarks and demeanor of others. Many a day that for him would have passed cheerfully, filled with play or study, without a thought of his misfortune, is embittered and made wretched by a few ill-timed, ill-chosen words from some well-meaning friend or curious neighbor. For he is, as a rule, abnormally sensitive upon this score; and though it

should be his aim and that of his guardians to overcome this tendency, it cannot be done by continually and heedlessly irritating the sore spot.

Let him alone; treat him and think of him as if he were not different from other children, and he will become far less so than you suppose. Assume that he is to feel, think, and enjoy as others do, and he will surprise you by the clearness of his perceptions, the accuracy of his intuitions, and the thoroughness of his participation in things which you had supposed were wholly beyond his scope. Help him to forget or ignore rather than to realize and lament his infirmity; not by anxiously avoiding every subject that has any connection with sight, but by tacitly granting that he has other not necessarily inferior means of obtaining the same impressions of the outer world as yourself, which is approximately true. You will thus greatly contribute not only to his practical well-being and personal comfort, but to his good opinion of your own tact. It may be here remarked that the sufferer from blindness or other bodily affliction is always able to gauge the taste and breeding of those he meets by the length of time it takes them to get round to this, for him, disagreeable topic. With the coarse, illiterate man, it is the first and about the only thing spoken of; others arrive at it by more or less ingenious colloquial meanderings, displaying a rude curiosity behind a flimsy veil of every degree of transparency. Comparatively few succeed in overlooking it altogether, and these are proportionally appreciated. Fred Douglas is reported to have said: "I regard Mr. Lincoln as the finest gentleman I ever met, for he is the only one who never directly or indirectly reminded me of my color," a pregnant and suggestive remark, well worth a second thought.

Another terrible obstacle to the proper development of the blind is the overweening caution of their friends for them, and the unreasonable, incredulous distrust of their capabilities which they must meet on every hand, and either combat, with all but superhuman energy, or succumb to, as they, alas, too often do. One is reminded of a man who has all his life long taken the same local paper, till he has come to live in and swear by it, and finds it impossible to believe that his neighbor, who subscribes for a rival sheet, can be posted upon current events, or capable of judging of anything, merely because his communication with the world is through a different medium. Those who have all their lives been in the habit of depending upon sight for everything, from the study of philosophy and the Scriptures to the tying of a shoestring, cannot seem to understand that hearing and touch may with practice be made to serve nearly all purposes about as well, and some very much better. For example, because they cannot find the door of their own parlor at first trial if the lamp suddenly goes out, they consider it incredible that a person without sight can go all over a large city alone as independently and safely as they; yet he finds it just as hard to believe or understand that they can tell, through the glass of a closed window, how many persons are in a passing carriage, or whether the gas is lighted, from the other side of the room. Both judge from limited personal experience, a very unreliable criterion when applied to things outside its range. The fact is that the blind child, if given a chance, will discover or develop

means to do nearly everything that others do, in its own way and with somewhat more trouble, it is true, but well enough for all practical needs and for its own satisfaction. If not hemmed in at every turn, anticipated in every wish and effort, warned against and prevented from making every self-reliant attempt, the sightless child will gradually attain to an independence as natural and necessary to his well-being as it is marvelous to his over-anxious friends. Here, again, leave him to himself; let him meet his own necessities, find his limitations, test and train his powers. Let him hunt his own lost playthings, even if he be slow about it, and your tender patience be tried almost beyond bearing by the spectacle. Let him grope for them; the next time it will not take half so long, and in ten years he will find a dropped coin or cuff-button as quickly as you can. Let him help himself at table, at the toilette, and on all occasions as others do. Let him go alone, not only over house and grounds, which many think so wonderful, but on the streets of town or city, wherever he pleases and others of his age are allowed to go. Encourage him to compete with them in all they undertake, whether physical or intellectual, and he will very likely astonish you often by excelling them. In a word, help him to independence, the first essential of his happiness, the corner-stone of his life's edifice, the key-note of its harmony.

Fortunate indeed is he who, when entering earth's lists, the odds against him doubled, his own forces crippled by such an infirmity, finds himself blessed in a mother with brains as well as heart, who can curb maternal fondness and fears in accordance with a far-sighted plan for his good. To the credit of such a mother and for the encouragement of others like her who may be beginning a similar task, the writer may be permitted to state in support of the above assertions that, thanks to such a judicious training, he was able, without either memory of or aid from sight and without material assistance from any institution or corps of teachers, to compete fairly and successfully with his boyhood companions, not only in the different grades of the public-school and the higher branches of academical study, but in most of the bodily exercises and sports, such as swimming, skating, running, rowing, etc.; to ride horseback alone anywhere within ten miles of his suburban home; in short, to take an enjoyable part in nearly every occupation and amusement entered into by other boys; later, to travel alone over the greater part of this country and Europe, to wander through the streets of many foreign cities, enjoying their different languages and customs. Though this required, no doubt, a closer attention and a greater keenness and alertness of the faculties than the average person would have needed to exercise, it was not therefore less beneficial or pleasurable, and was certainly done with as great freedom, safety, and comfort, and as few mishaps or inconveniences as fall to the lot of an ordinary traveler. Only another proof of the old saying that there is more than one road to Rome and more than one means to an end, if one searches with a will.

The question is often asked: By what means does a person unable to see find his way from place to place, or know when to turn a corner, or even keep on the sidewalk, etc? That some such power is possessed, to a greater or less degree, by most blind people, is well

known; but just what it is or how far it may be carried, few understand; and even among those using it, to whom it is a matter of course, a simple every-day experience, few, if any, have succeeded in analyzing it satisfactorily. Though the faculty is as difficult to explain clearly to those not gifted with it as would be the perception of the difference in colors or as sight itself to the blind, I will try to give some little idea of it for the benefit of those wishing to learn for themselves or others.

It does not consist, as is sometimes fancied, in the skillful use of a cane or the exact memory of distances, though these are minor aids. It results from the union of hearing and the sense of touch, both trained to extraordinary delicacy and habituated to unusual services, coming to form a sort of *sixth sense*, as instinctive, instantaneous, and trustworthy in its activity as any of the familiar five. To illustrate: If you walk rapidly along a quiet street, listening carefully to your footsteps, you will notice that the solid buildings and walls close to the sidewalk give back a distinct echo, which instantly ceases at the openings and crossings. This to the blind is equivalent to light and shadow, and is in its crudest beginnings the first element in the "sixth sense" above mentioned. Again, if you walk slowly, in the dark, up against a wall or closed door, you will feel, just before striking it, upon the delicate nerves of the exposed portion of the face a slight sensation like that which might be produced by an infinitely fine and light gossamer veil. It is caused by the increased compression or resistance of the elastic air when forced up against one solid body by the approach of another. Repeat the experiment, and you find that the same thing is noticeable at a greater distance than at first. This is the germ of the second element already spoken of. These two perceptions, blended into one consciousness and trained to perfection by long years of practice, enable one to become aware at a considerable distance of any obstacle in his path, to determine the size and approximate shape of objects he is passing, to tell the height of a wall without touching it; in short, to take cognizance of any and all landmarks necessary in making his way or finding a given locality.

This faculty, based upon simple though generally unfamiliar natural laws, is, in some of its many forms of application, the source of most of the seemingly remarkable feats performed by sightless persons in this connection; and it is with them so habitually in use, so much a part of daily life, that its exercise is instinctive and unconscious, and the blind scarcely realize that others employ a different process to arrive at the same results. It is susceptible of almost immeasurable development. The writer has known a number besides himself who could count the shade-trees when riding at full gallop along the middle of the street, tell the difference between a close or open fence, the distance of buildings from roadways, etc. The position of corners, gateways, and the like are much more easily learned. In walking, everything is of course much nearer, and the difficulty is greatly diminished. So every change in sidewalk or fence, every inequality beneath the feet or smallest post by the wayside, is a guide, as definite and trustworthy as are buildings or signboards to him who sees.

The only things which seriously interfere with the

exercise of this faculty are a high wind, which prevents the differences in atmospheric density being perceived, and a constant monotonous noise, like the clatter of machinery or the rapid roll of wheels over a hard road, by which all echo is drowned. These make the real darkness. Hence, though many are able to ride with ease and safety, I never knew one who could drive in a carriage at all, and I do not think that will ever be feasible. I will also say that wheelbarrows, trucks, etc., left in the way by careless boys, are the blind man's bane. They make no noise, and have no voice of echo in them, nor are they high enough to give warning of their presence to any exposed portion of the skin; but humble and unpretentious though they are, they may prove a grievous cause of stumbling in the path of the peaceable pedestrian.

Save for these hindrances, which after all are no worse than being tied to a candle half of one's life, one may make sight quite easy to be dispensed with in most matters. Courage then, heartsick mother, despondent youth! The greater the odds, the more tempting the victory. Arouse ambition; strive, not to equal, but to excel what others do with better chances; at first in the little commonplaces of life, later in its more important work. What has been done can be; and what never has been done is not therefore impossible, but is rather the more worth doing.

Edward B. Perry.

Ministerial Bureaux.

IN most of the great Protestant communions in the United States much complaint is heard of a failure to utilize the ministerial forces. On the one side is a great array of vacant churches, on the other a multitude of unemployed ministers. Churches are begging for teachers, and preachers are praying for churches, and there seems to be no way of bringing the demand and the supply together. In the statistics of one religious body now before us, out of a total of 4016 churches, 941 are reported vacant; and out of a total of 3796 ministers, 1137 are "not in pastoral work." A large proportion of these last are employed as teachers, or as journalists, or in the work of benevolent societies, or in some other calling; nevertheless it is certain that several hundreds of them are available for the supply of the 941 vacant churches, if only the proper adjustments could be made. What a misfortune that so many flocks should be shepherdless, while there are so many shepherds searching for flocks!

A state of things quite similar exists in nearly all the Protestant denominations. The Methodists alone escape the reproach. It is their boast that every minister who desires to work is furnished with a field of labor, and that every church wishing a pastor is supplied. Over against the confessed disadvantages of their system, arising out of its imperfect adaptation to work in the larger cities, this great fact must be set. Some degree of freedom and flexibility may well be sacrificed to secure so perfect an economy of force. It is not likely, however, that any of the other denominations will adopt the itinerant system; it is much more likely that the Methodist church will relieve its stringency by important modifications; but it is a question often asked whether some advisory agency might not be contrived that would bring the idle ministers and

the empty pulpits into communication; and whether, in this way, the advantages of the itinerancy could not be secured without suffering its drawback.

In the Protestant Episcopal church the bishop fulfills precisely this function; and it is probable that he accomplishes as much in this direction as is possible under any system which leaves to the local church unlimited power in the choice of its minister. The number of unemployed clergymen and of vacant parishes is smaller in this church than in any of the non-episcopal churches, and this is a strong reason for episcopal supervision. "A church without a bishop" has, beyond a doubt, many advantages; the liberty which it boasts is a great good; whether it more than compensates for the lack of episcopal oversight and direction is a question into which we do not propose to enter; we only wish to point out that the polity which the non-episcopal churches deliberately renounce works well in the matter now under consideration.

It has been proposed in some of the non-episcopal churches that each local ecclesiastical body—synod, or presbytery, or conference—appoint from its own members a ministerial bureau or committee of ministerial exchange, to serve as a medium of communication between ministers wanting churches and churches wanting ministers. One of the most distinguished of the Presbyterian ministers, the Rev. Dr. Crosby, of New-York, forcibly urged this plan in a lecture at the New Haven Theological Seminary. "The church," he says, "should have an organized system of bringing together unemployed ministers and vacant pulpits, by which, in a quiet way, consistent with the dignity of the church and the self-respect of ministers, churches will be able to act intelligently, without the pernicious practice of candidating. A committee should be intrusted with the delicate matter,—a committee of experienced and judicious men appointed by the chief ecclesiastical body of the district, and to this committee churches should apply, and on this committee ministers should rely."

This plan seems entirely rational and feasible; can any one suggest a serious objection to it? How great would be the gain, if the ministers who are now writing and traveling hither and thither in search of work, and the churches that are reaching out blindly after pastors, could be introduced to one another by some such judicious committee! No flaw appears in this reasoning, yet when the method is tried it does not succeed. The great Northern Presbyterian church, to which Dr. Crosby belongs, has made full experiment with it, and with discouraging results. This church would seem to possess, in its centralized organization and its admirable discipline, better facilities for the working of such a scheme than most of the other non-episcopal churches can command, yet a strenuous effort, continued through several years, to put it into operation, almost wholly failed. The presbyterial and synodical committees of supply were duly organized, and announced themselves as ready to mediate between vacant churches and idle pastors, but they have had little to do. Neither ministers nor churches resorted to them; the evil against which they were to provide is not abated; the "hungry sheep" still "look up and are not fed"; the starving shepherds still wait in the market-place because no man has hired them. The result of this experiment indicates, in the

words of a late temperate report on the subject, "that neither churches nor ministers can be brought, by any new form of machinery, to leave their concerns in other hands than their own. The committees are left idle, while the parties transact their business for themselves."

The reasons of the reluctance of churches and ministers to avail themselves of such an agency does not immediately appear. Is it partly a result of an overstrained independence—an excessive jealousy of ecclesiastical control? Is it due to a fear that the committee thus appointed would learn to domineer over the churches? Such an apprehension seems altogether irrational. The Episcopal churches appear to have preserved all their liberties of choice: they avail themselves constantly of the good offices of the bishop in the selection of their rectors; but it is probable that they are as free in their action as the churches of any other communion. The danger that an advisory committee, appointed by themselves year by year, would usurp authority over the churches in this matter, seems to be exceedingly remote. The fear of losing liberty sometimes degenerates into a ludicrous apprehension. "Give me liberty or give me death!" is a heroic sentiment, no doubt; but the man who prefers to die in the woods rather than surrender the liberty of finding his own way out by inquiring at the door of the wood-chopper's cabin, is a cheap variety of hero.

So far as the clergy are concerned, this unwillingness to make use of the ministerial bureau arises probably from a different cause. The larger number of these vacant churches are weak churches, and the unemployed minister hesitates to ask advice of such a committee lest they should commend him to one of these places where the labor is abundant and the support meager. To refuse such an opening would be ungracious; to accept it would imply a degree of self-denial to which he has not attained. Therefore he thinks it more prudent to keep his own counsel and conduct his own negotiations.

If such are the reasons which operate to dissuade the pastorless churches and the churchless parsons from availing themselves of this sensible provision for their mutual benefit, it is to be hoped that they may be reconsidered. A slight accession of common sense and consecration would be likely to make both parties willing to receive advice, and to agree upon some plan by which the neglected vineyards and the waiting laborers may be brought together.

In the absence of such a plan much labor of this nature falls on those who are already overworked. Home Missionary secretaries and superintendents in all the new States are necessarily burdened with such cares, in behalf of the feeble churches. Yet even they might be relieved to a considerable extent by the cooperation of local committees. Every pastor of a prominent church, East or West, by no consent of his own, finds himself regularly installed as a ministerial bureau.

No small share of his time is consumed in mediating between idle ministers and vacant churches. If this work could be organized and subdivided, much relief would be afforded to a few very busy men.

In some of our larger cities local bureaux of temporary supply have been established. Ministers on their vacations, and ministers without charge, resort to these bureaux; and churches of the vicinity, needing supplies for their pulpits, make application during the week and take whatever is sent then on Sunday morning. Such a bureau may be a great convenience at times; but, considered as a benevolent institution, its indirect results are questionable. The value of such an agency cannot be estimated until it is known to what extent the churches are encouraged by its presence to neglect or delay the settlement of pastors, and to rely upon a hand-to-mouth provision for their pulpits which saves them considerable money; and also to what extent restless ministers in distant towns are led to resign their pulpits and make pilgrimages to the places where the bureaux offer employment. The comparison is rude, and may seem invidious; but, if things sacred may be likened to things profane, the establishment of such an agency may be said to operate, to some extent, like the opening of a soup-kitchen; and the wisest philanthropists are now agreed that the effects of free soup-kitchens are not salutary.

Washington Gladden.

Landscape-Gardening.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

Allow me to thank you for your "Landscape-Gardeners Needed for America," in your "Topics of the Time," for June.

The so-called landscape-gardener is in many cases not as intelligent as an ordinary every-day laborer; his object seems to be to have as many narrow and contorted walks as possible where they are not needed, to plant many trees and shrubs in the most inappropriate places, to make ridiculously-shaped beds, and to plant them with but one object,—to use as many plants as possible without regard to suitability. It is surely worth the attention not only of those engaged in the business, but of gentlemen who have country houses, to consider at least the fundamental features of landscape-work and landscape-art. There can be no stereotyped plans for the embellishment of grounds; each domain calls for different treatment and different grouping.

The natural surroundings should be the first consideration, instead of being, as now, often ignored. Unfortunately, we have but few good works which treat this important subject in a right manner; but, in spite of all this malpractice and ignorance, it is evident that we are progressing, though slowly.

John Thorpe,

Secretary of the New-York Horticultural Society.



BRIC-À-BRAC.

Untangling the Family Yarn.

BEING clerk of the School-Board, it was one of my duties in June to take the school-census of all under twenty-one, at the rate of three cents a head.

Having lately attended a Baptist "big meeting," I roughly estimated the babies in the district at about a thousand, not counting the other infants-in-law, who frisked and flirted, and disturbed the sleepers of the church.

On a hot July day, having tangled and untied myself over and again in the network of highways and byways of a negro settlement, I approach a cabin, the fac-simile of a hundred others.

A wooden chimney, crowned with a barrel, "larther" propped against it, and a tub of water stationed on a convenient shelf, in readiness to "squench" the frequent blaze prone to burst out with small warning, a pig-sty close at hand, the inevitable lychopper supported by the friendly "chimbley," a row of stunted "squintch" bushes answering the purpose of a clothes-line for the family linen, and a pole tall as a flag-staff topped with an inverted bottle. This I found was a scare-hawk, companion to the scare-crow that stood in the corn-patch attired in ragged guano-bags and with a wooden musket.

There is a henhouse with a dirt roof on which green things are growing, and various semblances of out-houses and airy shelters in which confinement it would be cruelty to animals.

There is a vine patch on one side, and a bench where an old negro man, evidently "on guard" to watch and protect the melons, is comfortably snoozing. Two little dogs run out, barking and snapping like mad at my horse's heels. The doorway instantly fills with a family group ranging from the height of a jug, up to mammy herself with the shiny fat baby in arms. Only the rolling white eyeballs and the ivory teeth make a mark against the dark background.

The old man slowly rises to a sitting posture, resting his chin on the top of a crutch, and calls in the dogs.

"How'r'y' uncle?" I say, meaning business. "Gimme names 'n' ages, 'f you please; 'min a hurry."

"Sarvant, marster; how you do yo'self, sah? I'se po'ly, thank de Lord." He stares me respectfully in the face a moment; then breaks out, "Geocraminy! Ain't dat Mars' Jack Gunsby?"

"That's my name," I growl.

"Great-day-in-de-mornin'! I'se old Unc' Buck which was head man ter Mars' Eugene's Gunsby. Thought I rickernized dat hoase voice ob de Gunbyzies soon uz I heerd yer cussin' dem dogs, en I'd know dem hooked fambly nozizes en keen black eyes like gimblet-zies wharsomever I see 'em."

Be it understood that "zies" is a choice form of the plural affected by Uncle Buck on occasions where great elegance of language is desired.

"Here, Betty; fetch a cheer for Mars' Jack,—dat new cheer fum upstar's, en sho yer bresh de dus' offen it. Lan' sakes! How yer is done growed! Got moustarch-ers; he! he!"

"Tell yer what, Mars' Jack, dem Gunbyzies war a pow'ful fine nation o' quality. Rale top o' de pot. Many's de silber dollar I'se had flung me when yo' pa come a-gallinuppin' on his coal-black mar'. Done all his co'tin' at Mars' Eugene's; owned de bes' trac' o' lan' in Spotsylvania; never eben knowed all his own niggers; more'n two hundred. He meet a nigger in de road, 'Who you b'long ter, boy?'

"'Hi, marster! dunno yer own nigger?'

"Den he laff en fling a quarter. 'Go 'bout yer bizness den; yer don't 'longst in no road.' He! he!"

What could I do but laugh myself at this glorification of my ancestors, and fumble in my own limp pocket-book for a stray quarter.

"Now, Uncle Buck; the ages of your children?"

"Arter votes, Mars' Jack? Dey tells me votes dun riz ter two dollar en thutty cent."

"No; I'm after those who can't vote. How many in your family under twenty-one?"

"Well, less see; I b'lieve dars some sebwenteen ur twenty. Dars nine ars; want de gals too?"

"Want all."

"Dars Ham, Sham, en Jacob in comp'iment ter Norah en de Ark; den I 'menced on de 'postles,—Mat, Mark, Jake, en John, Betsann en Vilet. Lord Vorrint, he drawed up wid ager en got throwed back; en dars Wise en Foolish is 'bout de bes' leetle yoke o' steers, en Gundy en de bell-cow —"

"Stop! stop! Leave out the cattle; I'm only after folks this time."

"Prezackly, Mars' Jack; thought yer wanted de whole fambly, sah. Den yer'll have ter scuze Jake en John, caze dem's de two leetle coon dogs; t'oth'rs is all human cre'tur's; I leetermody forgot Peter."

"Give me Peter's age."

"Peter?"

"Yes, Peter."

"Peter mighty nigh old uz I is. He born in old slave times."

"Then Peter is over twenty-one?"

"Oh, yes, sah; Peter was Tildy's ar. I b'en had fo' wimmen-folks, en all on em's got der diffunt batches o' ars en gals likewise."

"Uncle Buck, call up your flock, and I'll count heads."

But with great dignity Betty was ordered to "fetch the fambly Bible." It proved to be a battered copy of "Bacon's Abridgment"; and after examining the hieroglyphics on the fly-leaves, I preferred the unwritten page of nature.

"Come here, boy," I said sternly to a grinning conglomeration of eyeballs and wooliness, dressed in a single tattered garment. "What's your name?"

"Binjy, sah."

I wrote down "Binjy." "Age?"

"D'n'o', sah!"

This produced an outcry from Betty.

"Dunno yer own age, Binjy? En yer be'n ter school two whole endurin' sections! Yer ain't wutty ter have a' age."

Binjy hung his head and put part of his hand in his mouth.



"Let me see your teeth, boy. There! that's wide enough; I'm not going inside. Let me see: four missing, three snagged. You are half-past nine!"

"Fo' Gord, dat's so! Naver knowed yer could calkerlate de aiges o' cre'tur's by der teeth; scuzin' 'twere beastizes. Now run home, en tell yer mammy yer aige 'fo' yer fergit it, Binjy."

"Isn't he your child?"

"Lan' o' Moses, Mars' Jack! I i'clar' ter gracious, dat nigger 'longst ter Vianna back dar in de cle'r'in', en dat sumtious chile knowed it, when he gint you dem ginérations."

"Oh, well," I say hastily, erasing the "ginérations" of Binjy so heedlessly jotted down, "let us begin again. Give me the age of Shem."

"Sham, Mars' Jack?"

"Yes, Shem."

"I disremember how old Sham are. I speck Sham 'bout forty year' old."

"Confound Sham! Give me Ham."

"Ham, Mars' Jack?"

"Yes, Ham's age."

"Betty, how old you speck Ham are? I reckon Ham 'bout forty year' old."

"The deuce he is! I tell you, old man, I only want those under twenty-one."

"Den I speck yer don't want Jacob's aige nother, caze dem three ars is twins."

With a sigh of resignation, I at last extract seventeen names from the parents, "all humans," Betty assures me, with their literary attainments pretty generally represented by zero, as Uncle Buck's notion of education was "a little figgerin' to keep folks fum a-cheatin' on 'em," and that "book larnin' sp'iled a fiel'-han' entirely. One little gal could write, but not read.

"How is that, Uncle Buck?"

"Dunno, Mars' Jack; but dar 'tis. De paper is all wrotten ober wid marks, en dat what I say; nobody

is got sense nuff ter read little Betsann's writin', no more 'an she can't read it her own self."

When I inquire after "Mozies" attainments, I am informed, "He dade, sah," and four other "ars" are also cast out as born in slave-times.

Poky proved to be a "boarder." "En a mons'ous troublesome member o' de fambly, Mars' Jack, seein' she's a' idgit. Her mammy wuks out by de day, en Betty 'lowed she'd make a sight o' cash money by takin' bo'ders. De chile's mammy counted on she was gwine ter pay a fo'th o' de sumac crap for de year's bode; but Betty, she mighty sharp on a bargain, en Betty 'low de crap mought not fetch a fo'th, en stificated in de bargain how she would charge forty cent a mont'. Den Vianna, she bought a mighty strong barrel o' fish fur fifty cent, en when pay-day come, 'tis a bucket o' fish, whar I en Betty jest could eat to keep fum wastin' vittles, en a bag o' sumac *here*, en a peck o' taters *dar*, en some long-handle, godes, en seed butter beans, en one ten-cent picce, en Betty so confused in her min' she can't tell wher she make ur loss by de business. Vianna gwine ter try ter run in a row o' cabbages en some injuns on Betty next mont'; but Betty done 'clar' fo' Gord, she ain't gwine ter 'cept o' no mo' fish ner garden projuice scuzin' 'tis meat ur money.

"Dis speckerlation o' Betty's 'minds me o' gwine huntin' in old slave times wid de oberseer's son, dat bow-la'ged Sampson. He say we was gwine in cahoots. I furnish' my yaller coon dog, en he furnish' de gun; en de dog treed de coon, en dat Sampson he shoot him, en went off wid de game, en I come long back home wid de cahoots."

"Now, just give me your occupation, Uncle Buck, and then the direction to the nearest neighbor—the shortest way."

"My perfession, Mars' Jack, am fustly, deacon o' de church; thirdly, millerin'; nextly, a hoe hand."

"Millerin'? What mill do you run?"

"I be'n runnin' de cider-mill for dem Biggerzizes nigh 'on three year next July, Mars' Jack. 'Spected yer knowed dem Biggerzizes, Mars' Jack; dey is rale quality."

"Certainly, all right; now for the next house, and the nearest way."

"Yer mus' go down de lane tell yer come acrost some drubbare, but don't go thu no bares, en gullong tell yer come ter de paff; but dat paff is old Kizzizes spring paff; en a right smart while 'fo' yer git ter a mons'ous big mud puddle, yer mus' turn ter delef'-han' paff en den —"

"How?"

"Well, yer see dat poplar-tree down de road whar de lightnin' strek?"

"Yes."

"Well, yer mustn't go nigh dat tree; dar's a little paff to de cuppin, too, whar yer mustn't take, en dat windin' paff down de hill is de spring paff, en yer gwine come to Jim Crow's medder bares, en yer must jes' keep long de paff tell —"

"Which path must I take? I don't understand."

"Good Lordy mussy! Mars' Jack, I see I can't learn yer no sense. So Betty better jest gullong en show yer de way, sence I kin no better do."

In the Café.

WHAT! Galopin is dead, you say?
Why, he was with us yesterday;
His face was like a rose in bloom;
His laugh the lightest in the room;
His wit—Poor Galopin! *Ah, oui!*
C'était, mon cher, un bel esprit!

And now, to-night, you say he lies,
The seals of death upon his eyes,
His lips for evermore at rest,
The crucifix upon his breast.
Poor Galopin! *Quelle farce pour lui,*
Plus gros farceur de tout Paris!

He hurried off; it was, you know,
His night upon the "Figaro";
See! Through the print his spirit shines!
Ah, when the angels read these lines,
The talk of all the town he'll be,
If there's a town *au Paradis*.

You saw the chamber in its dress
Of lilies and of lilacs,—yes,
The tapers, lace—I know their ways—
The carnival at Père-la-Chaise!
For all the earth I would not see
That earth in their *diablerie!*

Work made and killed him. Even so,
He goes as it were best to go.
The dead ride fast. *Ami*, fill up!
A Galopin! The stirrup-cup!
And now to work! *Ah, cher*, if he
Had mourned for us—he had *esprit!*

T. R. Sullivan.

The Hundredth Man.

THE May-day brought the welcome monthly guest,
Its pages breathing song and scent of flowers;
What fairy-land e'er granted such a quest,—
A century of joy in three short hours!

I read with pleasure constantly increased,
The prose, the verse, old Egypt's buried past,
But as the rarest viands crown the feast,
Kept Stockton's charming story till the last.

And when I'd read it through, to reverie
I gave myself (you've doubtless done the same),
And wondered what the outcome was to be,
And what the (thus far) hidden hero's name.

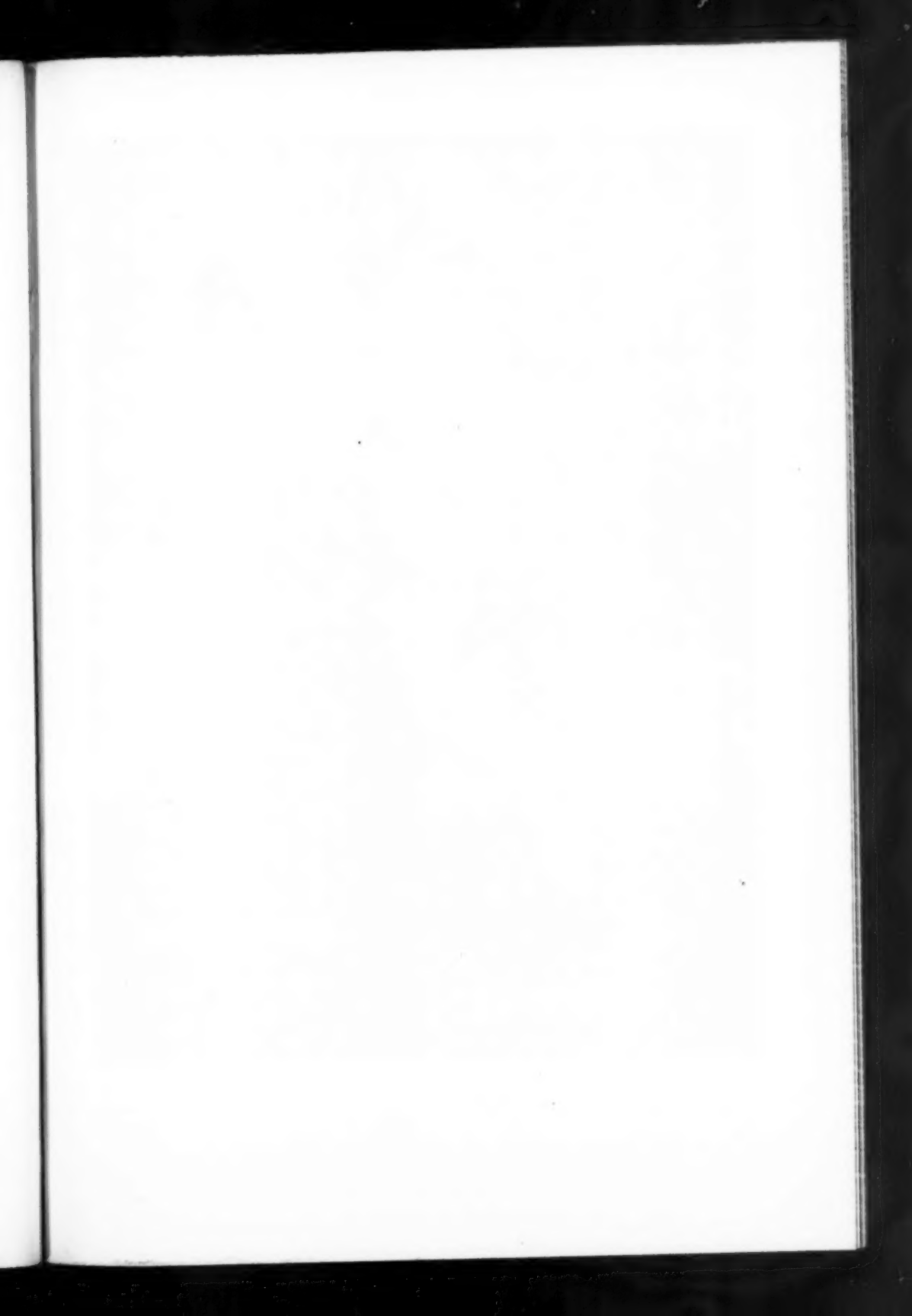
For study all who've stepped upon the scene,
Their characters, thoughts, habits closely scan,
You'll find it very difficult, I ween,
To choose there your ideal hundredth man.

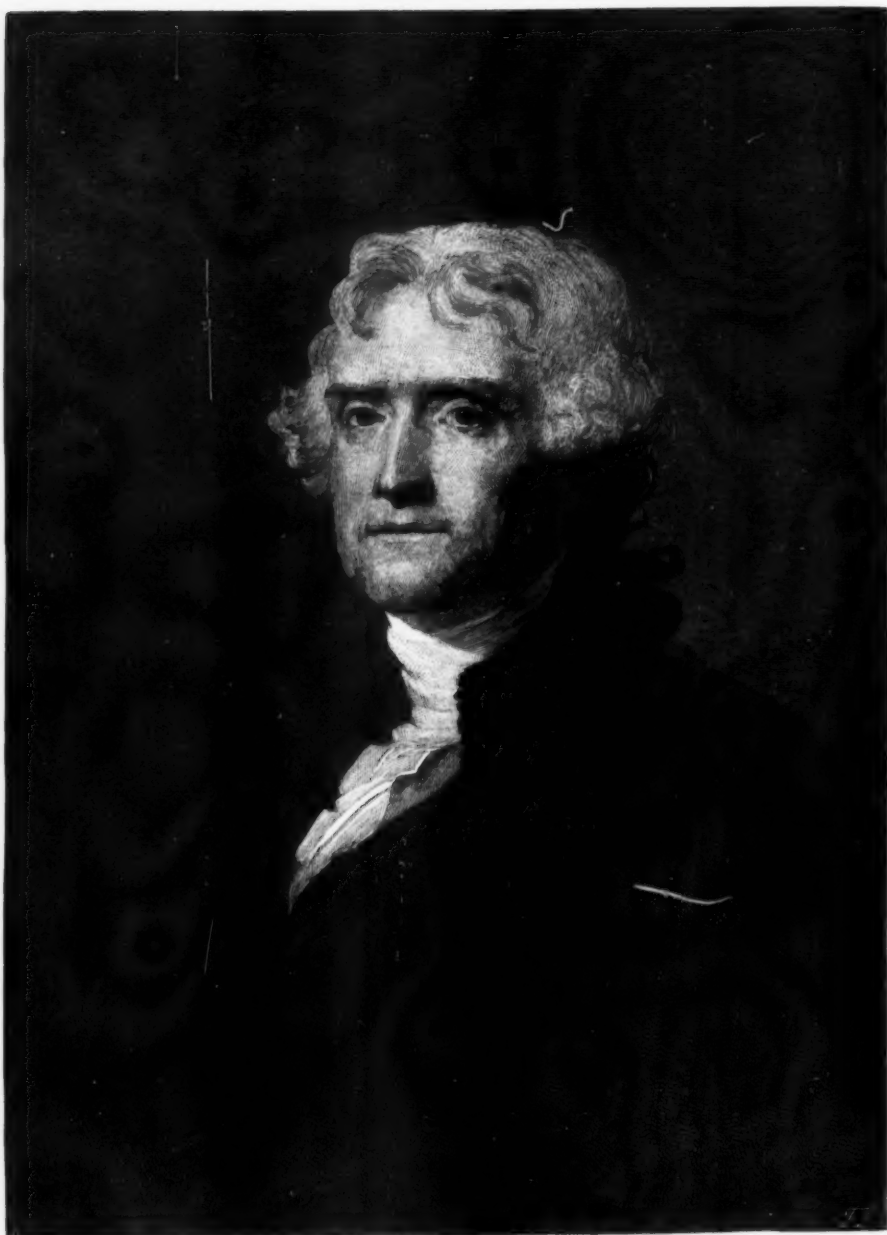
But it may be that, shunning prying eyes,
Within the green-room of the author's brain
The hero lurks, and all attempt defies
Of those who would his mystery profane.

Yet I'm no prophet, and presume in naught
To penetrate the gifted Stockton's plan,
But I confess I'm haunted by this thought,—
What if a woman be the hundredth man?

Eva M. De Jarnette.

G. J. Wilber.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF EDWARD COLES, ESQ.

Th. Jefferson

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